SEPTEMBER 1951

COMMENTARY

Why Five Million Frenchmen Vote Communist — HERBERT LÜTHY
How Arm Our Children Against Anti-Semitism? — BRUNO BETTELHEIM
Bats, Men, and Morals — JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Beyond Containment to Liberation — BOGDAN RADITSA
Theodor Herzl: Outsider as National Leader — LESTER SELIGMAN
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On the Horizon—
The Professors Cling to Their Faith — M. L. ROSENTHAL
The Study of Man—
What Germans Think—and Why — ROBERTA S. SIGEL

BOOKS IN REVIEW

G. F. Hudson — Bertram D. Wolfe — Will Herberg
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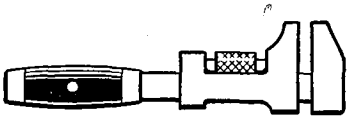

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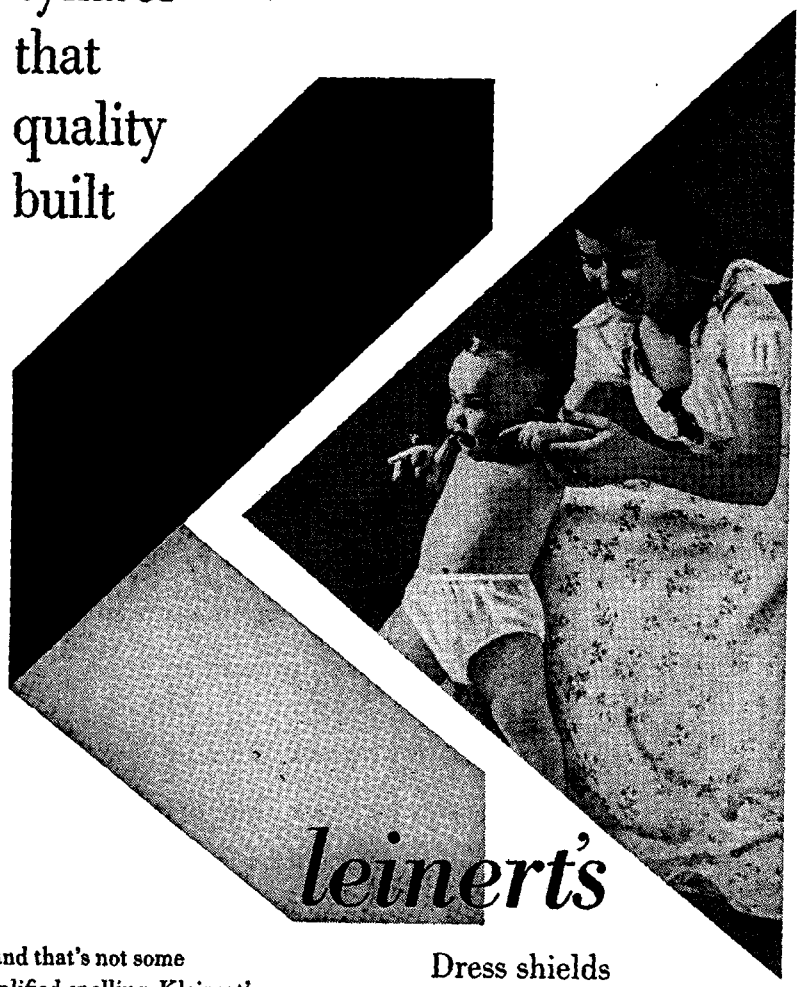

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

The Responsibility for the China Decision *Herrymon Maurer*

By now there is a widespread feeling that America's China policy in the crucial years after the war was a ghastly mistake; but white papers, investigations, and endless controversy still leave unclear the question of just who actually made American policy on China, and whether it was motivated by lack of confidence in the strength of the Nationalists, or illusions over the Communists. Herrymon Maurer, author of *Collision of East and West,* here reviews the evidence and tries to anticipate the verdict of history.

Israel's Post-Election Political Perspective *Hal Lehrman*

Israel's election was a triumph of orderly and responsible democratic procedure, but still leaves the country in a delicate political equilibrium; for while rejecting the extremist parties, the electorate gave no clear mandate to the moderate Mapai government. Hal Lehrman, again in Israel, where he will write a number of articles for COMMENTARY, analyzes the political situation after the elections.

The Mountain of Fire *Emil L. Fackenheim*

In his previous articles in COMMENTARY, Emil Fackenheim has tried to expound Judaism to moderns who are increasingly dissatisfied with a religion that, for many of its leading exponents, is hardly more than social justice, or national realization. Here he takes up one of the knottiest aspects of Judaism for the modern mind: the place of revelation, declaring that without belief in such revelations of God as that on Mt. Sinai there can be no Judaism.

Hail, Meeters: Greeters, Farewell *Reuel Denney*

Those attuned to subtle changes in the national temperament have begun to notice a rather surprising change in the conduct of the innumerable meetings Americans attend. Reuel Denney describes the transformation of one old-time "greeter" by the newest of the social sciences, when "group dynamics" displaced the smoke-filled room—or did it?

The Portent of Cicero, Illinois *Charles Abrams*

The mob attack on a white apartment house that had been rented to a Negro war veteran and his family was shocking enough; even more startling is Charles Abrams' revelation that this type of outbreak, no uncommon occurrence in Chicago and elsewhere in the United States, has behind it the tacit cooperation of official authorities.

As They Say in Israel. . . . *Sholom Kahn*

Sholom Kahn here discusses some expressions almost as common in the language of Israel as "OK" is in our own—and which may be equally revealing of the psychology of citizens of the new state.

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COMMENTARY

WHY FIVE MILLION FRENCHMEN VOTE COMMUNIST

Economic Stagnation and Political Stalemate

HERBERT LÜTHY

PARIS

LET me begin with a heresy: the mechanism of representative democracy is in rather poor working order. This is more true of Europe than of the British Commonwealth and America. But, to some extent at least, it is true generally.

In an age in which mass suggestion has been brought to a point of high technical development, the means whereby the voter's will may be influenced seem to have outstripped the ability of the average voter of the modern state clearly and calmly to examine the problems. The organization of political parties has developed faster than education for citizenship; and the individual's vote – choosing between parties rather than ideas–decides questions that were never put to him and which he has not thought about at all. The responsible act whereby a citizen delegates his mite of political sovereignty has become too frequently one of pure irrationality. Looking closely at representative government in the West, one can only be taken aback by the frivolity of the motives which currently work to influence the voter's decision.

The most respectable of these motives remains a certain loyalty to the political forms which he may have inherited from his forefathers, and which he favors for tradition's sake. But even this steadying factor is no longer available in those countries, of which France is one, whose political fabric has been warped by war and internal upheaval. One instance of this is the way in which elections there have assumed an exaggerated role in national life. It is surely not a sign of good health for a nation such as France to be living constantly in anticipation of a next election which will throw its entire political and administrative structure into question. When democracy is converted into a continuous plebiscite, the whole activity of both the administration and the opposition will come to be dominated by one concern: winning the next election.

By this unremitting striving to overwhelm the voter, the very mechanism of suffrage is thrown out of gear, for it will operate ever less and less as it should in a democracy, namely, to effect a periodic change of ruling personnel. In consequence, there are parties which install themselves permanently in power and lose all their dynamism, treasuring power for power's sake, and others that install themselves in an opposition that has

HERBERT LÜTHY's previous articles in this journal, "France's Homeless Left" (August 1950) and "Has Europe the Will to Fight?" (November 1950), first brought the writings of this Swiss political analyst to the English-speaking world. He offers here his interpretation of a phenomenon in French political life that many believe holds the key to the fate of that troubled Republic, and its role in the Western alliance—the persistence of a Communist core of no less than 5,000,000 votes, fundamentally undiminished in the recent elections. This article was translated by Felix Giovanelli.

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lost every shred of responsibility, to a point where any means that could land them back in power will seem legitimate. The weightier a controversial issue, the greater the irresponsibility with which it is fought out. American observers view with astonishment and apprehension certain baffling European election antics: a seemingly trivial issue like that of subventions for religious schools is actually given greater weight than such a life-and-death matter as democracy versus totalitarianism. Europe views with no less astonishment and apprehension the organized excesses of American elections: the disproportion between the parochial and personal motivations with which such issues as the defense of Europe or China policy are approached and the international consequences, is hardly less great.

THE fact is that the electoral process and the party system—these sensitive and fragile mechanisms for determining the national will—are everywhere ill suited to the job of coping with the high tensions generated by the cold war; but particularly and dangerously so in France.

In countries enjoying a relatively intact social structure and a stable political organization—the Anglo-Saxon two-party system, for example—electoral struggle between democratic parties remains limited in its aims and consequences, the only effect being a momentary slowing down of the governmental machinery. But the electoral process becomes downright tragic in countries where, as a result of historical catastrophes or intolerable social tensions, a totalitarian party is a real contender for power. A voter's mandate to a radical, a socialistic, a conservative party bears an expiration date: once a legislature or parliament has run its course, he can recall it and hand it over to another party. Such indeed is the tacit presupposition underlying the whole democratic process, and it is because of it that the system's defects become bearable. But with the coming into existence of a powerful totalitarian party, this presupposition is removed at one stroke: if such a party triumphs, the voter's mandate becomes irrevocable.

Unfortunately, a totalitarian party boldly unveils its totalitarian character only after it has seized power. Up to that moment it declares its despotic nature only inferentially and analogically, disavowing it when its opponents proclaim it, dismissing their charges as election propaganda. In the present state of political life, a totalitarian party is distinguishable from the other parties only in the unrestrainedness of its appeals to such instincts as hate, anxiety, and millennial salvationism, in the more radical character of its hostility to the status quo, in the way it freely promises all things impossible. Since, in modern mass democracies, all parties operate to a greater or lesser degree by such dubious means, its propaganda differs from that of other parties only in its total unscrupulousness. The totalitarian party need not feel restricted in any way because it is aware that once it has taken over it will not be accountable to anyone and will freely trample all opposition. It is possible for millions of citizens to lend their suffrage to such a party without being aware that, instead of making a decision to increase the parliamentary strength of this or that electoral grouping and declaring themselves on general policy, they have risked the existence of democracy on a dice throw.

The caricatural stage has been reached when each election boils down fundamentally to the question of whether a totalitarian party is going to reach the 50 per cent goal, an outcome which would end the game once for all. And a vicious circle is traced when it takes the combined strength of all democratic parties to form a bare majority, and when, consequently, the voters no longer have a choice between a democratic party or coalition in power and a democratic opposition, but a choice between the parliamentary status quo and dictatorship. In such an event, the very essence of democracy, namely, the right of opposition, has become synonymous with the right to commit suicide. The other side of the coin is that the survival of democracy gets identified with maintenance in power of the incumbent administration, and the defense of "things as they are."

SUCH has been the situation of French democracy from the time when the municipal elections of the autumn of 1947, held during the stormy onset of a general strike, showed that the democratic majority in the Chamber no longer enjoyed the support of the majority of the citizenry—at least during

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that moment of panic. From that time on, French political life was dominated by one obsession: the next parliamentary elections. For General de Gaulle and his "Rally of the French People," the recently concluded election campaign began four years ago with a demand for the immediate dissolution of the Chamber and new elections of deputies. In contrast, all the ingenuity of the successive ministerial combinations was concentrated upon the job of delaying such elections as long as possible, until conditions got back to "normal" and until the all-too-indefatigable Gaullists ran out of election gas. Events show that this goal was to some extent realized: in its last eight months of existence the Chamber managed to devise an electoral engine whereby the parties of the center might keep themselves afloat at the expense of the Gaullist and Communist oppositions. But the difficulties encountered in welding a governing coalition from different groups with conflicting electoral interests were so great that no time was left over for other tasks, such as controlling or softening the impact on the French people of the consequences of the Korean war, international rearmament, and material shortages. There was not even time to approve a budget, to say nothing of all the measures urgently necessary to carry out long-promised and long-deferred reforms of the fiscal system, the bureaucracy, and the national defense establishment. In effect, France was administered but no longer governed.

The electoral system which was finally hammered out was such a complicated monstrosity that the international press soon gave up the attempt to explain it to its readers and consoled itself with the thought that even in France nobody really understood it. That is not quite true. The French voters understood very thoroughly—the Communists and Gaullists lost no time explaining it at copious length—that this whole engine had been rigged up in order to enable the government parties and their conservative reinforcements on the right to hang on to the tiller no matter how the votes were totted up.

It is not very sensible to engage in abstract discussions of the fairness or unfairness of methods of determining electoral representation. There is no such thing as an electoral system whereby a legislative body would reflect with mathematical exactitude the public opinion of the moment. And even if such a system were available, it might well be avoided like the plague. For it is not the object of an election to trace a fever chart of opinion—that can be left to Gallup polls—but to make possible the emergence of a working majority, capable of governing, from the whole multifarious din of contradictory and unclear voices. The British electoral system is no doubt one of the "unfairest" in the world, but it is one of the few that really works, reflecting basic changes in the national will without disrupting the continuity of government.

In France it has been traditional practice for many decades to forge, for each new election, new election procedures of the kind that would momentarily favor the group that happened to be in power. So prefabricated elections are actually an old story. But the present governing group in France has broken all records in this respect. The reader already knows the results of the recent French elections but it may be interesting to show what the complexion of the new Chamber would have been had the representational system of the last election (1946) been retained. It is not being implied here that the older system, which tended to give a kind of monopoly to mass parties, was fairer. But a comparison of the results which would have been forthcoming according to the older method will show clearly in what measure the recent elections were "loaded" by electoral sleight of hand:

	1946		*1951*		
	% of vote	*Seats*	*% of vote*	*Seats present system*	*Seats 1946 system*
Communists	28.6	182	26.5	103	181
Socialists	17.9	101	14.5	104	86
Popular Republicans	26.4	164	12.3	85	57
Radicals	12.4	69	11.5	94	60
Independent Conservatives	12.8	101	13.1	121	97
Gaullists	(1.6)*	(24)*	21.7	118	144

It is clear that a continuance of the 1946 electoral system would have reduced the number of seats of the democratic and parlia-

*The vote is that of the small Gaullist Union, before the existence of the Rally of the French People; the Union ran candidates in only a few of France's departments. By 1951, a Gaullist fraction of 24 deputies had emerged at the expense of the Popular Republican and Radical parties.

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mentary parties (from socialistic to conservative) to 300 out of a total of 625, a condition which would have made any ministerial coalition excluding de Gaulle impossible. As it is, the middle-of-the-road parties have managed to procure 403 out of 625, a narrow but workable majority. The electoral reform "worked," but it remains a good example of how parliamentary democracy, once it is maneuvered into a position of having to fight for sheer survival, may discredit itself by the means by which it hangs on to life. This "tricked-up" election will henceforth serve as a big talking point for Communist propaganda.

THOUGH it is a gross simplification to lump the Communist and Gaullist votes together as "totalitarian," it was clear from the very outset that the Gaullist movement was anti-parliamentary; and there is no doubt that a combined Communist-Gaullist majority would have meant the end of the present parliamentary system. It remains a completely open question as to what the future development of Gaullism will be, now that its frontal assault on the seats of power has been repulsed and it has entered the Chamber merely as one of the strongest of a number of parties.

The Gaullist swell of 1947 was a panicky reaction to the Communist general strike. As soon as the Communist threat appeared less menacing, the French middle class started to move out of the emergency-born party and return to its traditional conservative groupings. In Paris, where during the general strike the belligerent mood of the citizenry had given de Gaulle an absolute majority in 1947, his voting strength now fell from 658,000 to 315,000. The decline is reflected most significantly in the wealthier and more influential quarters of the city; in the second electoral district, which comprises the main business section, de Gaulle's vote has declined from 62.5 per cent to 24 per cent. Gaullism has become a party of "little men" who are not far from being as disgruntled as the Communist voters, and who expect from de Gaulle, not a defense of the status quo, but a radical transformation of French life. How this internal change in the party will influence the future political attitude of its leadership remains to be seen.

The ebb of the Gaullist tide shows above all that the majority of non-Communist French, and in particular the French bourgeoisie, now regard the existence of a huge Communist party which can rally one fourth of the electorate around itself as a permanent, well-nigh normal fact of French political life, for which no emergency measures are needed.

In virtue of its removal from most national and provincial governmental posts, the collapse of its mass strike movements and sabotage policies, and the alertness of the police, the Communist party has lost much of its capacity to act. The small decline in the percentage of votes it garnered is far from reflecting the full extent of the fall in the Communists' potential. That decline is owing for the most part to their loss of influence in many deeply conservative rural districts, where their election success of 1946 was based upon mystification and the prestige they then enjoyed as the great Resistance party. Far more significant and, from the Communist viewpoint, more disquieting, was the loss of votes in certain industrial areas, especially in the great industrial basin of Paris where the decline amounted to 10 per cent or more in various Communist strongholds. This was true even in Maurice Thorez's home district where, moreover, 1,500 Communist voters crossed the name of the Communist chief, away in Russia, off their ballots.

The decline shows that the Communist influence pervading working-class circles is not unshakeable, and is primarily owing to the absence of any real competition from other parties for the working-class vote. For these votes lost by the Communist party were not picked up by other parties, neither by the Socialists nor by any of the numerous Trotskyite, Titoist, or "neutralist" splinter groups. Apart from individual instances not reflected by the election statistics, these lost Communist votes disappeared for the most part into the mass of those who had no stomach for the "whole election bluff." The ex-Communist voters stayed home. The Communist party declined in influence, but no other fell heir to that influence, and the party apostates chose the way of silent resignation. As a consequence, the monolith of the Communist electorate did not crumble; 5,000,000 Frenchmen still voted Communist in 1951.

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"TRY as I may to meditate, interpret, and understand, I cannot grasp how it is possible that over 5,000,000 Frenchmen—they *are* Frenchmen, after all—could vote Communist, that is, for a party which does not for a moment seek to conceal the fact that it is a foreign party." So wrote the noted French sociologist André Siegfried in *Le Figaro* after the recent election. And, after setting forth a number of facts widely known since 1946, which should have enlightened French peasants, workingmen, and intellectuals as to the real character of this party, he went on: "How is it conceivable that, in the face of all these warnings, these naive souls should, nonetheless, have voted Communist, that is, given a political mandate to representatives who, in Léon Blum's words, are not internationalists, but Russian nationalists in France? Foreigners look to us for an explanation and I must confess that I am at a loss to offer one."

When the question is put that way, there can be no answer forthcoming. Underlying it is the assumption that 5,000,0000 Frenchmen reached a decision on June 17, 1951 to vote for the Communist party. Actually, the question should run: What could have induced these five million, who had voted Communist up to that time, to switch their votes to another party?

This may sound sophistical but the direction that the law of political inertia takes is not an indifferent matter. The Communists are more than a party like other parties, which swing into action at election time and in the interim at best put out a newspaper. The party is an organization which keeps after its adherents tirelessly and never lets go of them for a moment. Today, for instance, there is a Communist literature in France which takes care of every reading need of its public, from novels and poems to cookbooks and farmers' almanacs. Outside of the Communist sphere of influence, nobody reads this body of literature; inside it, nobody reads anything else. The meditation to which André Siegfried is moved should perhaps begin with the thought that of the 5,000,000 Frenchmen who vote Communist, there are hardly half a dozen who read *Le Figaro* and have knowledge of its revelations about the Soviet Union and the "Peoples' Democracies."

A mass movement like the Communist party, with its trade union affiliates and its cultural, athletic, and social auxiliaries, survives far more because of its organization than the cogency of its arguments. Belonging to it is tying oneself in an utterly different way from merely deciding periodically to vote for a socialist or radical party. And it is to no avail to point out to its adherents that this party, to which almost the whole French working class gives allegiance and which can boast of having among its members a French elite of artists and scientists, is not a French party. It has in fact become a permanent element of the structure of French society.

Exposés of forced labor and concentration camps in Communist countries can shake a French intellectual. But for a workingman whose spiritual nourishment is derived exclusively from Communist literature and oratory, they are just bogey tales which he cannot verify and which he is prompt to dismiss simply as anti-Communist propaganda. Such exposés not only fly in the face of everything he knows or thinks he knows but are so incompatible with the image of the world he carries in his head that he simply refuses to believe them. And if he knocks up against them once too often and begins to get uneasy, he will turn for advice to a comrade "versed in theory" who naturally has a ready answer at hand: what the bourgeoisie call forced labor is nothing but the practical application of the slogan, "He who does not work shall not eat"; what's wrong if in the Peoples' Democracies, where nobody can live by the sweat of others' brows, the bourgeois do-nothings must also break stones!

An argument or an isolated fact tends to be absorbed to the extent that it fits into an already existing image of the world. The execution of Willie McGee did more to confirm the French worker's belief that human rights were being trampled on in the United States than David Rousset's trial testimony on the Russian concentration camps did to shake his conviction that the Soviet Union is the land of social justice. One must have talked with such well-meaning, honest fellows in order to appreciate the hopeless inefficacy of mere argument.

AND so we are back in our vicious circle: the Communists are so strong because

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they are so strong. But one could put André Siegfried's query differently and rather more pointedly: Why is it morally and almost physically impossible for the French workingman—taking him as the "typical" Communist adherent, though quite different social categories are also in the party following—to vote for a party other than the Communist? The answer is readily forthcoming: The Communist voter has no other way of registering his demand for change except to go to the other extreme and plump for de Gaulle—a leap which many accomplished in the extraordinarily critical situation in the autumn of 1947, but which under normal circumstances is too great. All the other parties stand in defense of the status quo, even if against their will, as in the case of the Socialists. And the blunt, key fact is that *this status quo is morally intolerable or physically unbearable for millions of Frenchmen, for whom it means stagnation and atrophy.*

The word "stagnation" may ring strangely as a description of the present situation in France. For has not France amazed the world by the energy of its reconstruction, its speedy repair of the damage done by war and occupation?

First of all, one must focus a jaundiced eye on statistics. This year France has outstripped the record for production it set in 1929. But the plain fact is that even at record height, France's production is virtually at the same level as was reached in 1913, augmented by the Lorraine steel industry which was acquired as a result of the First World War and by the growth of the new electrical and automotive industries. From 1900 to 1913 French production increased by one-third. Since then it has managed, after repeated collapses brought on by wars and economic crises, to climb back up to the same level, only to stagnate there.

All the victory bulletins of the Finance Ministry and of the Monnet Plan are glad tidings for those newspaper readers who find the going tolerable. But for the French wage earner, they are a standing provocation. He hears that France has reached its best pre-war standard and he even believes it when he sees the well-stocked shops. But he is far more aware of another set of official statistics, which tell him that the average French salary has gone up only twelvefold since 1938 while the cost of living has increased twenty-three-fold. This salary keeps body and soul together, that is, he has enough to eat; but shoes have become a luxury which he can scarcely afford. Housing? In Paris alone, 35,000 families of three, four, or more persons live in a four-walled space, in single hotel rooms, or in some sublet maid's room under the eaves. Yet not a house in Paris was destroyed by the war! Every year, in Paris and France, more houses collapse out of old age and dilapidation than are rebuilt; meanwhile the population is growing. If there is no radical change, Paris will be a city of ruins in twenty years.

In short, though the economy is at full employment and maximum productivity, the economic product of this full employment economy seems in some mysterious way to be volatilized before ever reaching the consumer and without doing any visible good to the country. What else can the French worker assume than that an evil confederacy, which he calls "capitalism," is skimming off the wealth of the nation and stealthily gobbling it up?

To be sure, such a judgment is a demagogic oversimplification. But it is far from being entirely false. For forty years now, the wealth produced by the French economy has been reinvested in it in ever diminishing quantities. It has been shunted abroad, hoarded in gold bars—in some way, in any way, "made safe" against war, revolution, and the tax collector. The French economy has been a cask drained but never replenished, a cow milked but never turned out to graze. Through the last pre-war decade the French economy went downhill at full tilt. Its continuous waste of substance was masked only by income from pre-1914 foreign investments, by the accumulated yield of inherited business and real estate holdings and by creeping inflation. And now, after World War II, more than ever before, it seems to the average French capitalist or peasant the clever thing to do to invest his wealth overseas, or to bury it in strongboxes in his garden.

It is a gross and dangerous error to suppose that the trouble lies with a handful of "big capitalists"—the "trusts" or "200 families." Were this the case, the solution would

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be simple—just as in Italy land reform would be a simple matter if only a couple of dozen big landowners, and not a whole swarm of bourgeois property owners of all the little and big towns of Italy, stood in the way. Actually it is a large sector of the French population that is busy skimming the cream.

French society is not divisible into two halves, big business and the individual toiler, as left-wing simplicists would have us believe, but is divided, in practically equal parts, into (1) farmers, (2) salaried men of all categories including cabinet ministers, and (3) people "engaged in business," of which last the vast majority are of course not producers but middlemen. The first and third categories thrive on scarcity and inflation, the second is squeezed between the two—from the workingmen up to the highest professional and governmental employees all in the second group have been carrying the burden since the end of the war. The prevailing policies of low wages and high prices, rapid turnover and exorbitant profits, work in the last analysis at their expense. The entire welfare policy of the Fourth Republic has consisted exclusively of leveling wages and salaries within the second category to provide relief and other social services to those on a marginal subsistence; taxes on the wage earner carry a hugely disproportionate share of this load. The natural outcome is that the only career that opens up a prospect of greater well-being is buying and selling, "doing business," *faire des affaires*. To cite a single but downright fantastic figure: France can now boast of an average of one self-avowedly independent businessman or shopkeeper for every forty inhabitants.

It is with this kind of social structure that France has had to repair the damages of war, make good the technological time-lag of a decade, right its unfavorable trade balance, build up its defense establishment, and keep its empire intact. (This last item among the new burdens of the economy is not to be overlooked: the remote, endless war in Indo-China has in five years engulfed as much as the Marshall Plan has brought in.) The whole pyramid of fresh burdens rests, ultimately, on the shoulders of large-scale industry and the wage earners, since all other sectors of the population have continued successfully to evade their taxes. Taxable commercial income, when calculated in terms of stable currency, has sunk to 50 per cent of the 1938 level and the average tax receipts from each agricultural enterprise is 4,000 francs, that is, eleven dollars! France is a land without income statistics because it is a land where books are not kept: only employees on fixed salaries and corporations owning modern heavy industries are unable to hide their income from the government. What the income tax does not yield is brought in by a cascade of indirect taxes which are absorbed in higher prices, and hence are passed on to consumers. The result has already been indicated: wage index: 12; cost of living index: 23.

These two shocking figures need some explanation. Has the average real wage, which was already abnormally low before World War II really been halved since 1938? Yes, if you consider the actual money handed over as wages, apart from all extras. No, if all social security benefits—free kindergartens, old-age pensions, sick and hospital insurance, etc.—are reckoned as "indirect wages" or "social remuneration." "Social remuneration" now makes up 45 per cent of the total wage budget. Anyone who has tried to find his way in French wage and salary statistics knows what a state of hopeless confusion has been created by this new concept. The simple question as to what the average French industrial worker really earns has become utterly unanswerable. One grim estimate is that, in relation to 1938, the nation's sum total of direct and "indirect" wages has declined 5-10 per cent while the labor force is somewhat greater and the number of working hours has gone up sharply.

Social security was the great achievement of the French postwar period. It had become an urgent necessity for two reasons. First, a dole—it was no more than that—had to be handed out to ease the harrowing burdens of the aged, who had been robbed of all their savings by war and inflation; and, second, the steady decline of the birth rate had to be arrested by subsidizing young families—for even in this latter respect, France had to make good the material loss of substance of the happy-go-lucky Third Republic. As a consequence of the falling birth rate of the period between wars, the number of Frenchmen of employable age

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will have fallen from 23,000,000 in 1945 to 21,000,000 in 1965, while the number of over-age will have gone up, concurrently, from 7,000,000 to 9,000,000. Had the rate of population growth of the pre-war period been allowed to continue, the active working population would have sunk to 17,500-000 by 1985, while the number of aged would have remained stabilized at about 9,000,000—a perfect picture of an over-aged, permanently impoverished, no longer viable country.

The steady upswing of the birth rate since the end of the war is in the long run the most hopeful element in the French postwar situation: France is becoming a nation of young people again. But for the next ten to fifteen years, until this new postwar generation has become of employable age, an additional burden will have been imposed. In this transition period, while the employables of the previous generation gradually drop out of active life, the number of aged and children at both ends of the age pyramid will be increasing out of all proportion to the ability of this diminished between-wars generation to maintain them. Social security has, in effect, meant a new distribution of the fixed national pool of wages and salaries for the benefit of the old, the sick, large families, and the most unskilled wage earners—at the expense of the young, the childless, and of the better qualified workers and employees. All other groups of the population have successfully withheld their contribution to this national program.

Why have 5,000,000 Frenchmen voted Communist? That's why.

LET us consider the most striking, the most extreme, the most significant example of the vicious circle of French stagnation: the atrophy of the building industry. A short-sighted social policy has kept rents frozen since the devaluation of the franc that followed World War I. The result was a disproportion between rent receipts and building costs so great as to act as a brake upon all reinvestment in housing. Except for a brief interruption around 1930, building construction in France gradually dwindled through the last thirty years to a vanishing point. The result has been complete chaos. Young families can find no living quarters, and the roofs collapse over the heads of the dwellers in working-class quarters, which have long since become slum areas. Meanwhile a vast number of roomy houses stand empty, or at most are occupied a few weeks in the year, by owners who spend most of their time on the Côte d'Azur—it is no expense to them, practically, to keep up their superfluous houses.

The Communist solution is, or seems, easy: first, requisition of the homes of "the rich," second, building houses by forced labor—and hang the costs. It is hard to exaggerate the propagandistic impact of this program, even though many who own these empty, roomy houses are not rich at all but are just lucky, elderly people who have held on to them for decades. The Gaullists make a similar appeal: if the forces of liberty are derelict, if the enterprisers no longer act, if the capitalists no longer invest, and if the most urgent tasks of the nation remain undone, then only dictatorship and compulsion remain. This prospect has nothing shocking about it for millions of Frenchmen.

The liberal solution is to make rents adequate to building costs. But the legislators of the Fourth Republic are reluctant to strike out in this direction. The French standard of living is so low that it simply will not stand up under the added burden of a rise in rent. However, the alternative to the equation higher building costs equal higher rents has been notably ignored—namely, the lowering of building costs.

The French Minister of Reconstruction, Claudius Petit, was not exaggerating when he declared that building construction in France is still carried on according to the best Merovingian methods. The lowering of costs is not simply a matter of technical means; there are bulldozers and power cranes in France today, but at best they serve only to raise building costs. On the other hand, countless experiments have shown that without any technical revolution, but merely by a rationalized application of labor power, building costs can be reduced by one-half. But the rational organization of building labor is incompatible with the present form of guild organization of the French building industry, which sees to it that even the smallest house-construction contract is shared out among a dozen different sub-contractors who are completely independent of one another and send in their workingmen at their

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own sweet pleasure, perhaps one in February, another in September. In the present condition of the building industry, none of the interested parties, neither the architect, nor the plumber, has the slightest interest in a rational reorganization of it.

In thirty years of minimal activity the French building industry has come completely to stand on the principle of the greatest profit for the smallest turnover (and profit is reckoned on the basis of a percentage added to costs, whatever they might be!). This attitude has become almost an instinct. The mighty guild of French architects—"Le Conseil de l'Ordre" they call themselves in the best medieval style—and the well-organized public-works contractors see to it that no outsider will take it upon himself to submit lower cost estimates; they must remain high enough to assure a satisfactory livelihood to a contractor with one roof-repair job and two pipe-laying contracts a year. In this land where the need for new housing cries to high heaven, there is chronic unemployment among construction workers. The result is that the building trades unions have banded together—in order to obstruct the inflow of Italian construction workers, who are the finest builders in Europe.

The French economy is so completely sunk in what has become habitual stagnation that, though everyone naturally complains about it, in each concrete instance the phalanx of all interested parties closes ranks in order to protect their *"situations acquises"* against all competition. The housing problem is an admittedly extreme example, but it does furnish us with an excellent guiding thread through the labyrinth of the French economic and social structure. One could explore almost any of its sectors, from the sugar beet industry to the colonial administration and emerge with, if not an identical, at least a similar conclusion: a vicious circle of stagnation, endless and self-perpetuating. This cliquish, ossified economy—which, by means of arbitrary price schedules and conspiratorial price agreements, has internally stifled free competition, free prices, and cost accounting, and which defends itself externally by tariff walls and import quotas—has two ways out available to it, both of them revolutionary: Communism or capitalism—a dictatorship using forced labor or modern rationalized competitive enterprise on the American pattern. But the French workingman knows nothing about the second alternative, being sincerely convinced that what he now has is "capitalism" and that he wants something else.

THE impression ought not to be left that there is no awareness of the problem in France. The retooling and modernization of French industry was the watchword of all French parties and politicians at the war's end. Three-fourths of the deputies of the recent Chamber had subscribed to the program of the National Resistance Council, which proclaimed the goal of modernization. The Chamber also unanimously approved the Monnet Plan, that comprehensive inventory of the needs and potentialities of French industry, a liberal planning document unique in the quality of its daring. The Monnet Plan attracted a veritable host of apostles of productivity who made clear to a great number of Frenchmen the relation between production and a high standard of living, and diffused a kind of technocratic enthusiasm.

But the Monnet Plan has, since 1947, fallen a sacrifice to the general movement of "return to the Third Republic." Its credit allocations were the first thing to be axed by the budget balancers, its technocratic team was put under the authority of the Finance Ministry and the Bank of France, which, in the spirit of classical financial orthodoxy, have not seen the cure for inflation in higher production and industrial expansion but in credit contraction and lowered consumption. By its stress on a balanced budget and balanced foreign trade, the Marshall Plan has unwittingly strengthened this retrograde tendency. It was not only rabid Communist propaganda that damaged its popularity: the Marshall Plan appeared to seal the victory of the bankers over the technicians.

IN THIS attempt to explain "why 5,000,000 Frenchmen vote Communist," the darker aspect of the picture has obviously been emphasized. It is not an entirely true likeness. The Monnet Plan, the Marshall Plan, and all the heroic straining of the postwar period have not been entirely without result. The French social structure has not been shaken up, but decisive sectors of French industry have been enabled to expand their

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capital and retool. The steel and automotive industries have reached a production level that will stand favorable comparison with any. The electrification of the country proceeds with giant strides; in the Rhone Valley a project is under way which can, without exaggeration, be called a French counterpart of the Tennessee Valley Administration. Since the election—and perhaps in part because of its sobering effects—there have been signs of a more determined effort to increase productivity. ECA now plans to give aid directly to individual pilot enterprises which agree to a program of more productive methods, and the participation of workers in management and profits. This should do something to temper the universal and just criticism that American recovery funds have not reached the French working class. Progressive French industrialists have begun working along the same lines on their own. Even French agriculture, once so deeply sunk in medieval apathy, is slowly beginning to shake a leg.

All this will have its effect on the spirit and structure of the French economy "in the long run." Just as, "in the long run," namely, about 1965, the new upswing of the French birth rate will decisively affect the the totality of national life. There are processes at work here that cannot be hurried. But advantages promised "in the long run" are so much gray theorizing to the mass of the population. They will answer what a good citizen once answered after a professor of economics got through unfolding a long-range program: "But in the long run we'll all be dead!" Nine million Gaullist and Communist votes are the expression of this understandable feeling of impatience.

Is there really nothing to be done in the short run? Yes, there is a way to hasten the end of stagnation. In this battle between the forces of inertia and renewal, a push from the outside could in fact tip the scales. Several years ago, in a Chamber debate, Paul Reynaud hit the mark with the spirited statement: "We need German competition in order to rouse French enterprise from its slumbers." The Schuman Plan is the first dose of this prescription, and its implications are even more far-reaching than its immediate technical significance. The dynamiting of the protectionist armor within which French enterprise—like all European enterprise, but more so than any other—is moldering away is the real revolution that France needs. Every step taken in the direction of a genuine European confederation—and not just "working side by side" as has been announced—means more than a pooling of available energies. It means the awakening of all the energies of Europe which are now latent.

It was inevitable that the vested economic interests should barricade themselves against this needed revolution. Leagued with them is all the lumber of outmoded life-styles, even of that "French way of life" which, for example, is reflected in the charming manner with which Frenchmen use the word *"petit"* —even when a *"petit voleur"* or a *"petit fraudeur"* is being referred to—and in the love of handicraft production and individual workmanship which would like to think of the whole economy as a manifestation of the aesthetic spirit. In short, there is a whole tradition that instinctively resists "German [or American] efficiency," a tradition which streams of visitors pour into France to admire. It is true that efficiency and mass production are not the highest of human goals. But it has become an indispensable condition for sheer national survival in this dangerous and dynamic world. Only when it has emerged from its sea of stagnation can French democracy permit itself the luxury of "muddling through" in its own quaint, delightful way.

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HOW ARM OUR CHILDREN AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM?

A Psychologist's Advice to Jewish Parents

BRUNO BETTELHEIM

BEHIND much of the effort to build up a Jewish cultural life in this country—the establishment of schools, synagogues, and community centers, as well as the production of Jewish books, music, and art—we often find one supreme motivation: a desire to armor the Jewish child against anti-Semitism, to prevent, if possible, the ill effects on his psyche of anti-Semitic experience.

This is doubtless something of a simplification, but it requires only plain and scrupulous observation to see how close it lies to the heart of the matter. Why does a new community of Jews suddenly decide it needs a Sunday school, or a congregation, or a community center? Usually because, as almost any of its members will tell us, its children must be given the knowledge that will prepare them to face the attacks of the anti-Semite. Knowledge of the Jewish past will supply the child with inner security in the face of hostility; participation in community ceremonies and observances will effectively cancel out any future experiences of exclusion from the non-Jewish world—so it is asserted. Jewish institutional life in this country is fair on its way to becoming a vast system of psychological fortifications behind which it is hoped that Jews will live out their lives without incurring psychological scars. For a first-hand report in detail of this process in operation, one may read Herbert Gans's article, "Park Forest: Birth of a Jewish Community," in the April 1951 COMMENTARY.

And yet, as by now most parents recognize, institutions cannot provide the answer, at least not the full answer. It is still the parents who must help their children face up to the experience of race prejudice, and particularly so in the early years. Long before any institutional system of psychological fortification can begin to operate, it is *they* who must know how they are to "handle the problem," how they are to prepare their child—if at all. It is they who will meet their child running from school or from a group of playmates with the Inevitable Question—an experience, moreover, that is likely to be even more painful to *them* than to the child. The very parent who meets prejudice against his own person with an educated detachment, even with a shrewd counter-move, easily falls into a blundering passion if it is his helpless child who is attacked.

But it is plain that nothing could be of less help to the very young child who has just suffered rejection than an overwrought and for the moment mindless parent. Anxiety is a natural condition of the child. It wells up in him at the slightest stress and he turns instantly to his adult protector to allay it for him. From the face, the tones, the gestures of his father or mother, the small child in his narrow world gets his clues as to how to evaluate some mishap. Any anxiety he detects in his parent immeasurably increases his own.

FEW men speak with more authority than BRUNO BETTELHEIM on the anatomy and conquest of fear. He was born and educated in Vienna, and fate gave him the opportunity to do his fieldwork on the effects of terror on the human mind and spirit in a German concentration camp, after Hitler's annexation of Austria. His study "Behavior in Extreme Situations," which appeared originally in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, is now a classic. In his article "The Victim's Image of the Anti-Semite," in the February 1948 issue of COMMENTARY, he argued it was possible to rise superior to fear, and act rationally and effectively even under concentration camp conditions. Here, in the present article, he considers the somewhat less drastic situation of living as a Jew in the United States, with special reference to the upbringing of children so as to adapt them to the impact of anti-Semitism. Dr. Bettelheim is principal of the Orthogenic School for children at the University of Chicago and associate professor of educational psychology; he has written *Love Is Not Enough* (1950), on his work with emotionally disturbed children, and (with Morris Janowitz) *Dynamics of Prejudice* (1950) in the series "Studies in Prejudice."

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Everyone has seen how in so simple a matter as a fall and a bruise, the child wants a clue; if the mother remains calm and minimizes things, the child is soon serene again—provided, of course, the injury was not serious. In yet more frightening circumstances, during the war in England, it was observed that very young children were not so much perturbed, for example, by the actual bombings—it was the frenzy of the parents that upset the children. In the vaguer, more complicated situation of prejudice, the child will be especially sensitive to his parents' attitude.

I recall an extreme instance—the case, as it happens, not of a Jewish child, but of a little Nisei boy of four. He was playing on a woodpile in his back yard when some older boys came up and began to tease him. They called him, among other names, a "dirty Jap." He had no idea what they meant, but responded by calling names back at them. The older gang threw pieces of wood at him, and one struck him hard enough to break his toe. His mother came running out, snatched him up, and rushed him to a hospital. Now the child began to undergo a bewildering experience. The mother loudly bewailed to him, and to anyone who would listen, the unhappy fate of her small son, so innocent and already the victim of race persecution. Up to then everything had been familiar enough to the little boy: the big boys had bullied him and called him names, but some day he would get even. Besides, if only his daddy were there, he would chase those boys. But now his mother's hysteria brought before him a threat of mysterious shape, a thing, he understood dimly, that even his daddy could not chase away. Something unpleasant and painful, but easy to understand, had been changed into something baffling and terrifying. This child received a shock whose effect remained with him for years in the form of a crippling sense of insecurity.

STILL, parents would say, since we know that every child of an underprivileged minority is bound, sooner or later, to face prejudice, is it unreasonable to ask: cannot our children be prepared against the destructiveness of the experience—even the young child, and even against his very earliest experience in nursery school or kindergarten? In my opinion, the answer is no. There is little that parents can do to prepare children of four or five to meet the realities of prejudice.

To tell the small child, for example, that he is likely to meet some people who will not like him has its dangers. If such a warning can conceivably be given at all, it may be given only to the child who feels perfect security within his important inner circle of family and relations. Children who feel such unconditional security are very few, and even with them, advance warning of a possible rejection, if it has any positive meaning, may work simply to frighten them into withdrawing from strangers who intend to be entirely friendly, with the result that the child's premature awareness and suspicion may bring on the dislike it was meant to protect him against.

As for burdening the child of nursery-school age with any explanation about "racial" groups and their irrational hostilities, this is on the face of it absurd. Some such explanation may be given to the child of seven or eight who already has gained through his own experience a notion of "ingroups" and "outgroups," who has seen, for instance, how the third-graders bully the second-graders for the sole reason that they are the "stronger." But the younger child can know nothing about "groups"—he knows only the private happiness he feels in belonging to his family and his small group of playmates.

There are, indeed, educators who pin their whole faith on "group belongingness" as the force which will withstand most powerfully, and even in the early age groups, the onslaughts of intolerance. They would like to see each Jewish child brought up in such a way as to feel dynamically and subjectively his membership in the Jewish group, and to regard the Jewish community at large, with all of its particularity, as the primary ingroup of his life (along with the family group). Toward that end, many of these educators favor the Jewish parochial school.

A distinguished proponent of these ideas was the late Professor Kurt Lewin. He opposed the soft-pedaling of the problem of prejudice for children. "Such a procedure," he wrote, "does not help the child, but, on the contrary, is most likely to have the opposite effect." And, summing up the importance of "belongingness," he said: "The group to which an individual belongs is the ground on which he stands, which gives or

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denies him social status, gives or denies him security and help. . . ."

Certainly, the sense of security an individual gains from "belonging" may be extremely important to him in meeting life's various situations. And it is not impossible that even the relatively young Jewish child may know and accept the fact that he is "Jewish" if he belongs to a family of strong Jewish traditions and to a community where a large number of Jews lead a distinctive life of their own. In such a closed cultural atmosphere—if it exists—it may well seem to the child that to be "Jewish" is almost equivalent to being human, and if he is attacked for being "different" he may stand his ground, secure in the feeling that it is not he but his attacker who is "different."

Yet for more and more American Jews the reality, the unalterable reality, is something very different. Large numbers of them live dispersed among non-Jews, and even those who live in "Jewish areas"—in the large cities, for instance—show no strong cultural divergence from the American community at large; if anything, they seek continually to reduce what divergencies remain. Their religious life, no matter how intense, no longer involves a full and inviolable series of distinctive communal ceremonies; and for the majority, the communal religious life is itself extinct (the most generous estimates attribute synagogue affiliation to no more than one-third of the Jewish population). In the lives of the children of these Jews, there remains neither the bulk of traditional ritual nor any separateness of language to mark off their group. Adult Jews themselves are troubled by the problem of what remains to define them as Jews; the problem can hardly be easier for their children. It would seem, then, that for these children of unsegregated and culturally integrated Jews, it is impossible to contrive the kind of "belongingness" that Lewin advocates. Certainly it is hard to see how the celebration of a few Jewish holidays will do it, or even much more intensively "Jewish" nursery-school or kindergarten programs. And there are many good reasons for believing that even if this were possible, it would still be undesirable; after all, there are other values in life besides being subjectively immune to the stings of prejudice, nor is such immunity the only criterion of mental health. One can pay too high a price for "adjustment."

Some psychologists, aware of the inevitability and desirability of intergroup contacts in America, have advised parents to try to give the minority-group child some notion that "others" are different, but that "we" and "they" are equally "good." To the small child, this is an impenetrable equation. The adult who thinks thus to enlighten him will only implant in him a feeling either of inferiority: I am different and not as good; or of superiority: I am different and better. If the child should appear to agree with the "different but equally good" idea, it will be only because he classes it with the many other nonsensical statements adults make about the world, and which he would rather pretend to accept than have to argue about. Any parent who has observed his child of nursery-school or kindergarten age knows how anxious the child is to be "the same" as his playmates, how fearful lest he appear in any respect different—unless he can be different and superior: then he is willing, and can deride the children who are different but inferior.

Or, suggest some other psychologists, give the child a familiar and vivid example to help him understand group differences and the irrationality of discrimination. Tell him that a cocker spaniel and a great Dane are both dogs and equally good, but some people just happen to like spaniels and others would rather have a Dane. The child will be unconvinced. The child who loves his cocker spaniel and sees it being petted by the most important people in the world, his mother and father, may very well hate a great Dane, or be afraid of it, and for (to him) good reasons which are not altered by the fact that both are called dogs.

The process of growing up is largely a process of assimilating parental values. My own experience with emotionally disturbed children at the Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago has demonstrated that the development of a well-balanced personality depends on its having begun to be molded in early childhood on the ground of consistent parental characteristics, values, and folkways. The child who is forming his personality in the image of his parents' folkways tends to become confused if it is sud-

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denly revealed to him that there are *other* ways of doing things—different but "just as good." Actually, upon being told this, the normal child will think to himself: Daddy's and Mommy's ways are still best, the way they do it is the only right way. And the neurotic child may think: That goes to show that my Daddy and Mommy know (as I have always feared) that other people are better. Any formal idea that the world comprises varieties of people of equivalent virtues, and that this variety is in itself a good, is beyond the grasp of the small child's psychology—perhaps worse than meaningless to him.

We must conclude then: in the free and increasingly unsegregated society of America, it is useless or worse than useless to try to prepare the very young child for the experience of discrimination, either by telling him that not everyone can like him or by trying to explain "other" groups to him. By the time the child is self-assured enough to assimilate the fact that he cannot be accepted by everyone alike, and intellectually mature enough to understand the meaning of groups and intergroup tensions, he is likely to be well into the grade-school years. The lucky few who have known nothing of prejudice before having reached their later grade-school years can and should be prepared for it by adequate explanations. Unfortunately, most children have their first such experience long before that age of comparative reason and self-assurance.

WHAT, then, should parents do?

The first principle that must never be lost sight of in our dealings with children is that every experience has to them the sharp definition of the tangible, the concrete, and the personal; and an injury having been experienced concretely, whatever is done to heal it must be just as concrete. The parent equipped with some knowledge of the world in which small children have their special anxieties, conflicts, and satisfactions will be far more likely to know what measures to take to reassure the child who has just been hurt by the sting of prejudice: measures which, to be truly effective, must have the soothing immediacy of a band-aid applied to a scraped knee.

Why does one small child in the nursery school or kindergarten "discriminate" against another? The infant—unless the family life is seriously disrupted—feels safe in his relations to those who move around him at home and never fail to serve him. But once the child's sphere enlarges to include children (and adults) who are strangers to him, he faces competition, and possible displacement. Children then may react in a number of ways to the threat to their position. Subgroups within the group may form, and perhaps one such becomes the most powerful and attractive; the ruling group may even be a select few—those who have more toys or whose daddies have the "biggest cars."

Some child who is excluded from the favored group then turns around, and to bolster what he feels as his own shaky position, bullies another child—often one belonging to a "racial minority," because the practices of adult society make that easy. The aggrieved little bully may call names ("kike" or "wop" or "nigger") or use his fists; if the teacher stops such open aggression, he may form a clique of his own and exclude his victim, as he himself was excluded: "Let's have a club, and don't let David in—he's a Jew." Or, simply: "Don't play with him, he's a Jew." And thus he involves the most unknowing innocents in his own aggressions.

It follows that while these earliest events in nursery school or kindergarten take on the *external forms* of anti-minority discrimination as we know it, they are little more than attempts of children to gain certain private satisfactions for themselves. The parents of a three- or four-year-old who comes home with his first taste of such "discrimination" would err greatly if they dealt with it *as* discrimination. Yet the child is upset, and in danger of having some injurious pattern set for the future. What can be done?

Any one example can have only a limited application, but I should like to relate the first experience of my own little girl with "discrimination." One day—she was three years old then—she came home and asked, "Why do they call me a shoe?" (Here, by the way, is demonstrated the small child's tendency to interpret things familiarly and concretely.) Now, this little girl of ours had been called names before—children at play are notorious name-callers. But never before had she come home so astonished and hurt.

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Somehow this particular name, "shoe," affected her differently from other "swearwords" and "bad" names she was used to hearing in the play yard. She knew it was offensive to be called "dirty," or a "stinker"—dirt and smell were "not nice." But why should "shoe" be a curse word? With her three-year-old's understanding, even the simplest explanation of religious differences, or of why some people are for no good reason against other people, would only have confounded her. We decided it was best to explain to her that this incident was simply another expression of the free and easy name-calling among children which she was used to and which she herself did not hesitate to resort to. This solved no problem; but the little girl was able to dismiss the incident wholly.

I believe that any attempt to explain matters to the satisfaction of the young child may actually have mischievous consequences. Every child between the ages of two and four wages a battle to suppress his asocial tendencies. Gradually, under parental pressure, the small child has given up the habits of soiling himself, exposing himself, grabbing, throwing, hitting, and the various other forms of behavior which the child never really sees as "bad," but which he is willing to abandon for the sake of pleasing the only important people that exist for him, his parents. Yet this desire to please his parents, however urgent, is constantly if vaguely crossed by another urge: to do the forbidden things. If some stranger comes along and accuses the child of being something which he does not understand ("I won't play with you, you're a Jew") but which he senses is "bad," he may be invaded by the conviction that he has been seen through, that his accuser has somehow recognized his impulse to do all the "bad" things. At such a pass, the child's extreme anxiety at having been discovered would in itself prevent his understanding any explanation of what it means actually to be a "Jew." It is therefore of the first importance that such incidents should be minimized and that the child should not retain the least notion that the remark might refer in any way to his "bad" desires.

We see, then, how "discrimination" among the youngest children is in reality pure and simple rejection, and felt as rejection, with little consciousness of race prejudice. If Johnny refuses to play with David because he is a Jew, David feels only that Johnny doesn't like him—the rest is mystery. If it is explained that Johnny is jealous, maybe, or wants to "get back" at David, or wants to show he's better in some way, David can understand, and will not tend to feel that something fearful and overpowering is operating against him. As a matter of fact, this is the true explanation of what happened.

The problem is likely to be quite different for the somewhat older child. Now the child no longer feels threatened by the "bad" in him, for he has a firmer control over that "bad." Group life has acquired increased meaning for him, and daily he experiences the world in terms of "we" and "they." The attitude toward him of "they" cannot so easily be put aside by a simple assertion of his intimate family security. The larger world matters because he must and wants to relate himself to it.

Radios, movies, the casual conversations of adults, expose most of our children to some kind of hearsay about group differences and animosities. The child often forms from these a hazy opinion of his own which is more than likely to lead to difficulties later on. Seeing a movie intended to promote better intergroup relations, he may fail to get the "message" while he does apprehend "danger": groups exist in his town, or his neighborhood, which are hostile to each other, for reasons not altogether clear. He is filled with uneasiness—or downright fear—that he may himself be somehow involved in this strange clash, perhaps even some day be physically attacked. He feels threatened—worse, by mysterious forces.

Whatever little he does or does not understand of general group differences, it is precisely the "racial difference" that makes the deepest impression on the older child of grade-school age. Nor will it avail to tell the child who is called "nigger" or "kike" or "wop" or "spic" that social scientists say there is no such thing as "race." When he is beaten up because he belongs to a group which is "alien," this appears to the child—without benefit of anthropological research—as race hate. He, in turn, to protect himself, must learn to spot his persecutors, and

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recognize the group to which they belong.

More primitively still, the "racial" meaning the child sees in an attack on him strikes at the center of his security. It is plain to him that if he is persecuted, it is for something which involves his parents as well as himself, and their parents before them, and back and back. But, above all, his parents, his towers of strength: any attack on them weakens his security in them. The act of hostility thus becomes "racial" in the deepest sense of the countless emotional ties that bind the child to the parent. Again, an incident involving our little girl may be illuminating.

This was her second experience with "discrimination," and she was now five years old. One day a neighbor, not Jewish, came to us to report a conversation he had just had with our daughter. It seemed that she had suddenly left her playmates and run over to see him. She asked him if he liked her. When he said he did, very much, she asked, "Even if I'm not an American?" He assured her she was an American, a little American girl, and a nice one. She insisted: "No, I'm not. Suzy says I'm not an American because my Mommy and Daddy are Jewish."

This was altogether different from the time she was called a "shoe." She now had more understanding, and she was anxious about being a "good American." She understood, too, that her parents, the source of her security, were being attacked. She had even been so sophisticated as to shield them by keeping the accusation against her a secret from them, but this was the limit of her restraint, and she had then gone to a friend whom no one had mentioned as being "Jewish," and therefore not American, to find out whether he could still accept her—he was someone *outside* her family. It was evident that her major fear was that she and her parents were no longer acceptable. It was on this level that the accusation had to be met.

ASSURANCES on our part that Jews were as good as, or (more dangerous still) better than, those who were not Jews would scarcely have solaced her, and might even have been interpreted as a suspiciously weak denial. Equally little comfort would have come to her from being told that lots of other "Americans," children and grown-ups, "felt differently from Suzy"; she had no desire to play with these other children, she did not know them. No, what she had to be *shown* (not told) was that she was still likeable and liked—by all her other playmates even if not by Suzy. It chanced that several children with whom she had been playing, including Suzy, were still about. One of the mothers was told about the incident and quickly arranged for the children to gather at her home for a small party. (Obviously, it would not have done for us to give the party.) The party was a success; our daughter saw herself accepted by her comrades—evidently her fears had been groundless. Essentially, she was able to regard the incident as another one of name-calling, and to dismiss it from her mind and feelings. (This is not to say that she might not recall it later, under the influence of another such attack.)

We were not yet done with the incident, however. The next step was to deal with Suzy and if necessary with her parents, whom we already knew to have made some slurring remarks about another minority, the Greeks. It is true that in our first annoyance we were tempted to discourage our little girl from playing with Suzy altogether. We were angry, and we rationalized our anger by saying that after all there were many other children for our little girl to play with. Then we realized that forbidding our child to play with Suzy might be regarded as an admission on our part that Suzy did indeed have some secret knowledge of "bad" things about us—Suzy might even become all the more attractive. We considered dropping the matter as it stood, except that this too might be interpreted by a child as meaning that whatever had happened was, after all, shameful and unmentionable. Besides, Suzy would doubtless make similar remarks again. We felt it necessary to act in some further way, to straighten the matter out with *all* the persons involved.

First, we tackled Suzy. Casually, and in a wholly friendly manner, we spoke to her the next day when she came as usual to visit our little girl—who, of course, was present. We suggested to Suzy that if she did not think our little girl as good as some other children, she ought not to come to our house and play with her toys. We then asked her: what are Jews? Not unexpectedly, she didn't know; she knew they were different, but pressed to

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tell in what way, she was baffled. We had achieved one result we very much desired: our little girl now saw for herself that Suzy had no secret knowledge, no knowledge of any kind, against her or her parents, and that her own parents could defend her under all circumstances. As for Suzy, she was taken aback by our directness and for a few days kept away from the group. But because all the other children were there as usual, our little girl saw that she was in no danger of isolation from any power Suzy had. Suzy shortly came back, and apparently did not repeat her remarks about Jews. If she did, our little girl was apparently not affected. We ourselves avoided any further probing: an exaggerated awareness on the part of parents, and an exaggerated interference, can do the child no good.

Now we tackled Suzy's parents—not in an aggressive mood, but in a neighborly one. We told them what had happened, quite matter-of-factly, and suggested that whatever their opinions might be, it would be too bad to have to break up the companionship of the two little girls, and inconvenient for the mothers as well. However, we added, if our daughter continued to be exposed to such incidents, we would sever the friendship. Suzy's parents agreed with alacrity that the friendship ought to continue, and assured us they were free of anti-Semitic prejudice, adding that Suzy may have got some erroneous ideas from the movie *Crossfire*. If the parents were originally the guilty ones, they were apparently more careful thereafter.

It is axiomatic that aggression breeds counter-aggression: any emotions of anger and resentment, however justified, must be allowed to settle before one undertakes a reasonable solution of such a case. Nor, it is true, would it always be successful to take up the racial issue in this direct and friendly way. The parents of Suzy, one might object, were only moderately "biased." Yet studies in race bias in the population as a whole show that the majority of those who are prejudiced are not unwaveringly so, but rather have been caught up into the prevalent community pattern: to think differently from others is harder than to concur in prejudice. Indeed, certain of these studies would tend to show that if the community as a whole (and especially its leading members) for some reason changes the degree or form of its bias, most individuals will follow suit. Suzy's parents were made aware that members of the community they were part of were strongly opposed to discrimination of any kind. Faced with the choice of restraining their prejudice and its expression or making enemies in the neighborhood, they decided to continue a friendship from which they had only to gain. In incidents of this kind, it is wise to remember that most people prefer, if only on a practical basis, to be friends with their neighbors.

INTOLERANCE cuts both ways. The Jewish parent trying to help his child understand and "take" intolerance is often faced with the twin task of educating the same child in the lessons of tolerance. And it is precisely the parent who belongs to a minority group, and is therefore acutely sensitive to questions of tolerance, who is in danger of being unrealistic when it comes to teaching his child these lessons.

To the small child there is a real difference between someone with a white skin and someone with a yellow or black skin—notwithstanding the innumerable stories about children who "just don't notice" such differences, and notwithstanding also, in my opinion, evidence from a few studies which tend to support these stories. To insist, out of a mechanical obeisance to tolerance, that your small child play with a Negro child when he is opposed to the idea is to "redouble your zeal and forget your aim." It is a fact that concrete anxieties in the small child may be connected with just such differences as color of skin. Parents have come to realize, for example, how the sight of a crippled person will arouse a child's fear lest he may get that way. Such anxieties, it is true, are the more acute the more insecure the child feels generally; but normal children are also the victims of them. Growing up entails so many mysterious, "secret" changes, that a change in the color of his skin can seem a real possibility to the pre-school child. Some children seek to protect themselves against an anxiety of this kind by exaggerating the differences between black and white, and anxious children are stubbornly prejudiced against those who are so different. Yet if a small child is brought up with a sense of security, these minor phobias, left alone, will pass with the

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months, leaving little trace behind them; the too active intervention of the parents is likely to do more harm than good.

With somewhat older children, some parents will not only argue that they "ought" to play with Negroes (an argument which seems irrelevant to the child who selects his companions for his own reasons), but will even physically punish the child who calls a Negro a "nigger." The punishment may silence the child but fix his resentment the deeper. And there are other contradictions here: the parent, insisting the child must not lose his temper and call people vile names, gives a demonstration of temper-losing himself, and while preaching a universal democracy, suggests the lack of it as between himself, the physically stronger, and his child, the physically weaker.

Wiser parents will inquire as to what has aroused the child's anger, and if some Negro boy seems to have been the true aggressor, will freely admit that their own child's anger is justified before they remind him casually that his quarrel has nothing to do with the color of his "enemy's" skin, and that all Negroes are not therefore bullies. Similarly, the small child who in some state of resentment has called the Negro maid a name should not be forced to apologize on the instant simply to soothe the parents' vanity in their child's good breeding or their anxiety about relations with the maid. *Why* the child has been rude is important; if it turns out to be because he is really angry with his playmate, or with his parents, perhaps, then it can be explained to him how useless was his name-calling: he hurt the maid, and did not affect the real object of his anger.

In general, discussions about tolerance are apt to go unheeded by the child in an intolerant mood. Timing is important. Wait till the child is at peace with himself and his small world. The basis of the tolerance of many adults is anxiety or guilt; the child's basis is his own sense of security. Moreover, it is when he is not directly involved, when no anxiety of his own obtrudes, that the lesson can best be taught.

Such a moment is particularly felicitous, also, for preparing him for the possibility that he too may be made the target of prejudiced behavior. The child who has just shown affection for the Negro woman who takes care of him may be told that nevertheless there are people who are against this capable and fine person simply because her skin is black; he will be in a fair way to understand the injustice of discrimination. From there, he may be told about other people; Jews like himself, for instance, who are sometimes harmed by the same kind of prejudice. The important idea that the intrinsic worth of an individual is not being judged in this act of discrimination may well be conveyed to him then. However, let the child be guided to these conclusions on his own steam, so to speak; a genuine tolerance comes to each person by his own decision.

THE full acceptance by the child of ever larger groups as being not alien to him is part of the slow process of education. For the youngest child there is the family, the primary ingroup: all else belongs to an undifferentiated and always potentially hostile mass of non-family. Then comes the small aggregate of playmates around the sandbox; later, his kindergarten friends, the children in the same grade, the children on the block, those at summer camp, the Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts. The normal child moves with an ever greater assurance from smaller to larger groups. The "racial" group—regardless of the attitude of those who would desire to abolish all such distinctions—may be an important intermediate step on the child's way to feeling himself a member of society as a whole. It is here, perhaps, that the Jewish child may gain most, in terms of his personal development, from that specifically Jewish atmosphere in ritual and culture which some see as an answer to the psychological problems of prejudice.

Direct transition from the family and age-groups to society as a whole, to being a "citizen of the world," may be very difficult. The point could be made—though I am not ready to support it in full—that a child would feel lost without first belonging to one of the important ingroups, racial, religious, or perhaps political: always, however, with this danger, that the warm, safe feeling of "belonging" to such a group may be acquired at the price of thinking it very different and —much better. It might even be argued that someone who has not "belonged" to this kind of group earlier in life may, as a grown-up, self-consciously seek one out, thus reverting to just the kind of provincialism from which

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his parents sought to keep him. But this much is certain: only the small child who knew a maximum security within his family circle is ready to weather the insecurities of all the succeeding groups with which he may later identify himself. *Security within the family group:* that is the key to this problem, as to so many others.

WHEN all is said, to be born a Jew—or born into any other minority—means, in our present society, to experience discrimination sooner or later, more or less. The older Jewish child, at the proper time, must be educated, openly and realistically, to know that this will be his situation, which, as an adult, he must come to terms with if he would free his energies for constructive action—including, it might well be, the fight against intolerance. Very early he must be taught that the problem is a social one, not individual for him. Nor should existing real differences between groups be glossed over; nor, on the other hand, should they be made to appear larger or more mysterious than they are.

At the same time, only by building up in the child his individual self-respect can he be got ready for whatever lies in wait. Here the example of the parent is what counts. True self-respect in the child can be achieved only when the parents show that they do not depend for their own self-respect on arbitrary externals, least of all on whether they are accepted by everyone alike. The Jewish parent who is denied access to certain clubs or hotels, and receives this as a blow to his self-esteem rather than as the act of prejudice it is—or, worse, the parent who expresses pride at being tolerated where other Jews are barred—is surely not one whose example can teach the child to rely on his self-respect to take the blows of intolerance. And, on the group level, communal emphasis on the cultivation of Judaism, not for its own sake, but only as an armor against prejudice, only further undermines the self-respect of the Jewish group as a whole and its individual members and serves to keep alive and feed anew insecurity, generation after generation.

The problem can be settled only on the basis of each person's growing up with a firm, true security within himself, so that he will neither suffer unduly from the intolerance of others nor be forced to seek a false security in an arbitrary over-valuation of his own group. Naturally, as the child grows older he depends less on his parents, more on his own personality. As early as pre-adolescence, the intellectual mastery of the problems that face him and his society becomes important to the child. Gradually, an understanding of the motives of tolerance and intolerance will help him to stand his ground when and if intolerance hits him. But, to repeat and re-emphasize: his basic security must be acquired mainly in early childhood. No educational or cultural institution, no "program" can do the parents' job. The child's protection from the consequences of intolerance, to the extent that he can be protected at all, lies in his early and consistent feeling of belonging to the most important group he ever depends on—his family—and for that, to reiterate once more, he must look to his parents. On their own sense of security and how they convey it to him, the child's security will basically and primarily depend.

But that brings us to the final point, indeed the very core of "what the parent must do." Failing in this, he is likely to fail in all else. How is the parent to pass on a sense of security he does not himself feel? How can he avoid passing on anxiety if he is torn by a sense of anxiety concerning not only his child's future but his own?

THAT many Jewish parents feel themselves threatened by anti-Semitism, are even haunted by a permanent anxiety about present discrimination and future hostility, attack, and rejection in the larger society can hardly be questioned. The prevalence of this state of mind among American Jews may well be the central fact affecting Jewish thought and action today.

Such anxiety is quite understandable: after Hitler, no Jew can ignore the ultimate explosiveness of anti-Semitism. But we are not concerned here with possible justification, but with trying to evolve rational, practical, and self-respecting modes of behavior. As a first step toward this, perhaps it is time that individual Jews began asking themselves—as they prepare not merely to be good parents but to think and act decently and intelligently as members of the Jewish and general communities—how much real cor-

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respondence there is between their own anxiety about anti-Semitism and the day-to-day facts of their experience, the realistic possibilities within American society. Granting that it is ever right to be ruled by fear—though even in concentration camps it is not, in my belief—how fearful should an American Jew be today? Precautions, yes; wise action, yes; but deep, gnawing anxiety—one would say, no.

It is worth noting that Jewish preoccupation with anti-Semitism far antedates the days of Hitler, and as a phenomenon it is surprising how constant its basic quality remains, and how largely independent of the external circumstances, be they the worsening state of Jewish life in the early days of Hitler or the incomparably improved lot of Jews in this country. It is easy for most of us to perceive that the anti-Semite makes use of the Jew as a target to project his own inner anxiety. That the Jews make a somewhat similar use of anti-Semitism, and that their irrational fear of the *goy* plays an analogous role to the Gentiles' fear of the Jew, is more difficult to recognize. More difficult, because while "the Jew" of the anti-Semite's nightmare does not exist, the anti-Semite certainly does, and discrimination is a brutal reality. Thus the irrationality of the Jew consists in the high disproportionateness of his fear as compared to the facts, rather than in a total hallucination.

But, once allowing for this by no means unimportant distinction, there still is a startling similarity of role in individual psychology. Around the fact of anti-Semitism we cluster many anxieties: social insecurity; fear of competition; fear of exposure of personal inadequacy; and many other fears common to all men in our modern industrialized society. With all other fears thus centered in it, the one admitted fear of anti-Semitism is stretched far out of its real proportion. Such fear of anti-Semitism may become for the individual Jew a kind of psychological necessity, as fear of the Jew is for the inadequate Gentile. And so it is that often the over-anxious Jew may be as reluctant to give up his fear of anti-Semitism as the anti-Semite is reluctant to overcome his fear of the Jew.

To recognize how much of the vicissitudes of his individual life may be ascribed to anti-Semitism, and how much should not, to separate the "real" from the merely "feared," this is the task, it seems clear, that each Jewish parent must face for himself before he can help protect his child. Before he can prescribe for his child's anxiety, he must grapple with his own; if the child is to "understand" his world, the parent, it would seem to be life's logic, must "understand" his. So, inescapably, the question of how best prepare our child to face anti-Semitism rests on our answer to a prior question: how do we prepare ourselves to face up to and struggle against the actual anti-Semitism that still remains in our American society, with inner security and without undue fear. One wonders how long it will be before American Jews are ready for this larger question, not merely "for the children," but for themselves, and including the children.

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BATS, MEN, AND MORALS

Desert Reflections on the Unnatural Quality of Mercy

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

BEFORE I settled in the Sonoran desert I spent a few days in the foothills of New Mexico's Sacramento mountains. From a height we looked down on Alamagordo and, beyond that, across twenty or thirty miles of white gypsum sand to the forbidden spot where the first atom bomb was exploded.

There must be very few places in the United States so suitable for such an experiment; few, that is to say, either so remote or so devoid of anything to be destroyed. Several hundred square miles thereabout look very much as though they had all been worked over not so long ago by some very effective destructive agent, and after the bomb had gone off one might, with some justification, have inscribed over the spot the epitaph which seems a little overwrought for the situation in which Swinburne used it: "Like a god self-slain on his own strange altar Death lies dead."

By now, I imagine, certain forms of life have crept back at least to the edge of the bomb pit itself. "Desert" is a relative term even when applied to so bleak a region as this, and there are few places on the globe totally empty of living things. On the bare rocks of high mountain peaks flourish the lichens which, even the more skeptical astronomers now admit, might grow in the atmosphere of the planet Mars. In Wyoming the stone basins of the scalding hot springs are bright with yellow algae. In the almost saturated brine of the Great Salt Lake a shrimp which cannot live unless thus dreadfully pickled passes his presumably happy life, and it is in the sandiest parts of the White Sands that the Yucca sends down its forty-foot root while pale sand-colored rodents dig about its base.

I dare say that there is a point, different for different people, beyond which the spareness of difficult countries ceases to be an encouraging example, and a point beyond which the dimmer forms of life awaken but little fellow feeling. Birds are among the least human, one might almost say the least understandable, of the conspicuous creatures of which men are commonly much aware, but there are many persons to whom their beauty and charm would seem a sufficient reason why the universe should exist and who can contemplate without horror a terrestrial globe of which they would be the only significant inhabitants. Not many, however, will follow Thoreau into his professed complacency at the thought that mud turtles would continue to exist even if man should destroy himself, and I doubt that even Thoreau would find emotionally satisfying a world in which nothing lived except lichen and brine shrimp.

A LICHEN is an admirable organism. It is the first colonizer of bare rock and it can live where nothing else can. It has, if I may be so impudent as to put it this way, my great respect. Mars seems a trifle less bleak when I think that lichens may grow there. The thought of a dead universe is harder to bear than the thought of one in which green scales expand and grow a little before they die. But they would seem

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As PART of the fruits of a year spent in the Arizona desert, JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH offers these moral reflections on mankind and society, gained by the ancient and honorable method, not altogether modish in our present age, of conning the Book of Nature. Professor Krutch is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, and the author of *The Modern Temper, Samuel Johnson,* and other books. These passages will form part of his forthcoming book, *The Desert Year.*

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a rather small favor to be grateful for and I can hardly maintain that my respect is anything much warmer than just that.

What I like, for a time at least, about this particular spot where I have settled is the fact that it is just far enough—without being too far—from the point beyond which spareness would cease to be stimulating and the life of my fellow inhabitants too desperately precarious. On the one hand, it is a very proper environment for those, including myself, who like it. On the other, it is not crowded either with men or with any other form of life. And for those who dislike crowds of anything that is a strong point in its favor. The land simply will not support either too many people or too many mesquite trees; hence we both have room.

I cannot help seeing as an advantage the simple fact that the land here is dry enough to prevent uncomfortable crowding, and I cannot help wondering if one of the worst features of most of the world in which we live is not the simple fact that, to an ever increasing degree, mere living space is the thing which gives out first.

It is a commonplace that man's ingenuity has made it possible for the earth to support many times more men than could possibly live there were it not for our advanced techniques of agriculture and of manufacturing. But is it really an encouraging rather than a terrifying fact that biochemists are already beginning to talk seriously of producing in yeast vats a protein food capable of supporting a population far larger than has ever seemed possible before? Where (and how) will the billions more who can possibly be fed, find places to live? Will vast tenements go up over the corn and wheat fields which are no longer necessary? Will ultimately every square foot of soil be not only owned but occupied? Will every other living thing be exterminated to make way for the one vast anthill of yeast-eating men? Even then, the limit would be reached at last. Would it not be better to reach it while we still have a little room to move about? I, at least, shall probably continue to think so unless some scientist can tell me not only how to produce more food but how to open up the fourth dimension for elbow room.

OF THE president of a certain agricultural college on his first trip to Europe, this story is told. He was leaning pensively over the ship's rail when he was offered a penny for his thoughts. Waving his arm over the vasty deep which has touched the imagination more often and profoundly than anything else in nature except, perhaps, the starry heavens, he replied: "You know, I was just thinking what a pity it is that all this can't be put down in alfalfa." There are no doubt others who never see a bird without thinking of the pot, or a wood without leaping happily forward to the day when it will make newsprint, and who never observe any stretch of wild open country without wishing it were covered with skyscrapers or factories or bungalows. More souls for heaven? They will be, I think, ill-prepared for it.

Is there really any virtue in mere numbers—even of men? The Biblical injunction "Increase and multiply" was given to a struggling tribe more in danger of extinction than of overcrowding and undoubtedly there is some optimum concentration below which the most effective cooperation and division of labor is not possible. It may even be true that metropolises, overpopulated for any other purpose, perform an indispensable function and I should hesitate to say that I, as an individual, would like to dispense with what I have learned in some of them. But in such places there is also much that is unlearned and much forgotten. When there has disappeared from the earth the last spot, even the last accessible spot, where something besides man and his immediate dependents hold sway, then man will have renounced utterly his ancient mother and will be arrogantly on his own. But for what will he have condemned himself to so impoverished an existence? For nothing except a more numerous breed.

It is hard to ask ourselves whether, and why, numbers should seem desirable, hard to dissociate our hope that we love mankind

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from the assumption that such love necessarily means a limitless desire for more and more specimens. But Thoreau was one of the few who actually did face the dilemma and who frankly stated his conclusions. Visiting New York at twenty-six he wrote: "Seeing so many people from day to day, one comes to have less respect for flesh and bones, and thinks they must be more loosely joined, of less firm fiber, than the few he had known. It must have a very bad influence on children to see so many many human beings at once—mere herds of men." Or, as he was later to say, "It is for want of a man that there are so many men." And who that realizes how much the world's respect for the individual has declined since Thoreau's day can be sure that men do not seem less valuable just because there are so many more of them?

A FEW mornings ago I rescued a bat from a swimming pool. The man who owned the pool—but did not own the bat—asked me why. That question I do not expect ever to be able to answer but it involves a good deal. If even I myself could understand my action I would know what it is that seems to distinguish man from the rest of nature and why, despite all she has to teach him, there is also something he would like to teach her if he could.

It is true that I like bats better than most people do. Though the fact that they fly without feathers is a heterodoxy held against them since early times, I find it easy to forgive. Moreover, and though I was exposed at an early age to Gustave Doré's illustrations for the "Inferno," I do not associate leathery wings with Satan. I know that their owners have no special predilection for female tresses and "like a bat out of hell" is not, for me, an especially expressive metaphor. Nature books always explain—for the benefit of utilitarians—that bats are economically important because they destroy many insects. For the benefit of those more interested in the marvelous than in the profitable they usually also say something about the bat's wonderful invention of a kind of sono-radar by the aid of which he can fly in the blackest night without collision with even so artificial an obstruction as a piano wire strung across his path.

But none of these is the reason why I took the trouble to rescue one from drowning. Before lifting my particular bat out of the swimming pool, I did not calculate his economic importance and I did not rapidly review in my mind the question whether or not his scientific achievement entitled him to life.

Still less could I pretend that he was a rare specimen, or that one bat more or less would have any perceptible effect on the balance of nature. There were plenty of others just like him, both right here where I live and over the whole of this area. Almost every night I have seen several of his fellows swooping down to the swimming pool for a drink before starting off for an evening of economically useful activity. A few weeks before I had, as a matter of fact, seen near Carlsbad, New Mexico, several hundred thousand of this very species in a single flight. That had seemed like enough bats to satisfy one for a normal lifetime. Yet here I was, not only fishing a single individual from the water, but tending him anxiously to see whether or not he could recover from an ordeal which had obviously been almost too much for him.

Probably he had fallen in because he had miscalculated in the course of the difficult maneuver involved in getting a drink on the wing. Probably, therefore, he had been in the water a good many hours and would not have lasted much longer. But he looked as though he wanted to live and I, inexplicably, also hoped that he would. And that would seem to imply some sort of kindliness more detached, more irrational, and more completely gratuitous than any nature herself is capable of. "So careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life."

At Carlsbad, so it seemed to me, I had seen bats in their thousands as nature sees them. Here by the swimming pool I had seen an individual bat as only man can see him. It was a neat coincidence which

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arranged the two experiences so close together and I shall always think of them in that way.

At the cave I had, of course, plenty of company since the bats constitute one of the official sights of the National Park. Biologists from distant countries often come especially to see them, but to the ordinary tourist their flight is only a side show to be taken in after a day underground among the twenty-three miles of explored passages in a cave which is possibly the most extensive in the world. Like Old Faithful in the Yellowstone, the bat eruption is reliably predictable and so those unwilling to spend much time on nature can attend as at a scheduled performance.

About sunset the very miscellaneous crowd begins to gather, rather nervously uncertain over the question whether it is exhibiting a cultural interest or just being silly. Presently the park ranger assigned the job of speaking the prologue that evening climbs a boulder to make a little speech artfully compounded of information and simple, harmless jokes. Tonight, he says, the flight will not be a very large one—probably between two and three hundred thousand bats. Ten years ago there would have been at least two million, though, for once, man is not responsible for the declining animal population. The last decade has been unusually dry; that means fewer insects and, therefore, fewer bats. Perhaps a relatively wet part of the cycle is about due and the numbers may go up again. But even now there are more than most visitors will care to stay to see.

The bats, he continues, are of the kind called the Mexican Freetail because the tips of their tails project, as those of most bats do not, a little beyond the leathery membrane which stretches between the hind legs and helps the wings in flight. This bat is the smaller of the two species common in the region and no one knows how long it has been living in the cave. At least it has been there long enough to lay down vast quantities of guano and hundreds of tons of it were mined out a short generation ago before chemical fertilizers made the operation unprofitable. Indeed, it was the bats which led to the discovery, within this century, of the caves themselves. Some cowboys went to investigate what they thought was a cloud of smoke from a forest fire, discovered that it was a cloud of bats instead, and thus were led into the caverns which have not yet been explored to their end.

The ranger pauses and says that it probably won't be long now. The crowd peers down into a black hole which descends very steeply into the ground. Presently someone, like an excited spectator at the race track, shouts "Here they come!" as a single bat rises out of the darkness. Less than a quarter of a second later this first-man-out is followed by another, and another, and another until the air is filled by a vast flying squadron. The bats rise spiraling in a counter-clockwise direction up to the rim of the pit and then disappear as a long stream headed southward. They will all, says the ranger, take a preliminary drink at a stream a mile or so away and then scatter for the night's foraging, to return one by one after a number of hours which depends on how good the hunting is. By morning at least, each will have gone back to hang, head downward, from the cave wall, and since the young were left behind each mother must find her way back in the darkness to her particular place among the hundreds of thousands of her fellows.

Every now and then there is a break of a second or two in the steady stream. Then bats begin to erupt again as though the cave mouth were some sort of biological volcano spewing Mexican Freetails in endless number. But no, on second thought, that metaphor will not do, for there is none of the undisciplined confusion of an inanimate explosion. In what order they come I do not know. Perhaps simply in the order of their nearness to the cave mouth. Neither, for that matter, do I know how, hanging in darkness, they know that outside the sun

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has gone down. But in any event this is not the pell-mell of a mob. In New York the crowds from the skyscrapers do not make their way out of their canyons or into the caves of their subway in any such orderly fashion. There is no pushing, no shoving, no collision. It is like the relentless, disciplined advance of some armada of the air which makes the boasted thousand-plane raids of the latest world war seem puny enough.

Presently the spectators begin to drift away in the order of their conscientiousness in "doing" the sights. Poor as the show is said to be by comparison with the good old days when the Carlsbad bats were really flourishing, it will go on for several hours. Being a medium good sightseer, I depart at about the time when half of my fellows have already left and as I walk away I cast my eye back over my shoulder to see that the bats are still coming. For as Dr. Johnson says, there is a horror in all last things and it may very well be that I shall never see them again.

It is only weeks later that I suddenly remember to ask myself, "Why counter-clockwise?" Who decided that they should adopt that direction for their spiral, and when did he decide it? Here is a perfect example which Pascal should have known about when he was discussing the fact that it is sometimes less important what a convention is than simply that there should be one. Bat individualists—if, and I doubt it, there are any such things—sensibly confine their protestant behavior to matters significant in themselves and never undertake to demonstrate that there is more than one way of getting out of a cave. Or is, perhaps, their apparently sensible behavior really a score for the mechanist? In our part of the world the water that leaves our bathtub in a miniature whirlpool also spirals counter-clockwise because the direction of the earth's rotation tips the otherwise neutral balance in that direction. I have read that in the Southern Hemisphere the normal direction of a vortex is the opposite. Are there bat caves in Africa or in South America, and if there are then do the bats, I wonder, come out of them clockwise? What would happen if an already conditioned Southern Hemisphere bat were transported to the North? On all these questions I had better, I suppose, consult some experts, though I imagine there aren't many. Technically, of course, bats should belong to the mammalogists but because they are the only mammals which actually fly they don't really fit in anywhere.

NATURE abhors a vacuum—in more senses than one. At Carlsbad she found a good place for bats and so she put a great many of them there. In fact, as the recent decline in number neatly illustrates, she filled the place right up to—and no doubt a little beyond—what the food supply could support. If this method of assuring herself that there will be as many as possible at every moment means that there will always be a few of the weaker who go to the wall, that is to her a matter of indifference. Even I find it difficult to love in my special man-made way as many bats as I saw at Carlsbad. Nature is content to love them in her way. She loves bats in general and as a species and for that reason she can never get enough of them. But as long as there are plenty in the world, she is unconcerned with any particular bat. She gives him his chance (or sometimes his lack of it) and if he does not, or cannot, take it, others will. A margin of failure is to be expected. The greatest good of the greatest number is a ruling principle so absolute that it is not even tempered with regret over those who happen not to be included within the greatest number.

Thus nature discovered, long before the sociologists did, the statistical criterion. Bureaucratic states which accept averages and curves of distribution as realities against which there is no appeal represent a sort of Return to Nature very different from what that phrase is ordinarily taken to imply. Insofar as the great dictators can be assumed to be in any sense sincere when they profess a concern with the welfare of

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their people or even with that of mankind, their concern is like nature's—indifferent to everything except the statistically measurable result. If they really love men, then they love them only as nature loves bats. She never devised anything so prompt and effective as the gas chamber, but her methods are sometimes almost equally unscrupulous. She has her methods—not always pretty ones—of getting rid of the superfluous. She seems to agree, in principle, with those who maintain that any decisive concern with a mere individual is unscientific, sentimental, and ultimately incompatible with the greatest good of the greatest number.

But one bat in a swimming pool is not the same thing as two or three hundred thousand at Carlsbad. Because there is only one of him and only one of me, some sort of relationship, impossible in the presence of myriads, springs up between us. I become a man again, aware of feelings which are commonly called humane but for which I prefer the stronger word human.

It was the barking of two young police dogs taking a natural, unsentimental attitude toward an individual in distress which first called my attention to what I still think of as "my" bat though I am sure nothing in nature prepared him to believe that I would assume any responsibility for his welfare. At first I did not know what he was because a fish out of water looks no less inexplicable than a bat in it. The enormous wings attached to his tiny mouse's body had helped, no doubt, to keep him afloat but they were preposterously unmanageable in a dense, resistant medium. The little hooks on his arms by means of which he climbs clumsily on a rough surface were useless at the vertical, tiled sides of the pool. When I lifted him out with a flat wire net he lay inertly sprawled, his strange body so disorganized as to have lost all functional significance, like a wrecked airplane on a mountainside which does not look as though it had ever been able to take to the air.

A slight shiver which shook his body when I leaned over him was the only sign of life and the situation did not look promising for I knew that a live bat is very much alive, with a heart which sometimes beats more than seven times as fast as mine. Since he obviously needed—if he was not too far gone to need anything—to be dry and to be warm, I spread him on top of a wall in the full sun to which he had never, perhaps, been exposed before. Every now and then the tremor recurred and as his fur dried I began to be aware of a heart beating furiously. Possibly, I began to say, he may survive; and as I bent closer, he raised his head and hissed in my face exposing his gleaming set of little white teeth before he collapsed exhausted again.

By now his leathery wings were dry and his fur hardly more than damp. But he still seemed incapable of any except the feeblest movements. I thought, it will be hours before he will be able to fly. I put something beside him to cast a semi-shadow and I was turning away when I caught sight of a movement out of the corner of my eye. Then I looked, just in time to see him raise himself suddenly onto his bony elbows and take off. He half circled the pool to get his bearings and, flying strongly now, he disappeared from my sight over the desert, not permanently the worse, I hope, for a near escape from the death which would not have been very important so far as the total welfare of the bat community is concerned. Inevitably I have wondered whether he has ever been, by chance, one of the several of his kind I have since seen drinking at evening. Or has he, perhaps, found some body of water with less unpleasant associations?

But why had I ever done more than, like the dogs, peer at him with curiosity? Why had I felt sad when I thought he would never recover, really joyful when I saw him fly away? If he had drowned, there would have been others left to catch insects as well as to demonstrate for the benefit of science the bats' proto-radar. Who am I that I should exhibit a concern which,

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apparently, the Great Mother of bats and men does not share? What did I accomplish for bats, for myself, or for humanity at large when I fished my bat from the water?

These are not rhetorical questions. They probably have several answers but there is one of which I am especially aware. What I had done was to help keep alive an attitude, an emotion, or better yet a strong passion, of which only the faint beginnings are observable in any creature except man and which, moreover, appear in danger of extinction by two powerful enemies. This sort of concern with a mere individual is scorned alike by the frank apostles of violent unreason and by those proponents of the greatest good for the greatest number who insist upon being what they call scientific rather than what they call sentimental.

Very often I have wondered over the fact that love for humanity seems so often incompatible with love for individual men and women. It seems almost as though most people had to choose one or the other, and it is a fact often observed that those who believe themselves great humanitarians are frequently ruthless with acquaintances and with dependents alike. They, however, can at least give the specious explanation that concern with the mere individual must not be allowed to confuse the main issue. But what of the less explicable fact that the kindest and most considerate people seem often little concerned with government and politics? Swift boasted his contempt for humanity and his love for John, Tom, and Harry. Anatole France offered the explanation that to love humanity meant to idealize it and therefore to hate most men for not realizing the ideal. But I have sometimes wondered if the paradox were not rooted in something even more fundamental.

It was nature which loved the race and it was man who added to that a love for the individual as such. Perhaps those two things, though not really incompatible under all circumstances, become so when one accepts also nature's insatiable appetite for more and more of every kind of creature, at no matter what costs either to other species or to the individuals of any one kind. Perhaps we have retained too much of her immoderate desire for multiplication while developing our own concern for the individual whom we think of as rare or irreplaceable. In any event one thing is certain. However many of us there may be or come to be, no man and no group of men should have too much power over too many of us. It makes such a man or such a group feel too much as though they were nature herself. So careful of the type they are—or claim to be. So careless of the single life they so indubitably become.

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BEYOND CONTAINMENT TO LIBERATION

A Political Émigré Challenges Our "Machiavellian Liberalism"

BOGDAN RADITSA

SINCE the end of World War II, the United States—rather to its own surprise—has become the haven for a large flock of political refugees, "sweating out" in America the eventual liberation of their homelands. A number of specialists among them are working with United States intelligence agencies or have accepted positions in private American business firms or schools. But most are receiving asylum and assistance through the National Committee for a Free Europe and its two main divisions, Radio Free Europe and the Mid-European Studies Center. These exiles have not suffered from any lack of hospitality. On the contrary, they have received employment, been set to work on interesting projects, and provided with the assistance of hundreds of graduates from America's finest universities. Yet I trust I breach no canon of courtesy when I say frankly that many of them have found their American experience discouraging and depressing.

The political exile from Eastern Europe is genuinely fond of the Americans among whom fate has thrown him, to say nothing of being grateful to them. But it does not take long before their relationship becomes salted with irritation and dismay. The underlying cause of this antagonism between the exiles and so many of their American friends and colleagues is the difference with which they approach the problem of the fight against Communism.

The exiles regard that fight as of primary importance to civilization, know that Communism's appetite for expansion cannot be appeased or placated, and are convinced that the Soviet dictatorship in Russia and East Europe can be overthrown by the democratic forces within these countries, if these forces are properly encouraged and guided. Their American colleagues regard the struggle against Communism as merely another trial in a life of good works, and—this is the crucial point—do not consider democracy and totalitarianism as necessarily irreconcilable. It does not take the exile long to discover that the staff of such an organization as the National Committee for a Free Europe—like many colleges, magazines, and government agencies—is permeated with what we might call, for want of a better term, Machiavellian liberalism.

THE Machiavellian liberal, whose leading oracles are Walter Lippmann and Barbara Ward, is not necessarily a "liberal" in any classic sense of the term. In fact, he is as likely to emerge from a patrician as from a plebeian or petty-bourgeois environment, and is almost as often a Republican as he is Democrat. His self-styled "liberalism" has one distinctive hallmark: an ambivalent attitude toward despots and despotism.

The Machiavellian liberal's fundamental premise is that the Bolshevik capture of power in Russia represents a historically "progressive revolution" in a "backward area." Although, as an "anti-Communist," he knows there is no democracy in the Soviet orbit, he is not sure that the peoples of East Europe

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BOGDAN RADITSA is one of the leading political exiles from Eastern Europe in this country. Mr. Raditsa was chief of the foreign press department of the ministry of information in the Yugoslav coalition government formed by Tito and democratic exiles in 1945. He broke with Tito, as he had broken with the exile government of King Peter, when Tito moved towards tighter dictatorship rather than liberal democracy. He here raises boldly the question of why America and its Western allies seem to have no plan to free the exiles' homelands from the totalitarian yoke, or for using the democratic faith and political knowledge and capacities of the exiles in such a struggle of liberation.

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could stomach too rich a diet of "Western" democracy. Communism east of Trieste and the Elbe represents a triumph of historical necessity. Industrialization and the liquidation of the "large landowners" are, in these benighted lands, moving along the line of civilized progress. To the Machiavellian liberal, the exile is an unfortunate fellow who may be personally charming but who is much too "emotional" and "prejudiced" about Communism, and in any case is a "historical" failure.

The Machiavellian liberal respects success above all else. He is deferential toward political power because this is something "real," and we live in a world of *Realpolitik*—our liberal is above all a "realist." He dislikes Communism but is intrigued by Marshal Tito, in whom he believes he has found a "secret weapon" in the struggle with Stalin.

"Was wirklich ist, das ist vernunftig," Hegel once remarked: "Whatever is, is rational." That, whether he knows it or not, is this latter-day liberal's motto; he believes in historical inevitability and slips into Marxism and/or Leninism without even being aware of it. His famous "objectivity" consists of not being bothered about Communism so long as it does not, at this time, move aggressively westward. No Communist sympathizer now or ever, as he is eternally assuring you (in most cases quite truthfully), he distrusts "emotional" (serious) anti-Communist writers and has a special contempt for the ex-Communist "renegade"; he hopes to do business with Stalin, and such people are apt to "rock the boat." He agrees with George Kennan (*Foreign Affairs*, April 1951) that "all distinctions between freedom and authority are relative," and that "90 per cent of them are no business of ours when they affect a foreign country." And with Walter Lippmann, who has written: "I believe in the simple idea that the danger of war in Europe lies not in the ideology of Communism nor in the internal system of the Soviet Union but in the fact that a powerful Soviet army, far more powerful than the occupation of Germany requires, is standing 500 miles west of the Soviet frontier." The European who encounters this Machiavellian liberal is bound to be reminded of the state of mind of Europe during the era of the Napoleonic wars. But he will note a difference: men like Talleyrand, Alexander I, and Metternich were intelligent enough to realize that they could stop war only if they could check the revolution that was bringing war. These statesmen understood that, for Bonaparte, revolution was an instrument for the subjugation first of France, then of all Europe. At the Congress of Vienna they sought to get at the root of the Napoleonic menace by destroying the revolutionary movement that was its source and inspiration. They established peace in Europe on the basis of a positive political principle, monarchical legitimacy; the peace lasted, with minor interruptions, for a hundred years.

THE statesmen of the West at Yalta, true Machiavellian liberals, lost the peace by refusing to recognize that Communism was a revolutionary movement whose momentum inevitably would bring about a war—unless it were countered and replaced by a different political principle, in this case the principle of representative democracy. They could see no connection between totalitarian terror at home and totalitarian aggression abroad. Whatever unpleasantness the association with Stalin entailed was explained away—and still is, for that matter—with a sage reference to "age-old Russian imperialism," or the innate affinity for despotism of the Asian mind.

The Machiavellian liberal mind is philistine to the core: "The Communists are different from us"—but let's not think about it too strenuously. Hamilton Fish Armstrong says that "we can meet the representatives of different social systems on a plane of complete equality and even understanding provided they will accept the same principle: live and let live." To the Kremlin's thesis that the Communists are the vanguard of a historically inevitable world revolution, he responds with the antithesis of—relativism: "There is no absolute truth in human affairs," and "the way to make progress is to

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debate the differences." George Kennan would discount ideology entirely, maintaining that "forms of government are forged mainly in the fire of practice, not in the vacuum of theory." Common to all such political "analysis" is the presupposition that it is really a waste of time—and a bore to boot—to regard Communism as seriously as Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin have regarded it. Amateur geopolitics is much easier, and it is more pleasant to consult a map than to study Lenin's *The State and Revolution*. But, alas, *The State and Revolution* happens to be essential to an understanding of Soviet policy; if we have not read it, we shall never know why Stalin refuses to behave like the sick old czars of yesteryear, or how Soviet expansionism differs in essence from "age-old Russian imperialism."

THE Machiavellian liberal whom the East European meets today can often be identified by his admiration for the diplomacy of the British Foreign Office, which—whether in China or in the Balkans—he regards as the highest form of political realism, and this despite the fact that America, from Jefferson to Lincoln to Wilson, has stood in constant opposition to Britain's "balance of power" policy. He would laugh at the claim that the ideals of the American Revolution were closer to the yearnings of the people in Soviet-dominated lands than the ideals of the Bolshevik *coup d'état*. He blithely ignores the fact that it was a democratic revolution that overthrew the czar; and that Wilson's Fourteen Points had a greater impact on the East European masses than the Bolsheviks' overthrow of Kerensky's constitutional republic. And he has no patience with what he regards as the "old hat" idea that the great revolution still to be attained in East Europe is not Communism, industrialization, or agrarian reform, but, plainly and simply, national independence, the right of the people freely to choose their own rulers in their own national states within a European community. That is what America has represented to the people of East Europe, and this is their own unfulfilled dream.

The Machiavellian liberal considers all this to be "inadequate," "unadvanced," and even "irrelevant," and says—unconsciously echoing Leninist-Stalinist materialist determinism—that the political feelings of "Eastern" peoples are determined by their standard of living. But the East European knows that if America is to have a policy that appeals to the peoples of the satellite countries, she must base it on one prime theorem: lifting the standard of living comes after a government has been established that has the consent of the governed: without liberty there is neither security nor the fruits of modern industrial civilization. (Poland, Hungary, and Rumania, besides, are not Iran or Egypt; there was little mass exploitation or famine in the former countries, and the standard of living was astronomical by Soviet standards.) The greatest revolution to be achieved in East Europe is the establishment of a just national power, freely accepted by the people.

His tolerance of despots and despotisms makes the Machiavellian liberal skeptical of the possibility (or the desirability) of popular struggle by the peoples under Communist control against their Communist regimes. He overestimates the efficiency and strength of totalitarianism—both at home and abroad—so that he is inclined to take a dim view of the potentialities of shrewd psychological warfare against these regimes, and would prefer to restrict propaganda to the refuting of specific Communist lies about America while "holding out hope" to the enslaved peoples. At the same time, the Machiavellian liberal's overestimation of totalitarian capabilities makes him act as though the decisive battles of the worldwide civil war between representative government and despotism must needs be fought—though he hopes never to have to fight them—in the democratic rather than the Communist-controlled countries. The roundabout colossal effort of perfecting the "Western way of life" (including the immediate raising of the living standards of the entire Asian and African continents) seems to him more relevant and urgent than the organization of the anti-Communist

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forces that actually exist within the Soviet orbit. Meanwhile, he hopes—by building up "areas of strength" in West Europe, South Asia, Africa, and the Americas—to arrive at some kind of negotiated "settlement" of the cold war.

At the same time, his passion for "objectivity" and cool *Realpolitik* makes the Machiavellian liberal rather wary of the increasing anti-Communist temper of the American people. The fires of anti-Communist passion among the American people would burn much, much higher—and would have a more enlightened glow—could the exiles reach them more directly and effectively. But apparently, the Machiavellian liberal would hate to see the American people eager to help the peoples now under totalitarian rule to liberate themselves by democratic revolutions, after the 1776 model. That would be anti-Communist hysteria: their preference is for "debating the differences" between tyranny and freedom. Consequently, the Machiavellian liberal would limit the exiles' efforts at arousing sympathy and indignation in America over the sufferings of the enslaved peoples of Eastern Europe.

All of these attitudes and predispositions of Machiavellian liberalism are translated directly into the activities of—to take a good rather than an easy example—the National Committee for a Free Europe. I am sure the overwhelming majority of the exiles would prefer above all to be stationed in the frontier cities of the cold war—Trieste, Vienna, Berlin, etc.—turning out underground literature, making subversive radio broadcasts, working as intimately as possible with the underground organizations in their home countries. Yet only a small proportion of them are able to engage in such work at present (the Czech exiles who operate Radio Free Europe's new radio station near Munich are happy exceptions), and what there is of it is done in the Empire State Building offices of Radio Free Europe under the close supervision of Americans. On the whole, the exile is kept busy at minor works and studies, and is enjoined to be careful, scholarly, and above all "objective"; generally, these works are never published. As a result of these discretionary limits politely imposed on the exiles, only the cases of the Catholic Cardinal Mindszenty, the Americans Vogeler and Oatis, and the Titoist Rajk have been really dramatized for the American people. The selection of these three symbols is in itself interesting. The plain fact is that the fate of the many democratic leaders (including socialists, trade unionists, and liberal intellectuals) killed or imprisoned in East Europe has been, in effect, played down.

At the same time, this velvet curtain of silence prevents the exile from meeting his authentic American counterparts—labor leaders, farm leaders, educators, journalists, congressmen. Instead, he is invited to monthly teas where he meets solemn old ladies from Park Avenue to discuss the weather and family affairs. The secretaries of the Mid-European Center of the National Committee for a Free Europe are very careful to see that the exiles attend; their names are inscribed on a list, and their presence or absence is checked in a special notebook.

Seeing little of the real America in his isolated state, kept busy at scholarly studies that are rarely published and often become the Center's property, the exile is seldom cheered by the encouragement of his colleagues. He tends to become gloomy and begins to doubt the authenticity of the American anti-Communist struggle with which he has associated himself. He wonders, at odd moments, what happened to the country that gave encouragement and support—as well as refuge—to such men as Kossuth and Masaryk. He hopes that the Stalinist dictatorship will be overthrown, but thinks privately that it will have to be, not because of, but despite, American leadership. In office suites in Manhattan and Washington, surrounded by Machiavellian liberal diplomats, assistant professors, and career bureaucrats, he finds it hard to understand the moral revolutionary force which America and her people have exerted on the world for a century and a half. He is pessimistic about the possibilities of a forthright ideological offensive, based on the

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traditional American faith in democratic revolutions, to weaken, and ultimately destroy, totalitarianism.

WHAT can be done? How can the European exile better contribute to the common anti-Communist struggle? How can his stay in America be made profitable both for the American people and for the suffering people of his own country? There are, it seems to me, four lines of action which should be explored:

(1) There ought to be a broadening and intensification of active political work directed at each exile's home country. In addition to making the greatest possible contribution to the fight against Communism, this kind of work would also prevent the exile from becoming demoralized by the infectious ease of American life. It would transform his status psychologically from a "stipendist" to a resistance leader. Therefore, I believe the facilities of Radio Free Europe should be expanded as much as possible, both to increase its radius in the Communist world and to improve its programs. But radio is not the only form of political struggle. The exiles should be given the means to prepare and arrange for the distribution of leaflets, pamphlets, booklets, and underground literature of every type. Such work is being done on a major scale by Americans and Germans in West Berlin, and, as a result, both East Germans and the Soviet forces stationed among them are the least reliable of Stalin's subjects.

(2) Exiles in America should be exposed to every possible facet of the American democracy, and not through conducted "quickie" tours either. The East European socialist should be placed in contact with American labor leaders, should be encouraged to observe the functioning of American unions in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Toledo, and other great industrial centers. The exile peasant leader should spend most of his time in the Midwest farm belts, studying the varied forms of American agricultural life. The intellectual should be encouraged to tour American universities, and so on. All of these exiles should be permitted to learn at first hand what makes democracy work in America, what it means to Americans. The exile will then have the chance to learn that political power in America is rarely reserved for the few, but is essentially an open door to all. He should study the operation of sectional, industrial, labor, agricultural, and cultural pressures, and how all of these must be harmoniously reconciled in a national policy capable of being defended before the electorate. These are things the American takes for granted, but they furnish an inspiring lesson of which the exile is still only dimly aware.

(3) Means should also be devised to give the entire American people the benefit of the exiles' knowledge and experience. The Free Europe organization should encourage and arrange lecture tours and personal appearances; it should help the exiles establish contact with editors, publishers, and working journalists, with business, labor, and other civic groups. Furthermore, it should drastically revise its present emphasis on lengthy, scholarly, and "private" publications written in East European languages, and concentrate instead on short popular publications in English, intended for wide distribution. At the present time, many of the popular books which deal with East Europe are full of ignorant misstatements, and quite a few of them are written from a neo-Communist viewpoint. A series of monthly or semimonthly monographs should be started similar in style to the Foreign Policy Association bulletins, to provide background information on and expert evaluation of contemporary events.

(4) Finally, and most important, the exile must be provided with American colleagues who have the same seasoned understanding of Communism that he has. All of the above recommendations, which seem so simple and logical, have not been translated into action primarily because of this lack of understanding on the part of so many in the American leadership. The exile is disheartened, not because effective potential leadership does not exist in America, but because it is kept

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on the sidelines. Anyone with a slight knowledge of American intellectual life will recognize that the American writers, thinkers, historians, and journalists who have the most thorough knowledge and understanding of Communism and its methods, and the deepest commitment to the struggle against totalitarianism, are pretty much excluded from America's official, semi-official, and private anti-Communist activities. Regardless of their political differences (there are, among them, conservatives, liberals, and socialists), they have emerged from the experience of the past decades with a sophisticated expertness concerning the true nature of the Communist threat. They are rarely rattled by Communist tactical shifts; and really, should it be held against them that they are supremely concerned with the fate of the peoples under totalitarian rule? Would the democratic cause not have fared better if we had had the benefit of their solid knowledge and deep-rooted concern in handling the Korean question instead of having to depend on the ignorance, "realism," and cleverness of the Machiavellian liberals?

In Europe, the last three decades have shown that you cannot destroy an ideological enemy without being yourself ideologically prepared. Thousands of people have endured misery, destruction, and dictatorship because what should have been ideological wars—against Nazism and Fascism, against Communism—have been conducted by diplomats and bureaucrats in conventional terms. Both in the League of Nations and in the United Nations, the diplomats have refused to fight ideas with ideas, and have contented themselves with pulling undercover diplomatic strings while the world burned. Let us remind ourselves again that Talleyrand showed himself a great diplomat because he worked in the service of a Europe united on a political principle; the French and British career diplomats of the 1930's proved themselves ineffective because they did not seriously believe in the principles on which their own democracies were founded. With "live and let live" as their motto, they tried to make deals with dictators, lost themselves in efforts to discover "practical" distinctions among Nazi, Communist, and Fascist totalitarians, and eventually placed their false hopes in the strength of French divisions whose morale had already been undermined. The diplomats and bureaucrats of our times, uninterested in ideas and concerned only with "expediency" and *Realpolitik*, follow ever shifting policies (flirting with Tito, or Franco, or the hopelessly decadent feudal regimes of the Arab world) which, in the last analysis, rest on faith in sheer military force in the event of the showdown which these shifting policies bring ever closer. Their most potent weapon —democratic idealism—is left to rust in the attic.

The work of an architect cannot be done by a mason. American money invested in anti-Communist activities can only bring results if the Americans who lead the struggle understand it. ("By the same token, even the most effective independent anti-Communist enterprises can do little if they are hampered by an inconclusive official United States policy"—an informed American who read this manuscript commented to me.) If official, semi-official, and private American groups are interested in a serious crusade for freedom all over the globe, the political exile from East Europe will wholeheartedly become part of that crusade. He will no longer consider himself an orphan, but rather an integral member of a true international of democracy, passionately dedicated to the universal establishment of liberty. But America must not wait longer to summon its militant democrats of experience and understanding to lead a world effort of the oppressed peoples against totalitarian reaction; otherwise the victims of Communism will not be able to rid themselves of it without world carnage.

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THEODOR HERZL: OUTSIDER AS NATIONAL LEADER

Is the Price Cultural Assimilation?

LESTER SELIGMAN

THE political leadership of underprivileged groups — working-class parties, oppressed national groups, Jews and Negroes in the United States—has often, it has been observed, been drawn from "outsiders." Herzl was such an outsider—an assimilated Western intellectual who returned, following the classic example of that outsider who became a leader—Moses.

Somewhat paradoxically in such cases—certainly it was so with both Moses and Herzl—the fact that the leader is a stranger helps to win him acceptance. As Shmarya Levin said, had Moses risen from the ranks of the enslaved Jews to urge them to free themselves he would have been rejected. Just because the people saw that the ideas of such a leader could not have arisen from their tradition, they could all the more easily accept him as inspired.

But often the isolation of the leader from the life of the people has another consequence; it contributes a certain un-folkish character to the movement he leads. More than one observer has noted how "un-Jewish" was Herzl's Zionism. Indeed, and especially of late, the view has been expressed that Herzlianism was more than the movement of escape from Europe and Western civilization which it is commonly regarded as: was it perhaps, we hear it asked by Hannah Arendt and others, a movement with assimilationist tendencies?

Obviously, a great deal that Herzl never dreamed of has happened to political Zionism since he founded it, and it would be naive to think we could find out what it "really is" by studying Herzl's ideas. Zionism did not long remain the movement Herzl originally envisaged. Even before his early death, it had become very different from the conception that had evolved in his mind and found expression in his writings before he had had much contact with "real" Jews. Nevertheless, an examination of Herzl's early ideas is revealing. It not only shows us what political Zionism was originally intended to be, but even now helps us to understand many things about the movement and state that have come so far from the original ideas of their founder.

BORN in Budapest, Herzl was the only offspring of middle-class Jewish parents. While he was yet a young child the Jews of Austria-Hungary received their formal civil emancipation. The atmosphere of his home was that of most liberal Austrian Jews: only a perfunctory identification with Judaism remained, and German culture, not Jewish, was the vital educative element. In this middle-class home, typical of the culture that gave birth to the Schnitzlers, the Zweigs, the Vámbérys, and the Nordaus, achievement and success, with all that these meant in the way of social acceptance, were the major goals. A variety of Victorian optimism obtained among Jews according to which one had but to "make it" in order to over-

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POLITICAL Zionism is the peculiar movement of a peculiar people. And Theodor Herzl, dramatist and theater critic, was its appropriately peculiar founder and first great leader. Here LESTER A. SELIGMAN, assistant professor of political science at the University of Chicago, analyzes the social background and personal motivations that resulted in Herzl's program; and considers the long-range meaning of this program, stemming from the special position of an assimilated cosmopolitan intellectual of the *fin de siècle*, for contemporary Israel. Mr. Seligman was formerly president of the Midwest Region and member of the National Executive Committee of Avukah, the National Student Zionist Federation. He was born in Chicago in 1918, and attended the University of Chicago. He is now at work on a book-length study of political leadership.

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come all social restrictions. This was the specifically Jewish form of the general credo that man's progress to full freedom was inevitable. Herzl never quite abandoned it, even after his conversion to Zionism: he merely shifted the time of its fulfillment. Thus, he wrote in the *Judenstaat:* "I believe in the ascent of man to higher and yet higher grades of civilization; but I consider this ascent to be desperately slow."

In the absence of this final fulfillment, personal achievement could serve to free the *individual* Jew, as it served to raise great men generally above the limitations of birth and position. Herzl's generation revered and worshiped heroic personalities and consciously strove to identify itself with the great; his own heroes were Goethe and Napoleon in the past, and Bismarck in the present. The conventional ladders of social ascent for people in Herzl's milieu were not, however, warfare and politics, but journalism and the theater, where Jewish or any other "national" identification played little role. The heroes of these relatively new fields of endeavor were able to cross all boundaries and they developed a cosmopolitan outlook, owing allegiance to no particular country—they were "Europeans."

Herzl did "make it." After an early career in law, he shifted to journalism and the theater, rising to become the *feuilleton* editor (or leader-writer) of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse,* the outstanding newspaper of Central Europe. He became unusually adept at this form and turned out clever essays, light, deft, and without profundity. One of Herzl's colleagues characterized his person and his theatrical writings as follows: "None was better able to give unconsciously what the Viennese wanted. When, in collaboration with a colleague, he wrote a graceful comedy for the Burg Theater, it was just what everyone wanted, a dainty morsel made of the finest ingredients and artistically served. Moreover, the man was strikingly handsome—courteous, obliging, entertaining: indeed none was more beloved, better known . . . than he among the entire bourgeoisie and aristocracy of old Austria."

The earlier biographers of Herzl, such as Reuben Brainin, De Haas, and Friedman, were sure that the Jewish question did not trouble him during his Vienna days. More recent research by Bein and others indicates that Herzl, while he evinced no strong conscious identification with Jews, did not entirely escape the Jewish problem. He experienced several anti-Semitic incidents, and his response to them varied from annoyance to indignation, but was never strong enough to cross the threshold of his defenses and upset his adjustment. The question of how many anti-Semitic incidents he experienced, or of how many times he commented on the Jewish problem before his Zionist conversion, is answered differently by each of his biographers. This disagreement does not, however, alter the fundamental fact of Herzl's essential divorce from Jewish life. Herzl himself made the remark that until he read Dühring's anti-Semitic diatribes he did not know he was a Jew.

In 1891 Herzl was sent to Paris by his newspaper. There he read Drumont's anti-Semitic book *La France Juive,* which was then enjoying a sensational popularity. Although the question of anti-Semitism was now coming increasingly to the foreground of his attention, Herzl was still able to suggest to a representative of the Verein zur Abwehr des Antisemitismus (Association for Defense against Anti-Semitism) that dueling was an effective method in combating the external symptoms of anti-Semitism and that its more fundamental causes would be eliminated by the disappearance of Jews as a separate people through baptism and intermarriage. He wrote: "The idea of general baptism is half facetious and half serious. I am permitted to say it, I who would not be baptized. But what about my son Hans? When I think of his future I am ready to admit that the pressure of his Jewishness will teach him much concerning humanity. But I ask myself whether I have the right to make life as superfluously difficult for him as it has become for me and will become in increasing measure. When he grows up I hope he will be too proud to renounce his

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faith, even though he have as little of it as I." But note his conclusion: "That is why we must baptize Jewish children while they are still incapable of giving themselves an accounting and while they can still feel nothing either for it or against it. We must submerge ourselves in the people."

At the beginning of his diary—in Paris, in 1895—he recalls a practical effort to solve the Jewish problem by conversion: "About two years ago I wanted to solve the Jewish question, at least in Austria, with the help of the Catholic Church. I wanted to get an *entrée* to the Pope, not without having assured myself in advance of the assistance of the Austrian upper clergy, and to say to him: 'Help us against anti-Semitism, and I shall lead a great movement for the free and decent conversion of the Jews to Christianity.'

"*Free* and *decent* because the leaders of this movement—and I above all—would remain Jews and would propagate the idea as Jews. The conversion was to take place in broad daylight, at twelve o'clock on Sunday, in the San Stefan Cathedral of Vienna, in festive procession and to the sound of bells. Not in shame, as single individuals have done hitherto, but with proud gestures. . . ."

Herzl's characteristic reaction to anti-Semitic charges against Jews was to accept them as, in most cases, valid and to explain them by the fact that Jews were not yet fully acclimated to emancipation. His apology could be paraphrased as, "Give us time and we shall shed these undesirable traits." Zionism he could not countenance. After witnessing a performance of the Dumas play *Claude's Wife,* in which a Jewish character, Daniel, expresses a desire to return to the ancient Jewish homeland in Palestine, Herzl wrote: "The good Jew Daniel wants to rediscover the homeland of his race and gather his scattered brothers in it. But a man like Daniel would surely know that the historic homeland of the Jews no longer has any value for them. It is childish to go in search of the geographical location of this homeland. And if the Jews really 'returned home' one day, they would discover on the next that they did not belong together. For centuries they have been rooted in diverse nationalisms . . . the only thing they have in common is the pressure which holds them together. All humiliated people have Jewish characteristics, and as soon as the pressure is removed they react like liberated men."

HERZL began to be more concerned with the Jewish question in the period just before the Dreyfus Affair. His concern found expression in *Das Neue Ghetto,* a play whose climax finds a Jewish character responding to insult by retaliation rather than by submission. But it was the Dreyfus Affair that finally heightened his anxiety into personal crisis, just as it did for Nordau, Bernard Lazare, and others. At first Herzl, as did almost everyone else, regarded Dreyfus as guilty. As he saw it, it was not that an innocent man was being falsely accused, but that a guilty man was being cruelly humiliated. It was only after Dreyfus's public sentencing that Herzl saw that this was no ordinary trial for treason. The behavior of the mob, the irrationality of its clamor for the punishment of the convicted man, its sadistic joy in his humiliation, its cry of "*à mort les Juifs*"—all this jarred Herzl's poise.

However, it was not simply the irrationality of the mob that aroused Herzl; he also saw in it a threat to his own world. Captain Dreyfus came from an Alsatian Jewish family that had moved to Paris following the Franco-Prussian war. This family's ardent desire for social acceptance was not unlike that of Herzl's own family: and a military career promised acceptance. Herzl could not fail to discern in the parvenu Dreyfus the very image of himself and his own milieu. And the fact that this act of calculated political anti-Semitism could occur in France, the cradle of liberalism and Jewish emancipation and the chief home of pan-intellectualism, was a shattering blow. Furthermore, the way in which the clergy and aristocracy of France exploited the affair to promote their anti-republican policies showed that the roots of anti-Semitism were deeply imbedded in the social structure.

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The shock of the Dreyfus case deepened Herzl's awareness of the immensity of the tragedy of self-rejection and group rejection. He had already raised—and he thought, solved—this problem in *Das Neue Ghetto*. Now the Dreyfus episode threw him back to the agitated search for a more adequate orientation. Typically, Herzl now turned to Baron Hirsch, the man who had been spending vast sums to encourage Jewish migration to "normalcy" in Argentina, to press upon him the as yet uncrystallized ideas stirring in his mind. Herzl stressed the importance of "elevating" the Jew, of improving his character. Two courses to this end were open, he suggested, the long-run method of ultimate assimilation and the short-run method of migration. Both methods served the same end; that is, the Jew would receive from the world a universally recognized status that insured him dignity and recognition.

Hirsch, however, was not sympathetic to a program of elevating the Jews, or rather his conception of elevation was quite different from Herzl's. The baron, who had "arrived," wanted Jews to discard their urban character and middle-class values and become farmers. Herzl, the rejected one, thought rather of achieving acceptance in terms of urban bourgeois values. Hirsch, in the best *"shtadlanut"* tradition, favored the quiet, respectable methods of philanthropy. Herzl, with an intuitive sense of the "political," wanted mass mobilization, propaganda, and power politics. Herzl grew impatient. There was no bridge between these conceptions; discussion with Baron Hirsch was fruitless.

The encounter with Baron Hirsch only plunged Herzl into a deeper anxiety. His whole set of aspirations had been shattered; his carefully created image of himself had been ground under foot. "I wrote walking, standing, lying down, on the street, at table, by night when I was driven forth from my sleep," he recorded in his diary. The security of status he had so ardently pursued could now be attained only by the establishment of a state, with himself as its leader. His ideas poured forth under intense agitation. The *Staats-idee*—the "state-idea"—became an obsession. "I refer everything to it, as a lover refers everything to his beloved."

Throughout this crisis the twin feelings of aggressiveness and guilt are apparent. The desire for positive action is accompanied by the question, "Why didn't I discover this sooner?"—a question that seems to be the inevitable component of any conversion. Must not the new discovery be regarded as having always been the good? Moreover, one's sense of guilt must be acute when two hardly reconcilable positions are to be reconciled—being a Jew, and gaining social acceptance by hostile non-Jewish society.

THE significant fact about Herzl is that he was a solitary or isolated convert. Religious conversion at evangelistic meetings is made easier by the immediate presence around one of a cohesive group ready to welcome the new convert. The critical transition from the old to the new is cushioned by one's easy acceptance into the new group. By accepting the new values one does not isolate oneself, one rather enters a group with a more intense feeling of "belonging." Herzl's conversion, however, was effected without a major effort to seek contact with Jews as a group. He did not try to acquaint himself with the Jewish past, to knit about himself the strands of his people's history. The sense of community was something he had never experienced, nor was he now impelled to seek it. The *Judenstaat*, the plan for a Jewish state, was fashioned entirely out of himself. The result was that his cataclysmic conversion was only partial. It involved necessarily an assertion of identification with the Jews, but did not involve any assertion of identification with Jewish culture and Jewish values.

Herzl's *Judenstaat* has been treated as an expression of systematic political thinking—as a diagnosis of anti-Semitism and a program for its rational solution. However, Herzl's ideology was more significant as something psychologically indispensable to himself. The *Judenstaat*, Herzl's promised land, was a paradise that promised the final acceptance of Jews by a Gentile world whose values, as

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a Westernized middle-class intellectual, Herzl had never rejected. This isolated convert, who, because isolated, was only partially converted, gives birth to a territorialist solution (the *Judenstaat* does not mention Palestine with all its rich associations in Jewish history, religion, and culture: his pro-Palestinism came later and was always suspect in the eyes of the Eastern European intelligentsia) that will resolve his personal dilemma. The Jewish state will fuse the values of the world that is his, but rejects him, with the values of a group for whose conduct he apologizes and from which he has been dissociated. The Jewish state will be the tangent to both circles—and at that point Herzl will be a Jew.

That his image of the Jewish state incorporates his own urban bourgeois values, the following items from his diaries make clear: "I went to see *Tannhäuser* in the evening. We, too, shall have the same splendid public edifices, the gentlemen in frock coats, the ladies as luxurious as can be. Yes, I shall make use of Jewish luxuriousness, as of everything else." "All officials must be uniformed, handsomely, neatly, but not absurdly. . . ." "*Circenses* as soon as possible: German theater, international theater, opera, operetta, café concert, café Champs Elysées." "On the ship [referring to the final journey to the Jewish state] we shall wear full dress to dinner, and over there we shall have some degree of elegance as soon as possible. The idea: the Jews must not get the impression that they are going into the wilderness. No! This migration takes place in the midst of culture. We remain in the midst of culture even while we migrate. We don't want a peasant state, but a Venice." "I need the duel in order to have proper officers, and in order to refine the tone of good society on the French model."

The theme of these remarks, and Herzl's later insistence upon a dignified Zionist movement, constitute the essence of the Herzlian conception—that Zionism and the Jewish state are to be a means to acceptance and recognition by the non-Jewish world. As Herzl stated: "The Jews will leave as honored friends and if some of them return, they will receive the same favorable welcome and treatment at the hands of civilized nations as is accorded to all foreign visitors."

HERZL now moves into the imagined Jewish state he has just constructed, and becomes its first inhabitant and its chief of state. "I shall be the Parnell of the Jews," he writes. Magnanimously, he says ". . . I do not want to repulse poor Hirsch. I shall make him vice-president."

It is not he who has journeyed back to the Jewish people. He has constructed a bridge to them, and it is he, the convert, who asks them to cross the bridge to him. His Zionism is not so much a return as a counter-thrust for the sake of winning non-Jewish acceptance.

Thus, from the beginning Herzl's ideology is not a program against assimilation but rather a program for those who would assimilate but are not permitted to. "The Society of Jews," he writes, "has as its task the obtaining, under legal sanction, of a territory for those Jews who cannot assimilate." His diagnosis of the Jewish problem appears to be dialectically compounded of the following elements:

1. Jewish nationhood and cohesiveness are the products of anti-Semitism.

2. Anti-Semitism is inevitable in the present stage of historical progress and, hence, attempts to assimilate are Sisyphus-like and doomed to failure.

3. Large-scale migration is urgent and practical.

4. All quarters seem favorably disposed toward the realization of a Jewish state; thus, anti-Semitism creates Jewish solidarity and provides the motive-power for migration; migration should please the Jew who desires to assimilate because it eliminates the ambiguity of his status; it should also please the anti-Semite because he desires to be rid of the Jew. "The countries they abandon will revive to a new period of prosperity."

5. The departure of the Jews and the establishment of the state will put an end to anti-Semitism.

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This diagnosis shows two significant aspects. First, the Jews are conceived of as constituting a community only because of external pressure. This is the typical "post-assimilation" approach, which states, on the negative side, that the Jews lack internal elements of cohesion and can create a community only through emigration and the establishment of nationhood. Against this, there is an exaggerated optimism that sees all factors as favorable to a territorialist solution. In Herzl's diagnosis everything was converging dialectically toward this solution —history was propelling it; it accorded with the interests of anti-Semites; it was, of course, essential to all Jews; and it was helpful to those who wished to assimilate. The Jewish intelligentsia, the Jewish masses, and the rabbinate, we are told, all recognize the wisdom of the solution.

Herzl did not in fact ascertain whether the situation was as he described it: whether or not the anti-Semites, for example, would really support him. The convert has the emotional need to construe everything in the situation as guaranteeing success. ("What are ten billion *marks* for the Jews?" he wrote to Hirsch at the beginning. "They are richer than the French were before 1870. . . . As a matter of fact, under pressure of necessity we could start off with one billion. . . .") Herzl's over-optimism, growing out of the need to create a milieu in which he could live in psychological peace, determined his every political step. His entire career, once he became a politician, is marked by an inability to see overwhelming political and practical difficulties and an unwillingness to accept any unfavorable turn of events, or rather to accept any such turn as decisive—every defeat is seen as at least a partial victory. The resolute outlook had to be sustained at all costs, since defeat spelled a return to his impossible psychological position.

How then explain the enthusiastic adherence of Jews to this alien figure? My major intention has been to show that Herzl's political motivations derive from his position as a convert in isolation, but no study of leadership can omit its most significant aspect—representativeness.

Representativeness, it would seem, arises out of the similarity in the way in which both leader and led visualize the situation. And there were a number of respects in which Herzl's diagnosis and program echoed the conceptions of East European Jewry. First, unlike the early Hovevei Zion and the followers of Ahad Ha'am, he had sensed the immense and tragic need of the masses of East European Jews for escape through migration. *Their* need for migration—as opposed to his own—grew out of their objective, material circumstances, which Ahad Ha'am and other East European thinkers had failed to see as a mass Jewish problem demanding an immediate program.

Second, the vision Herzl proclaimed was on a large scale and promised dignity for Jews—to be achieved not only in the *Judenstaat* itself, but also in the struggle, as he conceived it, for its attainment. East European Jews hungered for status; by daring to place the struggling enterprise of a small people on a level with other national movements he could not help but fire the imagination of Jews. His successes in the world at large—he was a Jew who had been received by kings and sultans—offered a glowing image of power to the powerless and the fearful. Perhaps Hasidism, with the conditioning it gave Jews in accepting charismatic leaders, played a part. But for that matter, it should be remembered the entire social structure of East European Jewry was by no means democratic, but was based rather upon inarticulate mass obedience to either rabbinical or plutocratic leadership.

But perhaps most important in accounting for the adherence he won from the Jewish masses was Herzl's expression of urgency and great expectations. Urgency marked the tempo of his Zionism from the very first. It was to be done *now*, and he expected it to be fulfilled *now*. This sense of great expectations and urgency never abandoned him. The skepticism of some of his adherents only reinforced it. It was, as we have

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suggested, urgently necessary to his psychological security that the Jewish state be realized quickly. But this sense of immediacy was also politically necessary, since victories of some sort in the here and now were needed to retain the support of those who feared Herzl might be another Sabbatai Zevi.

In any case, Herzl became a saintlike hero to European Jews in London and in Vilna. It is reported by Dr. Adolf Friedman that in a long and protracted debate at a Zionist Actions Committee meeting, Herzl's reply to an attack by a representative of Russian Jewry was, "And with whom will the masses go?" which resolved the argument.

But Herzl's vision failed him elsewhere. Contrary to his expectations, rich Jews did not come to his aid; the Reform rabbinate (who were expected by him to be the shepherds organizing the flock) denounced him; the assimilationists regarded him as an obstructionist. The East European Haskalah intelligentsia, though they worked with him, did so always with feelings of mistrust and suspicion. He was always on probation for them. Also, he optimistically over-rated the efficacy of personal diplomacy. Sober analysis would have shown him that the power politics of the time was not propitious for the use of Jewish opinion and money as a lever to pry concessions from Turkey.

Thus the fact that he was a convert in isolation was both an advantage and a disadvantage to him. Because of his isolation he could break the bonds of tradition and revivify national tendencies weighed down by pedestrian outlooks and parochial methods. Because of his ignorance, he could function despite his and his people's limitations and despite an unfavorable external reality. But out of isolation were born the mistakes in his estimate of the situation, and an ideal image of a Jewish state that was at variance with folk and messianic images. His strength and his shortcomings thus arose from the same condition—his isolation from Judaism and the Jews.

Is it too early for history to give a verdict on Herzl? Cannot the establishment of the state be regarded as a testament to the success of his ideology? Cannot it be said that it was Herzl who (with Pinsker) wrenched Zionism from its traditionalistic messianism and secularized its meaning as a program for the present and through political means? And has his wisdom not even confirmed that the ultimate position and security of this state must rest upon a realistic program of men, money, and power? This is the view of the political Zionists who have numbered among their leaders Nordau, Jabotinsky, and many of the alienated Westerners who returned to the fold as converts.

In a position fundamentally antipodal would stand another tradition in Zionism: cultural and labor Zionism, which includes among its authors Ahad Ha'am, A. D. Gordon, Brenner, Berditchevsky, and Buber. These men were primarily concerned with asking the question, "What kind of Jewish community will the autonomous area be?" For them Zionism was essentially a vision of community—a community unified by territory, history, and Jewish ethos, but also a community of social brotherhood, expressing a universal ideal. In their preoccupation with the character of the community, they relegated means to a subsidiary position. The primary test of Zionism for them was the extent to which it was the fulfillment of the self-realized Jewish ethical and cultural community. Many years ago Ahad Ha'am asked this question when he wrote: "What is the good of finding our own land, when we do not have, as it were, any character of our own?"

Today these two positions exist in tension in Israel. The past decade of Israeli existence has willy-nilly exalted the role of the political realism and activity that is part of the Herzlian heritage. The intoxication with political victory has left its traces in the form of a distorted exaggeration of the role of the political. Of course, Israel has most pressing problems, and it may appear irresponsible to speak now of an "exaggeration of the political." Yet in the long run the most important problem is one for which the adequacy of a political outlook may be ques-

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tioned. What is this Israel? What is this Jewish nation? What manner of community is this to be? Is it a group united only by territorial existence? Is it simply a plurality of communities with widely varying cultural, social, and religious outlooks? Is it a community to be dominated by those who wish to reject the past completely, like the recently formed sect of "neo-Canaanites"? Is it to be dominated by a religious traditionalism that cannot face the present? Paradoxically, the perplexities over group character that Zionism justly regarded as a Diaspora tragedy arise again precisely when autonomy is fulfilled and the "in-gathering of exiles" is taking place.

THOSE are perhaps the most challenging questions facing Israel today and for the future. Concerning these questions, the answers of Herzlianism must be found wanting. A conception of Jewish community as the product of external oppression affords no answer to the issue of what type of inner character this community should possess. A vision that made statehood and acceptance in the non-Jewish world the ultimate goal is by definition no longer relevant and without any force. For the opponents of Herzl, however, those concerned with "a character of our own," May 1948 is a mere point on a much longer road to Zionist fulfillment.

The circle is in a sense completed. A Zionism that lived for ages as a messianic vision of community passed through a dynamic period of secularization and political self-awareness. This period was necessary; and Herzl and his program were appropriate for that stage in the struggle. But today, that outlook is spent, and Zionism, it would seem, will have to return to the question of the character of the community once again—not necessarily in the old ways, for the question must be examined afresh. For that answer the alienated Westerner of the Herzlian type has, perhaps, not much to say.

IN A TIME BETWEEN WARS

MILTON KAPLAN

Now in the spring of the year
When the maples ripple green
In wind-swept water images,
I walk a landscape grown
Desolate, and read the trees
Black on the winter pages.

On the baseball field the players dance
A seasonal charade:
From glance to glance to glance
They toss a hand grenade.

The dervish girls on every street
Jump counterpoint to rhyme,
While underneath their shattered feet
The rope keeps ticking time.

The cowboys charge on roller skates,
The lassos whirling high;
The customary victim waits
His daily turn to die,
And over him with birthday gun
Uplifted, stands my son.

MILTON KAPLAN's poems have appeared in previous issues of COMMENTARY; he has also published both poetry and criticism in other magazines, and is the author of *Radio and Poetry* (1949).

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THE GENERATIONS OF MAN

A Story

JULIUS HORWITZ

THE building stood, crumbling at its sides, rooted by iron spikes and oak beams, the red paint chipped, peeling, covering red bricks laid before the Civil War. He saw the four windows stretching across the width of the building and thought of the west wind that would blow in from Jersey across the Hudson River and cool him on hot summer nights. And then there was the west light but the west light had too much yellow and it would diffuse the stark pure colors he liked to squeeze from the aluminum tubes. One window had a north light. But he didn't need light. Only lots of space, a giant room large enough to stretch his arms in and walk, place things, his easel, chairs, a table, a rack for his paintings. . . .

Anything to get away from the piercing cries of the pushcarts, the gutted vegetables, the gangs of men, boys grown into men, unchanging, ganging up on the street corners. Anything to get away from his two-room cold-water flat on Sullivan Street, three blocks south of Washington Square, two rooms the size of a closet:—in the summer the heat hung heavy, thick and solid there, and in the winter the oil from the heaters gave off the sticky smell of soiled rags. He had heard of painters living in a hall bedroom with only a cot and an easel, a rack built above the bed, no room except to move a brush.

Lately he found himself thinking of the big flopping books of wallpaper the paperhangers used to bring over to his house back in Cleveland just before the holidays, and how the entire family would bend over the books on the kitchen table and make a selection, always asking his opinion because he was an *artist*. And then the paperhangers would go to work, the big bucket of paste, the long table and cutting tools, the strips of paper on the floor, messy, wet. But soon the rooms would smell fresh, clean, the paper bright on the walls. The smell came to him now, the pungent knowing smell of paste. People didn't paper their walls in New York. The walls rotted, year after year, blotched by flat sickly paint.

The smell of the paste and the remembrance of the flopping wallpaper books kept coming back to him, and along with it the odor of an open oven door, the Friday smell of sponge cake—and suddenly he knew that he had to get out of Sullivan Street, find a new place to live, an apartment where he could work and not be a victim of four flat white walls too thin to close out the shrieking mothers beside themselves over what to do with their fretting children—"Go to sleep you little bastard, you little son of a bitch, go to sleep!"

HE BEGAN looking for an apartment the first day of his vacation. He had drawn an imaginary circle around the Village and every morning he would follow a different straight line to the periphery of the circle, knocking on every door. He had done the whole circle street by street in two weeks and nothing happened, only a few vacant cold-water flats, uninhabitable, dirty, grim, and apartments at rents only a fool would pay. And once a woman had led him into a room, past men sleeping in the carved-out niches of a railroad flat, a room curtained off by a piece of faded drapery and pulling aside the drapery she pointed to a cot tight against the wall, a little wooden shelf where he might put his shaving things and said, "This is the apartment, you like this?"

THIS is the latest of a number of stories of city life which JULIUS HORWITZ has written for COMMENTARY. His informal sociological study "New York, 1950" was published in the August 1950 issue.

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Tired at night from work and painting, knocking on supers' doors and seeing Goya-like faces coming to answer and shaking their heads, often with that smug idiotic *I'm in you're out,* he'd think of that enormous loft with high ceilings and big windows, endless space that he'd be able to make into the kind of place he needed to live in. They existed, huge empty lofts on the tops of buildings, but so far he had not been able to find his. He climbed high flights to empty lofts on Fourth Avenue and felt the wonderful free space—but too many painters wanted the same thing and the rent had soared.

At night he dreamed of lofts, and he talked lofts to all his friends, until one day one of them told him about an agent who had a loft on Washington Street facing the docks near the Battery.

And now he stood, looked up at peeling red paint, the dangling fire escape, knowing that five flights up was an empty loft and he could have the loft if it suited him.

"What do you think?" the agent asked.

"The building looks all right."

"Like to take a look inside?"

The agent and Dave crossed the busy street. The front door pushed open and they started up the five flights. The stairs were wooden, freshly painted.

"It looks pretty good," Dave told the agent.

"Yeh, it does. We fixed it up since the housing shortage. The people were glad to find a place."

"How's the top apartment?"

"You'll see. I want you to see it for yourself."

On the fourth landing the newness changed to crumbling brick walls and warped stairs, blackened paint. A bulb hung above the dirt and dust. Dave took his hand off the railing and wiped the dirt free with the handkerchief in his coat pocket. He had already picked up the odor, the dank heavy smothering smell of a long-vacant flat.

"This is it," the agent said. He pushed open the door and Dave followed.

DAVE stopped in the door and the odor of Sullivan Street seemed to pour out at him from the flat, Sullivan and Thompson, and the streets stretching east toward the river, roach-ridden, sunless, toilets in the hallway, no bathtubs, imprisoning people until they died.

"It can be made into something," the agent said.

Dave didn't answer. He stepped into the flat. He saw at once that there was no heat, no running water, no toilet, no electricity except the line running in from the hallway. The place probably hadn't been lived in for twenty-five years. The walls were scaley with age.

The west light broke through the smudged windows.

"The light is good," the agent said.

Dave didn't hear him. He stood in the center of the room feeling the weight of the floor underneath his feet. He was very tired. He thought of the circle he had drawn, the straight lines fanning out from Washington Square, the doorbells he had rung, flights of stairs climbed—

The agent's voice came through to him. "The place is in pretty bad shape but a little fixing up will make everything all right. We'll put up a toilet, set up the gas heaters and water. But the rest of the place will be in your hands."

In his hands. And he saw the walls of the squared-off cubicles ripped down, the place made into one great big enormous sprawling room filled with the sounds of the boats going up the river and the light from the sun, fresh paint, hot water and soap, clean lumber, the rotted linoleum ripped away from the raw planks, space and freedom, a full twenty-five feet by thirty feet on an island where land was sold by the inch.

"I'll take the place," Dave said, "if the rent is right. And I'll want a lease."

Two days after Dave signed the lease and paid his first month's rent he went up to the loft with a crowbar and a sledge hammer. He tested the walls to see how solid they were and then went to work.

The first blow of the sledge hammer shook the loft. The dust of twenty-five years exploded. The plaster crumbled and an open-

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ing in the wall appeared. He had three walls to rip down, and he went methodically to work, swinging the sledge hammer with deliberately placed blows, then using the crowbar to rip out the boards. The first night he tore down the wall that divided the flat into two bedrooms, and now there was a sense of space. He let the plaster and broken wood lie where it had fallen. The next night he returned and went to work on the wall that divided the sitting room and dining room. Instead of pounding away with the heavy sledge hammer, he used the crowbar, ripping apart the boards, salvaging them for a new wall that would make a kitchen for himself. That left one wall, and when he moved that back fifteen feet he would have the space he wanted. The boards were tough, held together by the years. Unlike the plaster, they didn't crumble. He spent the night at it and only succeeded in taking down half of the wall. But already the space was shaping up. He could see the dimensions of the room, the vast floating free lines.

It took two weeks to knock down all the walls and remove the debris. For days the room remained piled high with broken plaster and rotted lumber, the layers of linoleum he had wrenched off the floor. But when the plaster and filth had been carted down the five flights, a bushelful at a time, and the lumber, tied in lengths, carried down with the aid of two friends, the room stood revealed, the west light of the sun filling the great square.

The plumbers arrived soon afterward and installed a toilet, a sink, and a stall shower. And then Dave took the lumber he had salvaged and hammered together a new wall to enclose the kitchen; and a day after that he left his cold-water flat and moved in his belongings. For the first few days he slept in a dust-thick corner too exhausted to do more. He had still to paint the walls and re-surface the ceiling, install electric lights, scrape the floor, fix the windows, re-surface the kitchen, mop up the dust. But he no longer had to listen to the Friday night drunks scream out their *Holy Marys* or feel the intolerable weight of the gaunt, barren, big-breasted bodies as they lumbered up the stairs on Sullivan Street.

Now at night he only heard the trucks and occasional voices that yelled loudly and then vanished. The boats were never silent. He was solitary, except for the night sounds from the world below on Washington Street, one block away, where the boats unloaded their cargoes, and on the street, building after building, crates were piled high with the produce that fed the city. He could see only a glimpse of the Hudson River. A squat commission building blocked the water, hid all but the funnels of the ocean liners that docked midtown. He would finish the room in clean, straight lines, to make it a part of the water outside, the restless flow. The room would never be fixed. He'd be free to move, claiming space as he required it. Didn't what he would do as a painter depend on what he did when he stepped forward, improving as he stepped forward on what he had never known how to do before?

But the work went slowly. Tougher than he had imagined. The lights and the ceiling were the hardest job. And after he re-surfaced the walls, blotting out the bleak, rotted wood with burlap stretched tight and painted white, he built a rack for his paintings and hung his best work on the fresh walls.

ONE day he received a letter from his father in Cleveland that made him stop work. He read and reread the letter trying to understand what lay beyond the words. His father wrote only that he would be in New York at the end of the month. No particular reason, except that he'd like to see his son again. Dave sat on a chair and watched the letter in his hand shake as a subway train rumbled under the building. The smell and sight of the bucket of paste, the flopping wallpaper books came back to him, the street lined with a double row of trees, scrubbed porches, where nothing ever seemed to happen yet people lived whole lives through.

He had been hammering away at the apartment for eight months and it still didn't look done. Now he had only two weeks to finish the job. Dave crumpled the letter and

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began to work. He began by scraping the floor of his living room, washing the windows, and then started to tack the rest of the burlap on his bedroom walls. The kitchen he left to the last, for everything would have to be painted white.

He had little sleep during the two weeks. Barely enough to keep him at his job and only with difficulty, for his work was painstaking, exact—commercial art. It paid him enough to live. The night before his father was to arrive Dave flopped into bed and slept clear through to the next day. The long sleep freshened his body and by the time he had shaved and dressed he felt ready to greet his father.

THE train came in on time and Dave kissed his father, taking him by the arm, grabbing his suitcase with his other hand.

"How's everybody?" Dave asked.

"Good. They'll live," his father said. "But what about you? You don't write. . . ."

"How was the ride?"

"Better than the train I took from New York to Cleveland forty-five years ago. I would like a cup of coffee. . . ."

"There's a good cafeteria across the way."

Dave and his father had a cup of coffee and buttered tea biscuits and then stood on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street.

"The world has changed," his father said.

"For better or worse?" Dave asked.

"It's changed like all things, for some better, for some worse. Now that I've seen the big buildings let's go up to your place. I'd like to wash, lie down—"

Dave stopped a taxi and they rode down Fifth Avenue, cutting over west to get to Washington Street.

"You know, Pa," Dave began, "New York and Cleveland are like two different worlds. You just don't have the same conditions. What you find in New York you won't find anywhere else."

"I know they're two different places," his father said.

"It's more than being just two different places. It's two different worlds. Especially the way the people live. Big rents, low rents. Fantastic apartment buildings, slums next door—"

"It's the price of the land that does it," his father said. "Not the *meshugass* of the people. It was like that when I came. The city made me sick. We got off the boat near the neighborhood where the Statue of Liberty is. So much filth. Rotten buildings, people hanging from the windows. I saw them when I stood on the sidewalk watching my bag, afraid that somebody would run off with it. I took a look at New York and didn't like what I saw."

The taxi turned into Hudson Street and continued south until Chambers Street.

"Why are the streets so empty?" Dave's father asked.

"It's Sunday, Pa, there's never any traffic in this neighborhood on Sunday."

"This neighborhood—" The taxi turned toward the waterfront. Fog horns cut the air. The elevated highway stuck out and beyond, the bleak gray docks, bolted, deserted.

Dave's father didn't say anything. He looked out on the neighborhood, the harsh brute warehouses.

"The next street, driver—right near the corner."

The taxi came to a stop and Dave paid before his father could reach for change.

"This is where you live—"

"It looks out on the water, Pa. Let's go up."

The newness of the paint on the ground floor made it easy for Dave's father to walk up the first flight of stairs.

"Who lives here?" he asked, motioning to Dave to stop and take a rest on the second landing.

"Mostly painters. The people on the first two floors are painters and the fellow right below me is a painter. And there's a seaman in the house, he paints a lot, too, but most of the time he's away. He likes to keep his place though. . . ."

"Painters," his father said. "Artists—" He started up the third flight feeling the strain of the climb on his heart. He had a heart good enough for plain ordinary walking, going from the house to his business, a chicken

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store just three short blocks away from the house, but this climbing, going straight up in the air like a balloon, it was insane. The heart wasn't made to climb steps like a monkey. He looked at his boy two steps above him. Could he climb the steps fifteen years from now? Would he want to? He wasn't a chicken any more. Years catching up. God, it doesn't stop. Up, up, up. Who built a house like this? Maybe this was the house he had seen from the street, the red brick and the red faces, people in long underwear.

"One more flight, Pa."

"I won't go down for a week. Let's stop again."

"You won't have to go down, Pa. You can see the whole city from the roof. This is the neighborhood that makes New York breathe. Banks—wholesale food—"

"But no shelter—" His father tried to catch the words but they came out. No sense in saying anything until he saw how his son lived, inside—how did he live inside? To be an artist. To fly. So—this was close to the clouds.

Dave had heard the words. Dammit, no he wouldn't talk any more, his words hung in his mouth, every phrase apologetic. It was his house, his house, his house! But it was also his father, his father, nobody else's father, this man alongside of him, not so tall now, a little bent, hair blackened-white, trying hard for breath, holding on to the railing—because of this man, imagine it, he had been brought, flesh and blood into the world.

"Just one more flight, Dave?"

"One more, Pa."

"Let's go. And then I'll want a cup of tea."

Dave opened the door and his father stood in the doorway as he himself had done ten months ago.

"It's big," his father said. "A big room. A big room. . . ."

"C'mon in, Pa, you'll see how really big."

THE west light hadn't failed Dave. It shone through the four windows flooding the room, lighting the paintings. His easel stood in the far corner, the west light falling on a painting he had done years ago, a romantic painting he considered it now. His father had always liked the painting. "It has a heart," his father had said to him, "it has a heart."

"Sit down, Pa," Dave said. "And I'll get some tea on the fire."

"You don't have to ask me twice."

Dave filled the kettle with water and rinsed out two cups and saucers, placing them on the table in the studio room.

His father sat down on a chair, stretching out his feet. He unbuttoned his jacket and loosened his shirt. And then he let his mind take in the room. He looked around the room at the high white burlap walls, the paintings, colors set down with force, tense against one another, the easel and on it the painting of people stumbling through rain, the windows bright with the Jersey sun, more paintings and then the rack built from floor to ceiling holding all of his son's work, years and years of it from when he first began to *potchke*.

"Was it like this when you moved in?" his father asked.

"No, it was a rotten hole when I moved in. Nobody had lived here for the past twenty-five years."

"It looks good—very good."

"It's what the city has come to, Pa. People just don't have a place to live."

"Then why do you stay here?"

"Because I think this is the place where I have to be."

"It's a good enough reason. Is the tea done?"

Dave got up and came back with the tea kettle, steam pouring out of the spout. He poured the boiling water over the tea bags and brought one of the cups over to his father.

His father blew on the hot tea and then sipped from the cup.

"You don't write, Dave. We don't know from one month to the next what's happening to you. Have you forgotten all about us?"

"No, I just didn't write."

"How is it being a painter in New York?"

"No different from Cleveland. You just paint and paint."

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"But do people come to see your work—all of the way down here?" and his father spread his hands and waved them toward the waterfront, the office buildings stretching south, the market and crates of vegetables.

"That's why I made the place the way it is," Dave said. "I wanted a place big enough where people can see my work. Where I can get a good look at it myself."

"And in the end—" his father asked.

"In the end—"

"And in the end, what are the paintings?"

"You live, Pa," Dave said, standing, getting rid of his tea cup on the table and moving over to the window. "You live out a life—what else can you do?"

"Yes, you live out a life. You live," his father said. "You're right, Dave. What else can people do?"

DAVE switched on a light by the window that illuminated the painting on the easel. His father looked again and remembered the painting as Dave had brought it down from the attic, the colors still wet. He knew then that his son wouldn't make money as other people made money.

"More tea, Pa?"

His father nodded his head, still looking at the painting. Dave picked up the empty cup and filled it in the kitchen. When Dave came back into the studio his father was standing, looking much taller than he imagined him to be.

"You haven't asked me why I came to New York," his father said.

"I thought you would tell me."

"I'm only twice your age now," his father said. "In the beginning I was everything. Now you're catching up. With your own two hands. You don't remember the chicken store when you were a baby and you'd lie in a basket on the floor while your mother and me would try to make a go. You learn a lot in a city like New York. I can't talk any more like a father. It would sound foolish. But we were worried about you. The whole family. Painting, painting, painting, painting, I'm not your enemy, maybe some day something will happen with your paintings. We know the history of the world. But we wanted to see you married, a wife, children."

Dave didn't interrupt. He waited for his father to continue. He listened.

"I know about New York. I once tried to live here. It almost crushed me like a chicken breast. It's hard to meet girls in New York. I know that, too. Ma met a girl, a very fine girl, a girl with a head, she reads books, talks intelligently. She'd like to meet you. Her name is Esther."

"Esther—"

"She looked at your two paintings, the paintings you left on the wall in the front room and asked about you. Ruth had a bridge party at the house—so Ma told her your whole history—"

"No girl would live in a place like this."

"No girl—your mother worked in a chicken store. No girl—a place like this. Why not, Dave? You made a kitchen. You made it beautiful. Look at the stove you bought. For what? You know, Dave, maybe I'm an old man but I think you'd like to get married. Make this your home, not a garret. An artist shouldn't stay away too long from his home."

Dave heard the words and wondered how they had come to his father. Why not? Was there so much distance between them? The west light from the Hudson River had turned into a purple haze with streaks of yellow still hanging in the sky. The room was almost dark. The smell had left, that dank uninhabited smell. He looked around at the walls he had finished, the white paint soft on the burlap, the rough-hewn floor, wide planks brought up from an American forest, cut and sized before his father's boat had docked in the Hudson River. And then he looked at his father. "We know the history of the world." He'd like the oven door open now, chicken soup simmering, that complete smell of fresh-baked sponge cake, a wife. . . .

He'd go down, Dave thought, and get a pumpernickel bread and some creamed herring in the delicatessen, and he and his father could sit down together on the couch and mix the pumpernickel into the creamed herring and eat and talk.

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SAN NICANDRO'S NEW JEWS IN ISRAEL

Progress Report

PHINN LAPIDE

IT WAS in 1943, while serving in Italy with a Palestinian unit of the British Eighth Army, that I came upon the new Jews of San Nicandro, a small village near the southern tip of Italy. These people had, under the influence of a peasant named Manduzio, become converts quite on their own several years previously, having moved from Catholicism to Judaism without ever having so much as laid eyes on a Jew, and without ever having exchanged a word with any organized Jewish body. The intensity of their new faith was borne witness to by the way in which they voluntarily shouldered the burden of Fascism's oppressive, anti-Semitic legislation.

In August 1946, a rabbi and a *mohel* journeyed from Rome to San Nicandro to circumsise the new converts and welcome them formally into the Jewish community. This did not, however, end the saga of San Nicandro's Jews. There lay ahead a period of internal contention, fighting in a distant country, a long voyage, a new homeland. . . .

AFTER the seventy-odd people in the Southern Italian community of San Nicandro Garganico had formally become Jews, the excitement gradually died down and life in the Apennine village settled back into its ordinary routine. Donato Manduzio, however, who had led the proselytes to their new religion, went on recording carefully all events and happenings in a big black book. A premonition of impending death moved him to sum up proudly his life's work and under the date of February 27, 1948, we find the following entry, couched in the queer mixture of Biblical Italian and Apulian dialect that was peculiar to this self-taught seer:

"On the 11th August, 1930, the Almighty called me in His first vision and when I read the Holy Book, the seed of the true faith was sown in me, I was pregnant with the Holiness of Him, blessed be His name, and prepared for giving birth. . . . Then I gave birth to my first-born, a true son of the faith, a second one followed, and soon a third issued forth. Thus I brought to light 73 souls, not all of whom are still in this life. Some there were that died of the birth pangs; some passed on for lack of belief and a few found eternal peace. But the remainder of the faithful I took to my bosom and taught them to pray sincerely to their Maker, and to honor their neighbor. And the living God is my witness that I lived but for my flock, which I wished to be a 'people of prophets.'"

Now, the time had come to put his house in order. An ugly shadow had lain across his threshold these last five years—the one thing he had fought against in vain: a division that had split his flock in two. It had all begun because Mattoni the cobbler could not sit still or hold his peace when the spirit was upon him. Whenever that happened he was like one possessed and would break into jubilant song in that sweet and clear voice of his, and then, with face aglow, he would leave the prayer hall and go out into the fields. His wrinkled face, so full of peasant shrewdness, would then be really beautiful to look at, and there would be no sign of his old limp. Santo the barrel-maker and, shortly

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SOME fifteen years ago, the seventy-odd inhabitants of the tiny Italian village of San Nicandro, none of whom had ever seen or communicated with a Jew, became converted to Judaism. The first chapter of this extraordinary story was told in the April 1948 issue of COMMENTARY, in Fritz Becker's "The New Jews of San Nicandro." Here is a second chapter—a touching account of their "homecoming" to the State of Israel. Canadian-born, PHINN LAPIDE has lived in Israel for many years. He is the author of a book about the San Nicandro Jews, to be published in Israel this fall.

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after him, Marocca the vintner, both newcomers to the fold and still shaky in their faith, were drawn after Mattoni and would disappear with him for several hours at a time.

One afternoon Manduzio called Mattoni to his house and asked him: "Tell me, brother, is it true that my prayer meeting doesn't suit you any more? Am I to believe those who tell me that you lead divine services at night, up near the olive grove?"

Mattoni answered: "And why shouldn't I? Are then the gates of prayer open at certain hours only? Is the Lord then like those blackshirts who can see you only at certain times and in certain places? Where does it say so in the Book? Can't I read the Holy Scriptures just as well as you—and do without your fancy explanations? Out there we need no interpreter between us and Him!"

Then he left. That was the last time they were together. All attempts at reconciliation had been thwarted by Manduzio's "righteousness" or Mattoni's "stubbornness," and quite often by both. Before long the new incarnations of "Hasidim" and "Mitnagdim"—to the delight of their Gentile neighbors—were hardly on speaking terms. The original bone of contention, Manduzio's well-meant if rather florid interpretations of the Bible, soon was overgrown by numerous imaginary slights and grievances. As time went on people despaired of healing the rift, and the village got used to the idea of having two separate Jewish communities in their midst.

MANDUZIO'S prayers for peace must have had an effect in the end, however. For March 2, 1948, we find the following entry in his journal, in a spidery, agitated handwriting that in places is all but illegible:

"A vision I was granted last night and I saw two vines in my vineyard, one bowed down with heavy luscious grapes, the other one bare and bald like trees in the fall. These vanished and a young man strode towards me holding a slate in his right hand and a piece of chalk in his left which he pointed at me. When I awoke I pondered, and in the end I understood that it was incumbent upon me to make a covenant with the stray lambs of my flock. I sent to their houses but they refused to come. So we sat down together, I, my wife, and all the brethren, to castigate our flesh with fasting and prayers, and though this was my sixty-second birthday we partook of no food nor did we drink any joyful beverage but imbibed the wine of our tears. Thus I prayed to the Creator of earth and high Heaven, imploring him to destroy the evil but spare the evildoers, to cleanse my heart of pride and their hearts of the seeds of sin. But without smiting their bodies as was decreed upon Korah and his rebels. And He who knew me before I knew myself heard the purity of my entreaties and gave me strength to humiliate myself and when I called him another time, Santo came to my house. With honey and with fire I cleft his ears and poured into them the spirit of peace and when he opened up in front of me I burnt the evil that covered his heart like a veil so that he ceased to stand against me. In joy and happiness we spent the day. And when towards sunset Mattoni's first-born came to ask permission for his father to enter, we all knew that Heaven was with us. But the heavy fog did not lift so soon, and the clouds were stubborn and wouldn't disperse. For many weary hours we sat around the fire arguing and bargaining over the paragraphs and clauses of our covenant. But even that was to the good, for fierce talk soon tires people out and thus it came about that willy-nilly we all sat down to table the first time for many a lonesome year. With roast meat and rice we filled our bellies, and the boiled fish that followed got a washing down of wine to swim in. And what our lengthy arguments did not achieve was quickly accomplished by my Antonia's cherry pie, a dish fit to grace King David's table. Heavy biting, earnest chewing, and weighty swallowing was all our table music. And soon the wrinkles on our faces smoothed out, a smile crept in between the two rows of plates, preparing the way for a half-suppressed chuckle that tickled all who would still keep decorum, and ere you had time to sneeze, the chairs and forms along the wall shook

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with bellows and ripples of long overdue laughter. Did you ever try to chuckle and quarrel at the same time? At ten o'clock brother Delprato, the one with the delicate handwriting, sat down and set on paper what we asked him to write. And since my first vision, was no paper written amongst us with greater joy nor signed in a happier mood than the articles of this, our treaty. But so that you may know what we have agreed upon and concluded tonight, I shall give you a true and exact copy of it hereunder:

Our Treaty

1. *The Five Books of Moses were given to us on Mount Sinai.*
2. *The Sabbath is a Holy Day and not to be worked on.*
3. *Prayer house fees and all other dues will be paid per head.*
4. *Everybody will have a chair of his own during meeting.*
5. *The key of the prayer house will be kept by Manduzio.*
6. *No one will write letters on his own, but Manduzio will write on behalf of the community and even so will he receive all replies.*
7. *At prayer time Mattoni will read the lesson, Santo will read from the Prophets, and the remainder will read the Psalms by turns.*
8. *All explanations, comments, and similes will be in the spirit of the Holy Prophets.*
9. *The wages of a Torah-abiding life is eternal life.*
10. *By a vision we were reborn unto the faith and by visions do we fulfill the Holy Book. He who denies our vision has no place in our midst, for he will not be deemed a Jew.*

"Long Live the Holy God who has returned peace unto San Nicandro and reunited the limbs that should have never been torn asunder! May we all soon see the day when a like blessing will be bestowed on all Israel and the world entire! AMEN SELAH!"

Two weeks later Manduzio died. Old Sara Dilea, a peasant's widow and one of Manduzio's first converts and most devout followers, tells the story of his death as follows:

"When the time was coming for our teacher, he looked around him searchingly and his glances said: Whence shall come my heir? And his brow was furrowed with pain for there was none who would shoulder the burden of leadership amongst us. Sadness and grief descended upon us, for in vain we sought to sweeten his last days with us. Spellbound were we and as dreamers who know not whether to sit at home or go out to work, whether it was better to visit him in his illness or leave him alone with his soul. Thus days went by and prayer meetings were held at my place, for though he never mentioned it we all felt that that was what he would want us to do. At dawn on the 13th of March his wife went around in the village and called us. So we dressed in haste and hurried over to his house, for we knew that the hour was at hand. It was a cold morning and the crisp air was raw with frost, for the sun was still two hours off.

"Shivering we crossed the threshold and stood near the fire. The countenance of our master, so well-known and so dear, squeezed our hearts, and our lips and tongues were dry. His head, gaunt and pale, leaned back supported by a few pillows, his face the color of the bed sheets. With a feeble hand he motioned us to come nearer and, approaching as he bade us, we stood on tiptoe around his bed. It was bitter cold and our breath rolled forth like fog into the silent room. The silence weighed down on us and then the children began weeping and had to be sent home. At last he began to speak but his voice was so weak that we had to shut all the windows and crowd nearer between the bedposts lest we lose his speech. 'My dear children,' he began—and the words are engraven on my heart right next to the Ten Commandments—'I am leaving you now for a short time to have a rest. My soul is tired of her bonds and longs to go home.' Then he looked us all over, probing slowly and piercingly. He smiled a little and there was pride in his voice when he went on: 'Strong and sturdy have you grown, my sons, like the

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cedars of Lebanon, I need have no more fear for you, my beloved, for where is the wolf that now could rape my flock?'

"A terrible cough shook his breast and for a minute the red color of life returned to his cheeks. 'My time is short! Now listen carefully to what I have to say: After I am gone, go and collect all pictures, photographs, and paintings that bear my likeness and burn them on a heap just as you once burnt all the effigies of the idolators. Thou Sara, see that it's done this very night and that not a single image of my body be left among you and no name be on my grave lest anyone should ever pay me homage due to no mortal. But hear me on: From tomorrow's sunrise until the time when we all shall meet again, there shall be no first and no last among you, no head and no tail, but altogether, with every brother speaking his own mind, shall you decide what is to be done.'

"This speaking tired him, for he lay back awhile, we scarce daring to breathe. When he opened his eyes again, his voice was firm and clear and all his face bathed in serenity: 'Last night, my children, I was in the Holy Land and with my own eyes did I see the soil that is waiting for you. In the Land of Naphtali, the son of Jacob, is your heritage. Fat and red is the earth, sloping down a hill that is covered with vineyards and olive groves. Twice more ye shall bake the unleavened bread of affliction in exile, but after the second harvest ye shall sell your houses and pack your seeds and chattels. For at night will they come to call you to rise up and go Home. Now raise ye all your right hand and swear to me this last oath: that you will truthfully and earnestly fulfill my last will—and then I shall give you my blessing—'

"We wept and swore his oath. Next day at two o'clock in the afternoon our master and teacher closed his eyes and died a sweet and untroubled death without a twinge of pain ever touching his body. His soul soared up while an angelic smile played on his lips. And thus it came about that we were orphaned and bereaved of him who was to us a father and a mother. And he was not granted to feast his own eyes upon the land of Israel as was also decreed upon Moses."

SPRING sowing in the valley was over early that year, for the rains had been abundant and the fruit trees blossomed like never before. But the radio brought stories of bloodshed and violence in the Holy Land. Giuseppe's eldest son was sent to Bari to find out the truth, and came back excited and breathless: a Haganah man had told him that the time had come to redeem the promise of two thousand years. It was now or never, he had said. And so among those who went to Palestine to fight for Zion were five young men from San Nicandro.

They landed at Haifa one day in August 1948 and volunteered for the regiment which I was in. During the first UN truce the five young men and I asked for furloughs at the same time; I wanted to show them the newly liberated Galilee. We started off from Acre in a jeep. On the way I acted as guide and did a lot of talking, but they never said a word. At the crossroads toward Safed I turned north and showed them Gis Hala, where Johanan had lit the torch of rebellion against the Roman invader—but aside from an absent-minded nod from David, who sat at my side, I might have been speaking to myself. Leaving Gis Hala to our left, I took the bumpy dirt track to Tiberias, hoping to jolt them back into consciousness.

After three miles we promptly had a puncture. I had already got the spare wheel out by myself and started unscrewing the main bolts when I politely asked them to give me a hand. But when I looked up I saw them about a stone's throw off the road, out in the unharvested fields, sniffing at cornstalks and daisies. Sarcasm was on the tip of my tongue, but just then Joseph knelt down and carefully, as if he was afraid of hurting the clods, dug up a handful of soil and smelled it, first kneading it into a lump and then breaking it up into crumbs which he tenderly sifted through his fingers. David, who stood next to him, put some earth into his mouth and chewed it with a moonstruck look in his eyes. I gave up and put on the

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wheel myself, bolted the other one to the rear of the jeep and waited resignedly.

A quarter of an hour later they came trooping back. "That's it!" they said. "That's what?" I asked.

"That's where we'll settle." Just like that.

"Are you crazy?" I was about to say, but caught myself in time. Of course they were crazy. But wasn't this the kind of craziness that had settled two continents and changed the map of a third? What we needed to rebuild this country was more of their crazy kind and less of my common sense!

The name of the place that wasn't a place yet was Ras el Ahmar—"Red Crest," as the Arabs called it because of the color of its soil. The village on top of its mound was deserted and abandoned like all the fields and gardens around it. "Fat and red is the soil sloping down a hill. . . ." That was what Manduzio had prophesied. I wondered.

BACK in Haifa, I got busy and did some high-pressure lobbying, and by February 1950, when my five friends were due to be released from the army, the idea didn't look so impractical any more. In April we got final approval from the Department for Resettlement. The day I told them about it the boys sent a cable home: "House of Jacob—Come Let Us Ascend!" Then they went back north on an army truck to the place where my prophetic jeep had had its puncture. The Jewish Agency wanted no half-measures, and bricklayers, masons, and carpenters were already busy preparing the houses and making furniture in readiness for the day when the S.S. Galila was due to anchor at Haifa with the whole Jewish community of San Nicandro on board. On April 12 we got a telegram: "Prepare the Sacrificial Lamb, We Are Coming."

Haifa port is a busy place nowadays, with an average of one immigrant ship a day, and miracles have become staled by custom. So nobody paid much attention to just another group of people coming off a gangway, too entranced even to wave the silk-embroidered blue and white flag they had brought with them. Most of their baggage consisted of bags of seeds and corn, bundles of seedlings and branches for grafting. They had also brought with them a white ram, as an offering to celebrate their homecoming. When I had finally convinced them that the oily dock with its clanking cranes was hardly a fit place to "kiss the soil" or bring an offering of thanksgiving, I rushed them through the immigration formalities, which were speeded up for their benefit. Two buses stood ready and they were bundled into them before any newspaper reporter could scent a story.

It was at my own urgent request that they were left alone during their first week in Israel, but after that the Haifa office of the Jewish Agency insisted upon an inauguration party. On the day before Passover Eve, five taxis climbed the hill of Ras el Ahmar and stopped on the lawn in front of the meeting house that wasn't ready yet for celebrations. Rough-hewn benches were set along two rows of pinewood tables that had been laid with wine bottles, unwieldy loaves of peasant bread, and white cheese on plates, in honor of the guests. Hands were shaken all around and the guests from town smiled benevolently upon the tongue-tied newcomers. Speeches followed, weighty and resounding. Evening fell and darkness came. A toast was called for, and downed. Now it was the turn of the San Nicandrans.

Nobody stirred for a while and only the warm east wind murmured in the olive trees. Finally David got up and the wind subsided to let the valley and the mountains hear his message: "Fulfillment eve has come to Amos' age-old prophecy: 'Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine and the hills shall melt. And I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I gave them, saith the Lord thy God. . . .'"

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THE immigrants from San Nicandro did not have their village all to themselves. Ras el Ahmar had once been a thriving Arab village well known in the Galilee for its wealth and beauty. During the war its inhabitants, intimidated by Kaukji's fifth column and horrified by rumors of the ferocity of Haganah troops, panicked one day and cleared out overnight. As soon as the armistice was signed with Syria, the Resettlement Department of the Jewish Agency took over the abandoned village and allocated it to a group of Turkish and North African settlers with whom the San Nicandro community was thrown in for good measure.

The newly appointed burgomaster-cum-*shochet*-cum-teacher was a young Tunisian rabbi, who at first looked askance upon these awkward peasants who knew no language but their own Italian and were too ignorant to say a blessing in Hebrew when called up to the Torah on Saturday mornings. They were thought to be clannish, for they kept to themselves and did not mix much. The houses they had received were the usual low stone Arab structures, cold and uncomfortable, with nooks for spiders and lizards, and crevices for the rain. Most of the new settlers had been merchants and craftsmen in their native countries, some very clever with a saw or a last, but none of them familiar with such work as bricklaying, concrete-mixing, or plastering. None, that is, but the Italians, who rejoiced at being able to keep busy and, incidentally, help out their neighbors.

By the time the Ministry of Agriculture sent an instructor up to the village, all the houses had been improved and whitewashed, broken doors and windows repaired, and roofs made weather-worthy. In the beginning the instructor did not take to the *gerim* ("sojourners"), whom he thought to be simply headstrong peasants who wouldn't listen to advice. He himself had come from Russia twenty years ago, and knew that a man had to save his strength and do his hoeing and digging slowly, with a ten minutes' break every hour. Enthusiasm was all right, of course, but everything in its own good time. Warning them of blistered hands and stiff backs, he assured them that they would not be able to keep up their feverish pace for long. In vain—they were gluttons for work, any kind of work that brought them in contact with their soil. For they loved this soil that was so like themselves—stubborn and hard on the surface yet pliable and fertile underneath. Weeds withered before their onslaught, furrows opened up ready for the sower coming behind the ploughman, while the neglected fruit trees soon budded forth under their skillful pruning shears. They had come home at last. . . .

Go up to Gis Hala (Gush Halav) any time; it's on the Haifa-Galilee main road; take the right fork across the valley and ask the first man you meet for the Italians. "Italians," he will probably say, and smile. "Oh, you mean the 'green-thumbs.' Why they must be out in the cornfields somewhere urging on the wheat!"

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JAMES JONES' DEAD-END YOUNG WERTHER

The Bum as American Culture Hero

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

THERE are certain books in a tradition which, after a while, everyone stops reading, but which no one can stop writing; the less aware a novelist is of the book's existence, the more he is likely to submit to its pattern; this is one of the best reasons for insisting that novelists be educated. *The Sorrows of the Young Werther* is such an archetypal book—the first anti-bourgeois novel, the celebration of suicide as the only possible consummation for the young man afraid that sex may harden into marriage, a work of art become the occasion for success, merely living turn into accommodation to a world of conventions he despises. The only airtight Bohemia is death.

Werther is also, in the guise of a story about love, an attack on woman in the middle-class world, able to have her cake and eat it too, to use a bourgeois husband for security and a rebellious lover for spiritual satisfaction, and to be finally immune to death and unworried by the need to accede to convention. It is an embarrassing book, particularly when one recalls that its author went on living, and quite successfully, at the expense of his character, and, indeed, of unknown young men who took too seriously the example of that character.

James Jones's best-selling novel *From Here to Eternity* is the latest version of *Werther,* and this it is important to remember, as none of its critics seem to have remembered, bored or titillated by its use of obscene language, or led off too quickly by considerations about "naturalism."

I take it that when a critic says that *From Here to Eternity* is in the tradition of "naturalism" he means that it is badly written in a special and quite deliberate way. Now, if one is careful in his definitions, there is no reason why the word "naturalism" should not be used to stand for certain kinds of inept writing; I have so used it myself. But I am aware that in practice this use of the term has led to a ridiculous sort of civil war among the critics, in which one army advances under a banner reading "Art is morality! Without Form only confusion! (signed) Henry James," while the other side rallies under the ensign, "Not Art but Life! X (Theodore Dreiser, his mark)." I shall therefore try to make quite clear what I mean when I say that James Jones's book is a "naturalistic" version of *Werther,* in which the *poète maudit* appears as a Bugler, and the aristocracy and middle classes are blended into the Officers, a scarcely human group that make the Noble Savages, i.e. enlisted men, bear off the used sanitary napkins of their women while they themselves pass on to their wives the venereal diseases they have picked up wenching. In all the writings in the line of *Werther,* there is a deep confusion between the class struggle and the inability of a sensitive (artistic or quasi-artistic) young man to adjust to *any* given world; this is usually reflected in an attempt to find a style that will in itself be a protest against convention; anti-classical in Goethe, anti-"aesthetic" in Jones. The Storm-and-Stress style of Goethe, for better or worse, was in fact a radical, a "new" style—whereas the protestant style of Jones belongs to an already weary tradition, compromised and, in a way it will never confess, slick.

This tradition is "naturalism"—any combination of methods the defects of whose qualities are grossness, clumsiness, and the

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sentimentalizing of the "brute given" in ourselves and Nature, and of those who live on most intimate terms with it; opposed to this is what might just as well be called "formalism," which lapses at its worst into gentility, over-elaboration, and the sentimentalizing of insight and those most capable of exploiting it. To the formalist to write badly is a *sin;* to the naturalist bad writing is either a matter of indifference, or else something *prized,* a warrant of "honesty" and the disavowal of "artiness."

Like arguments about manners and whether or not costume is important, this conflict is often felt to be essentially a *class* struggle, a clash between Ivy Leaguers and the descendants of slave-owners on the one side, and the sons of immigrants, proletarians, and farmers, on the other; so that defections from one camp to the other are thought of as renegacy. It is a myth of the "proletarian" side (variously sustained by Lawrence and Hemingway and now Jones) that the difference is also a sexual one: those with *cojones* and a real joy in their natural functions versus the impotent, sterile, or homosexual who won't even admit they sweat.

Like many novels of its class, *From Here to Eternity* exists on one level as a work of criticism, stating a theory of what the work of art should be and providing an instance of that theory in practice. It is at its worst, I think, the victim of its own doctrine; for it is not finally "free" despite its talk of freedom; to be afraid of complexity can be as crippling as being afraid of simplicity. Several "natural" styles are combined in *From Here to Eternity*: the note of elegiac self-pity, out of *Portrait of the Artist* by way of *Look Homeward Angel;* the almost compulsive rendering of detail and the mercilessly uncut reproduction of overheard speech, usually associated with Dreiser; Hemingway-like hard-corny metaphorical descriptions of the orgasm; and above all, a Jack-London-hallelujah-I'm-a-bum kind of stance—"This ain't *art,* Jack, it's the real McCoy." The material ranges from the documentary "real" (descriptions of barracks life, the stockade, etc.) to masturbatory fantasies (all whores are beautiful, all officers' wives available to the two-sentence seduction), to sophomoric bull sessions reported with deadpan seriousness as "ideas." It is the authority of the documentation that is forever saving the book from its own ambitions; its value as literature, slight, intermittent but undeniable, lies in its redeeming for the imagination aspects of regular army life never before exploited, and in making of certain of those aspects (the stockade, for instance, our home-grown concentration camp) symbols of the human situation everywhere.

The essential subject of the *Werther* novel is always innocence and decadence —what is innocence and how can it be preserved in a corrupt world. In *From Here to Eternity,* one has the sense that the good world, the world of innocents has just passed away; the book is a long sigh for the old times: before the Wobblies were defeated, before Eagle Scout Roy Rogers replaced the bum Buck Jones, before the movies were commercialized (i.e., when you could still see pictures like *The Grapes of Wrath*), before the draftees descended on "Wahoo" and a man could take his time in a whorehouse. One phrase returns like a theme, "They are a vanishing race!" No more good old First Sergeants! No more real Thirty Year men! Yet even though the Golden Age is gone, the world lost irrevocably to the middle classes (who supported Hitler in Germany and appear in disguise as the commissars in Russia), there exists a saving remnant, Noble Savages untouched by the general degeneracy. These are the men who can be "killed but not eaten," beaten to death or driven into exile, but never forced into apologizing for their revolt or becoming accomplices of the system that crushes them. These are the men whose lives prove the essential innocence of us all if left alone (the only sin in Jones's world is the belief in sin; and his ultimate villain is the Priest), the innocence of self-love and brute courage.

Dillinger is the archetype, but a whole

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company surrounds him, the misfit, the individual nonconformist, the bum. "In France we called it the Underground, which was a heroic term. Here we called it the under*world* but it was the same world and the same kind of people with the same purpose"—mutual defense against the bourgeoisie! Among the underground men there is a hierarchy: those simply on the bum and in the county jails, those in the federal prisons, those in the army as enlisted men, those in the army stockade, and finally the winnowed few who make (via solitary confinement) Ward Two, the quintessential cell of Jones's vision. In this ultimate womb, from which a rebirth to freedom is possible, the final bolshevik is at home, the "superarch revolutionary . . . a sort of perfect criminal type, very dangerous, a mad dog that loves underdogs." It is here that Prew, Jones's protagonist, feels himself one at last with Dillinger and Joe Hill and Big Bill Haywood and Buck Jones, one with "the old American tradition of woodsmen and ground clearing farmers," the remnant of toughness in a world gone soft which alone can finally save America.

And it is here that the prophet of Jones's book, Jack Malloy, speaks the book's final wisdom: the denial of sin, the belief in reincarnation, the use of passive resistance, the making of the defeated a rock against which their conquerors will dash themselves to death. What Malloy has finally to offer turns out to be the way of Werther: suicide. "Every man has the right to kill himself. . . . It's the only absolutely inviolable right a man does have. . . the old Anglo-Saxon idea of 'freedom' came from that. . . ." The final innocence, the ultimate America, the true freedom is—death!

It is in terms of this vision of life that the artist must choose his role and his style; and *From Here to Eternity* deals centrally with the education of an artist for this choice. Typically, the artist, Prew, who is careful to make a grammatical error in every sentence (following on his level the method of his author), is a poor man's artist, a bugler, and also the main writer of the "Reenlistment Blues," a "folk" song printed at the end of the book, and intended to be a poetic distillation of the pathos of the whole fable. Jones should have left the words to our imaginations, for they turn out to be in fact bad, corny in a way he surely did not plan. What Prew learns is that, first of all, he must not submit: not bugle where favoritism overrides merit, not box (another of his arts) for the reputation of the regiment and his own promotion; not become a flunky in jail, or an officer in the company, or a married man in life. He learns in short to become a *lumpen*-bohemian, and to know marriage as the final trap. To marry is to accept complicity, to recognize one's participation in the universal guilt; for women are driven hopelessly to conform, that is, to live and make life possible by endless lying; they are the final bait that lures men into an acceptance of status and responsibility.

The really "good" feelings of the book are of the innocent-homosexual variety: the camaraderie of the joint trip to the whorehouse (bursting into your buddy's room with a bottle of booze to see how he's doing), and the games in the tough ward of the stockade, allowing yourself to be butted and slugged by all your comrades to see how long you can take it. The ruling passion of the novel (despite all the pursuit of "tail" and the talk about it) turns out to be a desire to spit out teeth, to be beaten and scarred, to be hurt past endurance and to endure it—to flirt with the promise of death, that is to be the book's climax, when Prew turns deliberately into a rain of machine gun bullets.

When the writer has learned to rebel and suffer he is securely joined to those "who could not fight back and win, so they were very strict in their great pride of losing" and he must then learn *how* to speak for them. The slogan of *"non serviam"* is not enough in itself, for it can lead the artist through non-cooperation to a formalist religion of art which scorns and baffles the ordinary Joe. There are, it is indicated, three kinds of art—the commercialized art of frank con-

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formity to the bourgeoisie, the art of the *real* rebels, and that of the false rebels, the "aesthetes." In the end, the aesthetes only *think* they are rebels, for their rebellion is worthless, either prompted by self-hatred, or else existing for its own sake. Oftener than not the decadent rebel is a fairy, dedicated to softness and "conscious aimless beauty." He has no toughness to protect him from the pressures of fear and the desire for luxury, so that often he passes from unconsciously subserving the middle classes to outright capitulation—even writing slick fiction under a pseudonym in order to keep himself in champagne and support the plushy apartment where he can seduce young soldiers.

Besides, the decadents are most often "intellectuals," which is to say, they talk too damn much. To be articulate is to be lost. "Clerks, kings and thinkers" merely *talk*, but "truckdrivers, pyramid builders, and straight duty men" build and rebuild the world out of their tonguelessness. The clerks ("tall thin boys with fragile faces"—the army equivalent of intellectuals) talking of Van Gogh and Gauguin lose sight in their intricate conversations of the true folk sources of art, the clues to a "basic simplicity." It is only the *real* artist who can mingle unnoticed with the hard guys, the character who has read all the good books (making reading lists of everything mentioned by Tom Wolfe and Jack London) but would rather die than admit it, who can produce "the song of men who have no place."

As Werther turned to Homer and Ossian and the Ballads in order to touch again the great innocent heart of nature, so Prew-Jim Jones turns to certain "pure" movies made between '32 and '37, *Grapes of Wrath* and *Dust Be My Destiny*, the on-the-bum pictures with James Cagney, George Raft, and John Garfield (these slick productions he thinks of as not yet commercialized!)—plus the authentic blues, hill-billy songs, and jazz—perhaps, to Django Reinhardt also, the three-fingered gypsy guitarist, and Jack London, the American prototype of the artist as bum. Here he hopes to find that "basic, artless simplicity" which will be able to break through the lies of bourgeois art, reach everyone at that core of loneliness which is our only real togetherness.

Finally, in order to prove the innocence of his characters' motives (and his own), their utter non-complicity, Jim Jones has, according to his own theories, to prove also their inarticulatenesss, the tonguelessness of their art and of his. For this reason he is driven to contrive (or perhaps better, to endure) a style which at once speaks and assures us that its message is unsayable. The "basic simplicity" is so deep beyond words that only a stutter can convey any sense of it. For better or worse then, Jones stutters—and stammers and slobbers and fumbles, all quite convincingly; his ideological position has led him into accepting bad writing as his ideal.

Unhappily, his notion of the nature and role of the artist is, in the end, self-defeating; for it leads to an absence of positive style that makes it possible for the kind of reader Jones most despises to use *From Here to Eternity* for cheap thrills and illegitimate satisfactions. The kind of exploitation such bourgeois popularity entails, only a high art can discourage; and such an art must pass beyond simplicity and the natural style, beyond the range of sensibility of those for whom essentially it speaks. It is a baffling dilemma, perhaps a fatal one, but it cannot be sentimentalized out of existence.

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RABBI YUSSEL LUKSH OF CHELM

JACOB GLATSTEIN

I

Who can bear
The wail of a young orphan?
Or the tears of a needy widow?
Who can endure
The loneliness—like a stone's—
Of a woman who is barren?
Or the shame of an ugly wife
Whom a husband has deserted?

Worst of all is the dumb misery
Of a beaten horse.
The whip crackles
On the dear pelt.
The heavy head bends lower . . .
Without reproach; without opposition
Or resistance . . . .
Such anguish should come before
God's Majesty
And there make its plaint.
"Master!
Master of this Universe—
Why?"

Yussel Luksh cannot stand it.
He would gladly get in the shafts.
Giddy-up, giddy-up,
He would run, year after year.
Taking those blows—
Like bracing lashes, stinging besoms—
Like
An atonement.

The wan fields seem greener now
After the wash of rain.
A rusty plough comes up singing . . . .
Their heads washed—
Peach, currant, gooseberry,
Greet him.

And here, a dressed-up cherry tree
Looks over the orchard's fence . . . .
This is God's Grace.
This—and more—have been made for Man's
enjoyment.
None the less, Yussel—do not be misled!
No matter how beautiful this tree,
How beautiful the plough—
The quiet glitter of the steel,
The supple branch, the rocking bough—
Loveliness is only for the eye!
Let Him really show a wonder.
Let Him hand out Justice—
Evenly.
One deal
To poor and rich.
One measure
For the high and the humble.

If—for the sake of my forebears—
I stood in the good books
Of Heaven,
I would straighten my back,
And—in friendly fashion—
Have it out with the Almighty.
Only one
Could presume this—
Only one—Reb Leyvi Yitzhak.
He had a knack. He could talk to Him
Like a crony—
Button to button.
He could get down to brass tacks.
"How may one be a glutton,
While another
Lacks?"
He'd ask the score.
How come? What for?
"Why does one man have the fat?
Grabbing the best
In his fists—
While another man is gaunt
In want of a spoon of food?"

Strong, his words.
Wide—his stand.

JACOB GLATSTEIN, poet, critic, and novelist, is one of the leading figures in modern Yiddish literature. His article "The Way It Is in Bogotá" appeared in the July 1948 COMMENTARY. This poem was translated from the Yiddish by NATHAN HALPER.

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"I—Reb Leyvi Yitzhak—command!!
To Your system
To Your set-up—I say, 'No!
No!—with a capital N.
No!—in a Turkish overcoat!' "

I? Yussel Luksh?
What weight, what substance,
Have I—Mud, the son of Mire?
A snotling—
I—should I aspire—
One-two—and I am squelched!
Mannerless fellow—
Learn your place . . . .
So the way that I manage
Does not meet
Your full approval?
Smart alec—
Could you run it better?
So many who want,
So many who claim,
So many who praise, so many who blame,
So many demands,
So many mouths, so many hands . . . .
Some are spared, and some are speared . . . .
Yet it's all—all the same.
Their voices rise. And their cries,
Their cries—they are not to be borne!
You are lucky. You have your solution.
Get in the harness. Draw the cart.
Giddy-up there, *giddy-up* here . . . .
You acquit your debts with a tear.
I am *No*—but you are *Yes*.
I—I am the harsh judge.
You—you are the heart . . . .

II

Do not put
The fur cap on me!
Do not call me Rabbi Yussel!
My piety . . . My virtue . . .
Their like grows on any dung-hill.
Why do you crown me?
I am not worthy.
How may I lead you?
I myself am astray.
How can I answer your questions?
I have no reply.
My head is buzzing
With little birds who ask me
Their silly puzzles:
"Who is right? The driver? The horse?
Or—is it
The whip?"

Men—no fooling—
Do you not see the hitch?
Pretend that I am the judge.
You come to me for my ruling—
Who won? Who lost?
What's what? Which is which?
Who gets what wages?
Who pays how much cost?
Folks—I tell you—I am a fool,
A tomfool—
With a little goatee.
Imps—on broomsticks—in a ring—
Dance around me; and they sing,
"Yussel Luksh. He's sublime.
He is the wise man of our time!"

"Eloquent," the people call it.
"A head for you—
No harm befall it!"
"You hear, Reb Itze!"
"I heard it—Reb Pitze!"
"I saw the wisdom on his brow.
Heard the Law—as from Sinai.
Saw how he unlocks
The very Temple!"
"The depth of brain." "The flash of mind."
"Who is right? The driver? The horse?
Or is it the whip?"
"What a quip!"
A goblin leers.
Shows his tongue—and disappears . . . .
Crownéd goose!
Anointed booby!
We chant your praises to the realm—
A piece of glass becomes a ruby.
Yussel—
Yussel Luksh of Chelm!

III

Shnayim ohzin . . . .
Two hold
A praying-shawl . . . .
Once there's two, there's a brawl.
They are not able
To share God's legacy.

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Over a deal. Over a trade.
Over a coin. Over a maid.
Chelm's preoccupations . . . .
Shnayim ohzin . . . . Two hold
One chattel.
If there's two—you have a battle!

Therefore the sages—
(Silver and gold!)—
"Divide"—they say . . . .
A precious thought.
A world of wisdom in one word.
Wiser than Hillel—yet,
To the comprehension of a child.
You may learn it even as
You stand
On one foot.
Quick . . . as a gazelle. Or quicker—
As a gesture . . .
A lightning-flash . . . .
Divide. Why bicker?

Gather ye on a market-day,
With your crusts of trouble,
Your crumbs of joy . . . .
Your penny-bags of noble thought . . .
With your pretty wives, your slaves,
With your horses, with your mules,
Your capons, the fatted quail,
The fragrant spices, the rich drinks—
And—
Divide!

Consider it . . . . Here's a glut.
Here—a shrunken gut . . . .
Why rancor? Why do people hanker
For this man's wife, for that man's kine?
Because Simon has a lot
And Reuben has an empty pot . . . .
So the wise
Did devise
One word—a precious word.
Divide! Let it all be shared!

IV

To the world, it is a little tent.
To itself, Chelm is a town.
With an icon. A God.
A church. A hill.
A market place. A Jewish quarter.
Crooked houses—brick and mortar.

Ancient gates.
Alleys, lanes. Broken panes.
Tatters, rags, money-bags.
Women pure. Women prudish.
Women—
Loose and lewdish.

It's a town . . . .

Jewish men in wadded coats.
Wives
Over charcoal pots.
Onion-rolls. Honey-*teygel*.
Horse-beans.
Herring-barrels.
Kerosene. Healing-salves . . . .
Peasants in their homespun . . . . Calves.
Ducks. Ganders.
Butchers' apprentices.
Thieves. Priests.
Tumblers. Buffoons.
Holy men. Loons. Dreamy kids . . .
Dead. Demons.
Ghosts and ghouls . . . .
Fools?
Not a one.
I will give you a prize at once
If you find me a single dunce.
Not here.
Absent.

He is shrewd. He is shrewder.
He's the shrewdest of the shrewds.
Chelm is a scene of feuds.
Carnage.
Raps. Slaps . . . .
Palms are like boards!
They row over isms, over schisms.
Over things that are eternal.
Or an article in a journal.
Till they come to Yussel Luksh.
"Rabbi. You settle it.
Who is wise? Who is wiser?
You are the fellow with the upper story.
Why—of course—you are one of us.
Which party is correct?"

Yussel feels he is slaughtered.

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His throat is cut—
Without a knife.
Each side threatens.
His bit of poverty is involved . . .
His world. His comforts—
(Such comforts!)—
His here-and-now. His nibble of bread.
His dribble of grits . . .
All lie in the scales
Of his masters . . . .
Each bunch comes
With its cross-purposes.
His chores
Weigh on his shoulders like a hunch.

V

God has a job in this world.
Yussel, a job in Chelm.
But he is ready to keel over.
A hump-backed hovel.
An asthmatic chimney.
And the spouse that they have gotten him.
Not a woman, but a sword.
The eyes no eyes.
They are peepers. The breasts no breasts.
They are dried-out figs.
A mouth having no silence.
The words—
They are hot coals . . . .

Yussel Luksh—
Provider mine!
Just listen to his line:
He is right. He is right.
No blame. All are right.
Zionists.
Socialists.
Anarchists. Anti-Semists.
Tatatatars. And the Christs . . . .
Ain't no Yes. Ain't no No.
No Stop. No Go.
No black. No white . . . no day.
No night . . .
No blame.
All are right . . . .

He furtively puts on his torn cape.
Takes a clean shirt
And sneaks off to the bath.
Having washed away the dirt,
Yussel sits on the grass.

VI

The west is seamed with pieces of gold
And with pieces of fire.
A painter has begun
To lay his stencils on the sky.
All is still—
The stillness of wonder.
Ah, a pleasure . . . .
No one sees him. No one hears.
God alone harkens
How a man weeps.
Chelm's rabbi sobs.
He moans.
Life is short.
A day. A night.
I—the silliest fool—
A leader of fools—
Am tired.

I do not, Lord—
I do not understand Your Chelm.
But it is a pity—
A pity on each blade of grass.
The ant. The horse.
The water-carrier.
On the boor and the learned man.
The poor man.
The rich.
They know All. All of it.
A little?
God forbid!
Each man owns the key to Your granary. . . .
And they want.
They shout.
Compete . . . and fight . . . .
They hate. They love.
They strive.
They live.
A day—a night . . . .
Oh, a pity
On Your Chelm!

He is right. *He* is right.
I am right. You are right.
There is no black. Is no white.
No guilt.
All
Are right.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE BERGMANS' QUEENIE

"Pick Yourself Up; Do the Best You Can"

DONALD PANETH

SATURDAY night is going out night. And Queenie Jones puts on her best print dress and lipstick. She curls her hair, and paints her nails. Queenie Jones carries a navy-blue purse with a gold catch on Saturday night, and plays a social game of cards in a tiny, shabby apartment in Harlem. Queenie and her friends, fifteen or twenty, play a cheap game, for a nickel or dime: they're a social crowd, not a rough, gambling bunch; they're working people, out on Saturday night. They play poker and blackjack at crowded tables in every room until one in the morning or two. They talk, joke, smoke, and drink beer. Sometimes Queenie cooks a big Southern meal: corn bread, candied sweets, and fried chicken, and everyone eats with appetite. Queenie plays blackjack with skill —poker not so well—and sometimes she wins $15 or $20 in an evening. When she wins, she laughs, and her eyes roll, and her big body shakes, and she claps her hands.

Queenie is a steadfast Baptist; but she plays cards with equal enthusiasm and regularity. When she plays she is excited and absorbed, but careful. She won't lose more than $5 at once; that's her Saturday night limit. "My friends call me a Scotchman," she says, chuckling. "If my luck's bad, I quits." Once she won $90 in an evening. "I was so excited," she says, "I thought I'd die. I thought my heart would come out. Everybody stayed and tried to break me. But more they stayed, more I gained. Right away, I spent it. Gambling money doesn't stay with me. I buy things with it. Clothing or something for the house. It's a big help." Sometimes, Queenie wonders if card playing is reconcilable with chuchgoing; but she plays. "I do it mostly as a recreation," she says. "I look forward to Saturday night. I'm glad when it comes. After all, you can't work all your life, and have no fun."

Queenie is a housemaid who lives in Harlem and works on Central Park West. She is a short, heavy woman, forty-five years old. Her legs and arms and torso are thick; her bosom is broad; her face is black, cheerful, serene, and round, with large lips, a broad nose, and black curly hair; she speaks quickly but with a soft drawl. Her clothing is poor. She wears a blue polka dot dress, black cloth coat, black felt hat, black flat shoes, lisle stockings, and two trinkets, a little silver bracelet and a thin silver wedding band. Queenie moves slowly and ponderously—she weighs two hundred and forty pounds—but her size doesn't seriously impede her. "I got hard fat," she says. "Muscle. It doesn't keep me down. I'm active. I can bend, and reach, and climb up on the chandelier."

She busies herself day and night. She works six days a week for a family she has known since she came North from Virginia in 1927. She dusts, washes, irons, and cooks with energy; and one evening a week, when

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THIS portrait of Queenie, who lives in Harlem and works on Central Park West, is the third of DONALD PANETH's sketches of New York life to appear in our pages; the earlier ones, "I Cash Clothes!" and "Bronx Housewife," were published in our issues of June 1950 and February 1951. Mr. Paneth was born in New York City in 1927 and attended City College and Columbia University. He was for several years a reporter on the city staff of the New York *Times;* at present he is completing a book about New York City today.

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there are guests, she serves dinner. "I keep the house," she says. "I give a good moving out, and clean and shine the silver, and scrub and wax the kitchen floor." She earns a meager living, $34 a week. "I like to make an honest living," she says. "I wouldn't sponge on relief. I don't wear too fancy clothes, and I haven't any diamonds or fur coats, but I make out. It doesn't take too much. I don't smoke and I don't drink." When food prices go up Queenie eats more vegetables. "They're cheap and good," she says. When she needs a winter coat, once every five years, she pays one-third down, and the remainder in small monthly installments. "I have a good charge account," she says. "My record's all clear." When the family for whom she works buys a new radio, or toaster, or clock, she gets the old model. And any week she needs some extra cash she asks for a few dollars more.

Queenie lives alone in a small three-room Harlem flat; she has been separated from her husband, John Peters, nineteen years. "We didn't make a go of it," she says. "Which I'm not ashamed to say. So much of it's going on." At night Queenie deliberately occupies herself; she walks, and buys a dozen roses from a peddler for a quarter, or sees a movie, or listens to the radio, or washes and irons for herself. Frequently she goes to bed early. "It's best to be busy," she says. "This is New York. A fast place, with bright lights. So many things tempt you. Somebody comes by in a car and toots the horn at you. Wanna get in, honey? Wanna good time, baby? Tangle with a bad bunch and they don't let you get away from them. They *make* you stay." At work or off, Queenie is cheerful and friendly. She is talkative, and she laughs easily—her laugh is deep and bountiful and free—and she is seldom depressed. "I have very few sad days," she says. "I don't let them stay with me. Of course, I have aches and pains. Well, who doesn't? I get busy, and go out. I don't believe in feeling sad. I don't believe in worrying. I don't sit and pull my hair and get gray. I don't figure it gets you any place."

QUEENIE is religious, and on Sunday she goes to church. The Baptist service begins at eleven, and she sings, and prays, contributes a dime to the weekly collection, and listens attentively to the pastor's sermon. "That's the important part," she says. "He speaks from the Bible and explains it to you. And brings in a little joke—to wake you up." At church Queenie enjoys singing jubilees—"Abide with Me," "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," "Oh, When I Come to the End of My Journey." "A lot of the time," Queenie says, "good music is better than speakers. Music is lively. I get happy from a jubilee, and cry. I feel good." On the month's first Sunday, Queenie gives her testimony, a vocal declaration of faith. Some in the congregation rise, shout, wave their arms, leave their seats, and run up and down the aisle. But Queenie is quiet: she doesn't shout or run. "I feel the spirit," she says. "It hits me. I thank God for sparing me to see another first Sunday, for letting me live so many years, and for my finances. But I don't shout it out. I believe in living it, not talking it. But you get some sinner who doesn't know God and who wants to be saved. He'll get excited and go on and on and on till it's closing time." But, though Queenie is religious, she isn't devout. "You have to get religion," she says. "You have to believe if you want to be saved. I believe. I believe there's a God. I believe there's a Heaven. But I'm not sure about Hell. I don't think God would let you burn; I think they say it to make you be good. Anyway I wouldn't go to Hell; I'm not doing anything. I'll go to Heaven. Heaven is a resting place for your spirit when you die. Your body goes in the ground, but your spirit floats around. It wanders uptown, downtown, or in this apartment. I often hear things in here. That's my father—God bless the dead—walking softly. I can't see him and I know he'd never let me see him. So I don't get frightened." The church service on Sunday is over at two. And as her pastor pronounces the benediction, Queenie raises her right hand as if to hail the Lord. "Amen," she says softly.

Queenie, who is inexcitable, meets racial prejudice with some resignation, disregard, and some resentment. She votes resolutely for Democrats each November, but signs no petitions, attends no meetings, distributes no literature, belongs to no anti-discrimination groups. "I take a back seat," she says. "Read about it in the paper like a million others. I never had time for agitating. I had to work. In the South I didn't even vote. Didn't

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bother with it. But, when I came North my friends got after me. 'Why don't you vote?' they said. I started in '32, for Roosevelt. It was a good thing to do. Roosevelt was a good man; he helped the colored people." To some extent, Queenie accepts Jim Crow as a condition of life. "My mother—God bless the dead—took it like I do," she says. "Whatever is just is. Down South you're sectioned off. You can't eat in any restaurant, or go in any movie, and you have to go in back of the bus. Some colored people would start a riot. But it doesn't bother me. I figure I'm as good as anybody. So I take it easy. I go ahead and do what I'm supposed to." But she reacts angrily when she hears a white person use the word "nigger." "I don't like that name," she says. "I get sore when I hear it. Call me a skunk or a bum, Negro or colored. But not that; it hurts." The existence of prejudice itself bewilders her. "Those people," she says. "You can't do anything with them. I wouldn't say they was crazy, but I wouldn't say they was very bright. That's in them strong—from their parents. I can't figure why they let us clean or wash or cook for them. And my mother told me this story. Back in slavery time, on one plantation, the white man's wife had a baby. But she didn't have enough milk. Well, a slave had just had a child and she nursed the white baby for seven months; her *milk* was good enough. That's why it's a puzzle to me."

She feels it will be a long time before the Negro is accepted, equal, and free. "It's such a slow thing," she says. "I won't see it." Until then, she believes the Negro must work and strive with faith. "One Saturday night," she says, "I was at a party. There was a young kid. He married at twenty, and right away his wife had children. 'Congratulations on your second child,' I said. 'Why?' he said. 'No colored people are born for good luck.' 'G'wan,' I said. 'If you have your health you're lucky. Don't be down on life. Pick yourself up; go out and work; do the best you can.'"

QUEENIE JONES works on Central Park West for Mrs. Henry Bergman, and for her oldest son, Robert. Mrs. Bergman is a tall, stout, gray lady with a direct manner. Her husband, a moderately successful lawyer, died twelve years ago; she lives with her unmarried sons, Richard, twenty-eight, and Howard, twenty-three, in a large, sunny four-room apartment overlooking the park. Robert, who is a lawyer, was married two years ago to a young music teacher; they live several blocks away, in three rooms. Queenie works on alternate days for Robert and his mother, and she has a key to each apartment. "If they're home or not home," she says, "I walk in. Whatever they want done I'm willing to do, and I do it. That's the way we get along." Queenie likes housework. "I like cooking," she says, "and I like keeping things clean. I didn't go too far in school. So I have to do house or factory work. And I don't like factory work."

In the family, Queenie is a godmother rather than a maid. She helped raise three boys, and she has a deep affection for them, which they return; she carries snapshots of them in her purse. Howard seeks her in the kitchen. "He complains to me," she says. "I'm his wailing wall. He doesn't like his job; he wants a better job. He doesn't like New York; he wants to go to California." Richard is her closest pal. Like Queenie, he is large, cheerful, and good-natured. They talk for hours; and Queenie speaks openly with him. During the war, when he was a radio operator in the merchant marine, he brought her gifts—handkerchiefs, fans, coins, perfume—from every port; she still displays them to her friends with delight and pride. But, Queenie was a reluctant guest at Robert's wedding. "I was a little shy of his wife's family," she says. "I didn't know how they felt about colored people. If they'd like me coming." Without misgivings, she felt it was her *duty*, no questions asked, to work for the young couple. "To get them started," she says.

Queenie regards Mrs. Bergman as a sister, an older sister, and adopts many of her attitudes as a younger girl might. One summer Mr. Bergman rented a house in the country for himself, his wife, and his sons; Queenie went with them. Soon after their arrival Mrs. Bergman remarked to Queenie that she didn't like her neighbors; they were too boisterous. A week later Mrs. Bergman suggested to Queenie that she make friends with some of the maids in the neighborhood, so her evenings would be less lonely. Queenie declined. "The girls up here," she said, "are not my type." When Mrs. Bergman feels ill

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Queenie often complains in an hour of the identical symptoms. But when Mrs. Bergman takes to bed Queenie cares for her, and refuses to accept any extra money. "Are you trying to insult me? If your friends were doing it would they take it?" Queenie is intensely loyal to Mrs. Bergman and the family. At one time Mrs. Bergman told her that she couldn't keep on paying her as much, and perhaps she ought to find a better position. "How much can you pay?" Queenie said. Mrs. Bergman named an exceedingly low figure. "That's O. K.," Queenie said. "I don't want no one taking my job away."

Queenie is self-assured in Mrs. Bergman's house. If Mrs. Bergman rearranges the furniture, Queenie changes it back. "I'm set in my ways," she says. When Mrs. Bergman's friends phone Queenie speaks with them. "How are you?" she says. "How's the family?" If Mrs. Bergman answers the phone Queenie shuts the water tap in the kitchen to listen. "She wants to know everything that goes on," Mrs. Bergman says. And when her friends visit they always chat a few minutes in the kitchen with Queenie. "If they don't," Mrs. Bergman says, "Queenie resents it." Once Mrs. Bergman was giving a dinner party for sixteen, and she felt tired. It was a lovely day and Robert suggested a drive in the country. Queenie urged her to go. "You'll be back in time," she said. They went driving, turned back late, and reached home only moments before the first guest. "Oh my God," Queenie said. "Was I worried. But I was gonna entertain them. I was rehearsing what I'd say." And yet, despite her aplomb, Queenie is an obsequious servant at dinner parties; and she won't eat with white people. Once Mrs. Bergman said to her, "Sit down and have lunch with me." But Queenie wouldn't. On another occasion Mrs. Bergman went to supper at a neighbor's; a friend phoned, and Queenie came to give her the message, and the hostess, who had liberal convictions, asked Queenie to stay for supper. "Queenie sat down," Mrs. Bergman says, "had a mouthful, and almost choked. Then she said she wasn't hungry, and left. Later, she told me she doesn't like that to happen. It embarrasses her."

On weekdays, at five o'clock, Queenie takes the subway home. She lives four blocks north of 125th Street, Harlem's main stem. The street she lives on is littered, crowded, noisy. A row of shabby five-story red brick tenements, with low gray stoops and black fire escapes, dominates it. An empty lot, where a tenement once stood, is near the corner; the tenement burned to the ground six years ago, and the lot is now heavy with cinders, empty beer cans, and twisted pieces of rusty metal. Garbage lies in the gutter and a cat scavenges. The Oberdorfer Cut Rate All Night Drug Store is on one corner; Harvey's (All Systems) Beauty Parlor and West's Fixit Shop are in the middle of the block. Men loiter on the stoops of the tenements; they talk and smoke. Women watch the street from the windows. School children run and shout and skip rope. Queenie lives in one of the tenements. The entrance is dark; the hallways and staircase are narrow; a single uncovered light bulb illuminates each floor. "I'm one flight up," Queenie says. "Not too many stairs to pull." Her rear apartment is tiny, twenty-three feet by nine. This space is divided into bedroom, living room, kitchen, and bathroom. A double bed and two chests are wedged into the bedroom; Queenie can't open one chest without moving the bed. A sofa, two chairs, a table with a radio, and an incongruously ornamental china closet are in the living room; a blue rectangle with silver letters, "God Bless Our Home," hangs above the sofa. Queenie cooks in the small kitchen, and eats on a bridge table, which she opens in the living room. The bathroom contains sink, toilet, and shower—no bath. An air shaft in the bedroom and a window in the kitchen ventilate the flat. Her rent is $28 a month. "I don't like it much," she says. "The rent's too high, and the apartment's too small. It used to be five rooms, but the landlord cut them up in '38. So he'd make more money. And the mice come. They annoy me sometimes. I get so mad; just when someone come in they start running across the living room. Let you know they're here. I'd like to get into a housing project."

Queenie eats at six. "I eat the ordinarily good food," she says. "In fact I eat very good. I eat too much, I nibbles all day. You can see it." For supper she eats vegetables, or fish, or poultry, but little meat. "I'm almost a vegetarian," she says. "Like G. B. Shaw. That's why he live so long."

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After supper Queenie listens to the radio. "Any story on the radio," she says, "I know it." And reads the *Daily News* or magazines she brings home from Mrs. Bergman's: *Life, Ladies' Home Journal, House Beautiful.* Twice a week she goes to a movie. "That's my hobby," she says. "Nice pictures. Family life or detective stories. No cowboy stuff." On other weekday evenings her friends drop by. "On Sunday," she says, "my friends can never catch me home. I pull six notes out of the door on Sunday. I get a kick out of that. It's a nice feeling that they want to come." Her friends are factory workers, hospital orderlies, elevator operators, housekeepers. "Steady working people," she says. "Like me. I like nice, good people, but I don't hate the bad. I try to figure why they're bad. Must be a reason everyone's not good." Allan Stubbs, a tall, slim, quiet man, is one of Queenie's best friends; he takes her to the movies. Queenie met Allan, who is a garage mechanic, at a card party four years ago. "Allan drinks a little," Queenie says. "Not too much. And goes to church once in a while." On Saturday night Queenie and Allan play cards, and on Sunday, after church, they go for a walk or a drive in his car. Allan gives Queenie little trouble—though one night he got drunk and tied up traffic at Lenox Avenue and 125th Street. Two policemen brought him to Queenie's apartment. "I opened the door," she says, "and all I saw was buttons, with Allan between them. A white cop and a colored cop. They put Allan down, and the white cop started to leave. But not the colored cop. 'You should hang out with a better class,' he said. 'Allan's a garage mechanic,' I said. 'Maybe he got that way from the gasoline.' But he wasn't buying that, and he bawled me out."

Sometimes, in her leisure, Queenie goes to a funeral or a revival meeting, or plays a number. Queenie has one girl friend, who periodically says to her, "Some big shot died, let's go to the funeral." Queenie accompanies her to be agreeable rather than to witness the spectacle. "My friend just craves for a funeral," Queenie says. "I don't go for that curiosity. She say, 'Well, you have to die some day.' I say, 'I don't know nothing about it.'" When Queenie goes to a funeral she refuses to look at the corpse. "I don't like to look at the dead," she says. "I like to remember them alive. If I look, I look on them forever. The memory never goes." Until recently Queenie feared the dead. "I know you can't move or harm me when you're dead," she says. "But I couldn't get used to it. When I was little my mother bathed and clothed the dead; there was no undertaker. She'd leave me and my sister alone in the night. It was dark in the country, and we'd be scared; we'd huddle up together, and we wouldn't sleep. I think that's why I was afraid. Two years ago the husband of a friend of mine died—God bless the dead. I liked them very much. 'Go and touch him,' his wife said. 'Then you won't be scared.' So I did. I felt his forehead and it was cold and stiff, my friend. But I wasn't scared no more; I believed the sign."

Queenie is more skeptical of revival meetings than of funerals. The two last summers a revivalist from Chicago has set up his tent in an empty lot near 125th Street, and once or twice Queenie has gone to hear him. "I don't believe in them prophets," she says. "The Bible warns against false prophets. Not to be fooled or persuaded by them. They tell you they can heal the sick with prayers. But I don't believe that. Nobody can be healed that way. Or they give you a money-blessing. You come up, touch the cross, and lay your money—$1 or $5—down. They take the money and anoint your head. Then, you're gonna be lucky. A success in business. You're gonna hit the number. Oh I hate to see that! It's a racket; they oughta drive them out of town."

At intervals Queenie plays a number. She bets a penny or a nickel on a three-digit number at a grocery or candy store in Harlem, or a numbers runner stops at her apartment. "Dream something last night?" he says. "Wanna bet on it?" Queenie won once; she put a nickel on 945, and won $30. "I almost had a heart attack," she says. "It's awful hard to win." She says number-playing, like money-blessing, is a racket. "It's all gangsters," she says, "who ride around in fine cars. If one number's played heavy they change it; if it's 304 they make it 340. And if a person puts $1 or $2 on a number and wins, they don't pay off. Fifty cents or under, they pay." Still Queenie regards number-playing as a good way to supplement her income, if she's lucky. "What do I have to

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lose for a nickel?" she says. "I don't make it a habit. I wouldn't put my earnings on it. It's a little extry money, and colored people don't make too much."

As far back as Queenie knows, her people have been poor. Her great-grandparents were slaves. Her grandparents were small farmers. "Just plain people," she says. "They didn't do nothing much." Queenie was born in 1905, near Lawrenceville, Virginia, a tiny, dusty farming community with a few frame houses, a Baptist church, a one-room schoolhouse, and three stores. Her parents were Elizabeth and Wylie Jones; she was baptized Queen Esther Jones, after the Biblical heroine, but everyone called her Queenie. Her mother was a quiet, generous, religious woman; her father was a heavy-set, easygoing man, a barber who worked in Suffolk, a town of 10,000 eighty miles from Lawrenceville, and came home every second weekend. "He didn't want to be a little farmer," Queenie says. "The little farmer is always in debt. Never gets anywhere." Queenie, her younger sister Mary, and mother and father lived three miles from town, in a small house. "It wasn't a log house," she says. "The outside was boards. Inside was plastering." The house stood on two acres; beyond them was an uncle's farm of fifty acres, which grew corn, cotton, and tobacco. A narrow dirt road twisted past the Jones's flower garden to the adjacent farm, where it rejoined a wider, longer dirt road that went to Lawrenceville.

Queenie was a plump, bright, helpful child. She enjoyed going to church and Bible reading; she liked to stay with the sick; she played dolls and tag with her four cousins, who lived next door. She started grade school when she was seven. The school, for Negro children alone, stood near the church in Lawrenceville, and went as far as the fourth grade. "First grade lasted till you learned something," Queenie says. "I liked it. I liked to learn, and I wanted to be smart." She studied arithmetic, grammar, history, and spelling. "I liked spelling best," she says. "I could learn that." While still a tot she worked on neighboring farms at harvest time. White farmers with many acres would recruit workers for the harvest. Men and women would gather tobacco leaves, and children would tie the leaves together for drying; she earned thirty cents a day. "The white people lived a mile away," she says. "We got along." There would only be trouble when a chicken or hog was stolen from a white farmer. "The white people had more chickens and more hogs," she says. "They had more of everything. Naturally. Well, late at night some colored people would go out and steal a chicken. Then they'd try to track down the thief. There'd be some fuss."

After fourth grade Queenie went to a larger school in another town. Each morning she and half a dozen other kids rode to school in a neighbor's Ford. "It was a big, tall building," she says. "Three floors. A lot more kids and a nice green lawn with hedges." In fifth and sixth grade, Queenie studied fractions—"I didn't know too much about that"—and sewing; she was quite a good sewer, and once won first prize, a green and yellow ribbon, in a school contest. When she was twelve, and had finished the sixth grade, Queenie dropped out of school. "At that time," she says, "you had to pay to go further. We weren't able to pay." From twelve to seventeen Queenie worked on Negro farms in and about Lawrenceville. "I helped the neighbors," she says. "Cleaned and cooked. I wasn't allowed to go to *anybody's* house. I went to church people like my family. Poor people trying to make a living. We all belong to the same lodge, the Household Roof. When you got sick the lodge give you money, and when you died the lodge bury you." As a farm helper, she earned fifty cents a day. "Those were my best days," she says. "It wasn't hard. I didn't realize it then, but I was happy. It didn't run across my mind that I'd have to work, or that I'd be in New York. I never had that idea."

When Queenie was sixteen her father came home from Suffolk, too ill to work. For a year her mother struggled along and then, in 1922, Queenie went into service. "Wasn't any money coming in," she says. "I wanted to help." A cousin who cooked for a family in Richmond wrote to offer Queenie her job; she herself was going North. Queenie asked her parents, and they said it was all right. So she left for Richmond one clear October day, getting up at five in the morning and packing three dresses, underclothes, and an extra pair of shoes in her father's battered black suitcase. Her mother made

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her lunch: fried chicken, sweet potato pie, and biscuits; her father gave her his gold watch. "It was a fine watch," Queenie says. "Pure gold. It had been handed down. It was older than I am now." Her mother said to her: "Don't go in bad places—like beer gardens—and don't get in bad company." Her father said: "You don't have to worry about Queenie." Then Queenie and her father left for the railroad station in Alberta, a nearby town of 400. "Some friends came in a car," Queenie says. "I was excited to leave. I was scared and anxious. Wondering how I'd get along. What the family would be like? If I'd suit them? Whether I could do the work?"

Queenie already knew the small station in Alberta. On Sundays she and her friends often went there to watch the trains pass by. They would wave, and when a train stopped Queenie would speak to the passengers she knew. "They'd tell us about New York," she says. "Coney Island, the nice clothes, the good wages. So we'd say, 'Some day, I'm gonna go up North, and see for myself.'" Now the train came, and Queenie with lunch and suitcase got aboard, waved goodbye to her father and her friends, and found a seat in the Negroes' car.

QUEENIE worked in Richmond for the Ernest Bradfords. They were well-to-do and lived with two young daughters in a nine-room colonial house in a suburb. They had three servants: a cook, chambermaid, and butler, all Negroes. Queenie was the cook and she had a large room on the second floor. "I had a private bath," she says. "Naturally, it was no compliment." Queenie wore a uniform, a black dress with white apron and white cap, and cooked three meals daily, shined the silver—"They used a lot of silver," she says. "Everything was silver"—set the table, and washed tablecloths and napkins. She was diligent, efficient, and loyal—for $8 a week. "I liked it good," she says. "The work wasn't hard, though they got service out of you. They didn't do nothing for themselves." The chambermaid cleaned, washed, and ironed; the butler answered doorbells and served dinner. "At night," she says, "the butler would wash up, shine up, and slick back his hair. He'd put on his black pants and white jacket, and serve." After dinner the three of them would do the dishes, and then eat.

Queenie worked six days a week. On Sunday she would go to church, and then to a movie, a dance, or a friend's house; now and then, she would travel home for a day's visit. The careful routine was shattered only once, when the butler quit. "He was bitter," Queenie says. "Sour all day. He didn't like the Bradfords. He thought they were mean to him because he was colored. He had to eat in the kitchen, and he had to bathe before serving dinner. 'I don't smell,' he used to say." One summer day, while mowing the lawn, he had an argument with Mrs. Bradford, asked for his money, and left. "He'll come back," Mrs. Bradford said. "He did," Queenie says. "In September, and asked for his job. She was nice: she gave it to him, and he didn't mention his bitterness no more." Mrs. Bradford was friendly with Queenie. Soon after her arrival she informed Queenie, "I'm going to look after you." She urged Queenie to get plenty of sleep and save her money. Sometimes she would ask Queenie about her family, and sometimes she would buy her a dress at a department store sale. Once Queenie had a toothache, and Mrs. Bradford took her to a Negro dentist. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford traveled frequently, and left Queenie to run the house. "When they went away," she says, "it was an easy time. We'd ask our friends over and cook for ourselves." Once the Bradfords returned unexpectedly, as Queenie, the maid, and the butler were about to eat a Southern Negro specialty—corn bread and beans. "It was a rare dish for us," Queenie says. "Mr. Bradford came in the kitchen, and said, 'Gee, that looks good.' He took a soup plate with corn bread and beans, and sat right down to eat with us. We were so mad. We were just getting ready to enjoy ourselves."

When Queenie was twenty-two, after five years in Richmond, she decided to migrate to New York. "I had heard about it," she says. "I wanted to come." She had an ambition. "I wanted to be a beautician," she says. "Hair oiling, curling, and dressing. I wanted to make people beautiful. I think your hair is as important as your clothes. It's an improvement for your face." Queenie went to a Richmond employment agency that engaged girls for Northern employers.

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"I want to go to New York," she said. "Anybody want a girl?" She was hired to work in Brooklyn for Mrs. Henry Bergman. She traveled from Norfolk by steamboat, and arrived in New York in June 1927.

In Brooklyn Queenie took the place of Susanna Brown, who had worked ten years for Mrs. Bergman. Susanna, the widow of a Chinese seaman, had come from Trinidad. "She was old," Mrs. Bergman says, "and she wanted to go home." Queenie lived with the Bergmans in a seven-room apartment, as Susanna had. She cleaned, shopped, cooked, and helped care for Mrs. Bergman's three sons. She took them to the park after school; on Saturday afternoons they went to the movies; and when the fleet was in they visited the battleships. Queenie liked the boys. "You love them," she says, "when you take care of them every day and stay around them so long. They were like my own kids." And she liked New York. "I had to get used to the hustle," she says, "the excitement and bright lights. But it didn't take me long. I didn't miss the South. New York was better. And anytime you can better yourself, you should."

Queenie met John Peters, a tall, handsome, good-natured man who worked as a porter in a nearby apartment house, and soon after, in 1930, they married. Queenie quit work, they moved to Harlem, and the next year, a daughter, Constance, was born. Then, John Peters began to drink heavily. "He'd get happy," Queenie says, "and spend all his pay. He wasn't cruel or brutal: he didn't beat me. But he'd come home sloppy drunk. I talked seriously with him, but he didn't stop. So I said, 'Either you get out, or I get out.' 'Oh,' he said, 'you keep the place.' And he got out." That was in 1932. "I thought he might get over the drinking business if we separated." Occasionally Queenie and he would meet; sometimes they would go to parties together but she wouldn't let him take her home. "He might want to stay," she says. Despite her hopes, he continued to drink, and finally she moved to a new address without telling him. She returned to work. "I worked four or five hours a day," she says. "No more. I'd leave Connie with neighbors." In 1934 she sent Constance South to live with an aunt; Queenie wanted to work full time, and she felt too that New York wasn't a desirable place to raise her daughter. "I didn't want to go to work with her on my mind," she says. "I couldn't tie her to the bedpost; kids need air. But in the streets they see and hear too much. They get wise. If it's in the kids not to do it, they won't. But some kids can be persuaded easy. 'Ah, c'mon, your mother won't know.' I'm a little old-fashioned that way; I was brought up strict. I didn't like being separated from her. But, I said I know it's for the best." Today her daughter is a pretty young woman of twenty, a student nurse in a Richmond hospital. "She looks like her father," Queenie says. "He didn't have a broad nose either." Queenie sees her twice a year, when she goes home to visit at Easter and Christmas.

When Queenie decided to go back to work she looked for Mrs. Bergman at her old address. But she had moved, no one knew where. Then Queenie took jobs, which were scarce, as they came; she worked each day for a different housewife. "A girl would say to me, 'Maybe you want to work in my place today.' Once, I was full up for the whole week." The women for whom she worked liked her and often recommended her to their friends. "And it went on and on," she says. "I always found work. It was tough but I didn't get on the breadline. I didn't get on that relief." And she didn't have to frequent the "slave market" in the Bronx, where maids stood dejectedly on street corners at 9 AM, awaiting housewives who would more or less bid for them. But once or twice she couldn't pay her rent and had to hold a "house rent" party, the custom in Harlem during the depression. She would fry chicken, and mix drinks. "My friends would come," she says, "and pay a lot for the food and drinks." When one of her friends needed assistance Queenie would go to her house rent party. In 1936 her sister Mary, five years younger, came to live with her and paid half the rent; she too was separated from her husband. They lived together until 1945, when Mary moved to a furnished room in the Bronx. "I like to sleep with the light on," Queenie says. "Mary doesn't. She'd wake up and get mad. 'Put out that light,' she'd say. But I was too lazy to move. 'Get up and put it out yourself,' I'd say."

Queenie found a steady job in 1937. She

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went to clean and cook for an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Samuels, who lived on West End Avenue. A year later Mrs. Samuels, who was seventy-two, died, but her husband, who refused to live with his children, kept the apartment. "They had twin beds," Queenie says, "and he slept right there for two years. If I'd been him I'd have got rid of her bed. But he used to cry and talk about her a lot. He had too many memories." One day in 1940, while riding a cross-town bus, Queenie noticed a woman who looked familiar. "I went over," she says, "and I touched her on the back. 'Mrs. Bergman,' I said. Well, we had such a reunion, everyone was amazed. Everyone stared and wondered what it was all about. Finally we calmed down. She said she'd been living in a hotel since '32, but now she had an apartment. She didn't have a girl, and she wanted me." Thereafter, for six months, Queenie worked mornings for Mrs. Bergman and afternoons for Mr. Samuels. Then one weekend Mr. Samuels fell sick with pneumonia, and died in three days. Queenie went to work full time for Mrs. Bergman. That was ten years ago. "I'm lucky," Queenie says now. "I'm lucky in health and strength; knock on wood, I never miss a day. I'm lucky I always make enough to depend on myself. And I'm lucky with people liking me; if I don't see my friends in a week they come around."

Twenty years ago Queenie relinquished her first ambition—to be a beautician; her husband had objected. But she acquired another one. "My next ambition," she says, "was to open a restaurant. A small, regular restaurant. I would've cooked and made it good so I would've had a big trade. But it cost too much, $3,000 or $4,000." Now, she wants to work and save for her old age. "I'm getting old," she says. "For a long time I didn't accept getting old. When I was younger I'd think about old people. Old people who didn't have too much, who had to be always on the go, go, go. I'd see a lady with gray hair on the bus in the morning and I'd say that if she was my mother I'd work day and night so she wouldn't have to. Now I don't think so much." She intends to work as long as she can. "I'm gonna save up all I can," she says. "I have quite a few years until I get really old and can't work." When Richard marries she wants to clean, iron, and cook for him. "I got Robert started," she says. "I have to get Dick started."

Queenie owns a little place in the South, the house and two acres where she was born —her father left it to her—and to which she could retire if she wished. But she doesn't intend to return home; she likes the North. "I wouldn't go back," she says. "All that's out of my mind. I couldn't get used to it." Some time ago a friend drove her down to Richmond in a large, shiny new car. "As we drove through," she says, "the colored people came out to look at us. We were the rich Negroes from the North. I felt sorry for how they dressed and lived down South. In Harlem I don't live well either. But I dress better; I keep up my looks." She actually dislikes Harlem. "The way some colored people go," she says, "and dress and are so rough. They come up North and treatment is better. They figure they're smart, and get in bad. But sooner or later all the bad people will vacate. Those fiery Puerto Ricans, who'd just as soon take a knife and cut your head off. Those West Indians, who make plenty of money, and live in one room, on fish heads. Save all their money to open a store. *We* wouldn't live that way." Queenie says that Harlem is comparatively safe for white people at night. "You want to go and visit a friend?" she says. "Perfectly safe. You hear a lot, and a lot happens. But, they don't pick on every white person. Mind your own business and don't go in the night clubs and get drunk and try to mix. They leave you alone."

Queenie would like to get an apartment in a Harlem housing project. She enjoys walking past those that are already up, and speculating. "When Allan and me takes a walk," she says, "I say, 'Let's go and look at the nice houses.' At night the lights are on, and it looks so good. Oh my God, I wish I lived in there! It looks so quiet. No rats. No P. D.'s [Police Department officers] running through. I'd like a three-room apartment with a real living room. My rent would be the same, wouldn't it? I wouldn't want to pay over $30 a month. I don't believe in paying out all my money in rent. But I wouldn't mind waiting. I got a lot of patience and I wouldn't mind waiting for something good."

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

SONGS OF THE DEATH CAMPS

A Selection with Commentary

JOSEPH LEFTWICH

AMONG the most poignant relics of the European catastrophe are the literary remains of the men and women who lived and died in the Nazi concentration and extermination camps: the poems and songs in which they express their sense of their situation. Not often on a high literary level, these poems have an immediacy of impact that goes beyond the borders of art.

JOSEPH LEFTWICH, who here presents and discusses a few examples of this literature of the doomed, is a well-known British Jewish journalist, historian, and litterateur; he has contributed innumerable articles to scholarly and general publications, and his books include *Yisroel, What Will Happen to the Jews?* and *Along the Years*, a volume of poetry.—ED.

READING the wealth of poetry that was composed in the death camps, the Yiddish poet A. Glanz-Leyeless asks, "How could these people write poetry? How could they think of rhythm, rhyme, meter?"

"These poems," he writes, "force us to face the whole problem of the function of art, of poetry. Suffering, torture, death are rhythmic, metrical, and the desire of poetic expression is the conquest of death. The writing of poems and songs in the ghettos was a comfort and a consolation. The poets felt, even at the threshold of death, that their words would survive and would one day reach the world." So, too, Ian Parsons, in the foreword to his anthology of modern English poetry, speaks of the effect of war upon poetry: "When the future is foreshortened," he says, "the value of existence is enhanced a thousandfold."

Soon after the end of the war, in Sweden, I first heard the songs of the death camps and the ghettos actually sung by groups of those who had survived. I had read the songs before, in books and magazines, but here I *heard* them, as they had been heard and sung by so many people now dead. In a train approaching Stockholm, a group sang Gebirtig's "It is burning, brothers, our poor little town is burning." It was more than a song: it was a chant, a solemn humming, a muttering with bated breath. These people had seen their town burning. They knew what the song meant.

We are still too near the tragedy to judge or want to judge the poems strictly as poetry. Few of the writers were poets. Few had ever thought they would one day put their most intense thoughts and feelings into rhyme and rhythm. The poems are mostly simple, poignant verses, some of them straightforward narrative, stark descriptions of what had happened: "News Story," as one of the poems is aptly entitled. "How It Started" is the title of another poem. And there is "The Funeral":

Their coffin – the oven of the crematorium.
The face of the epoch stood sharp in the air–
Like the smoke of the human bones
These lives were blown away on the wind of history.

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(Die trune—der oivn fun der krematorie.
S'hot sharf durch die luftn gekukt die
epoke—
Azoi vie der roich fun die mentshliche
knochn,
Die lebns tseveite in vint fun historie.)

The quality of these poems is that of folk literature or folk ballad. Even the worst of them are not so bad as the average run of bad war poetry, for they were born out of experience. The writer of "The Funeral" himself perished in the oven of the crematorium which he had described as his coffin.

I HAVE mentioned Mordecai Gebirtig, who wrote "Our Poor Little Town Is Burning." Gebirtig was a Yiddish folk poet who lived in Cracow. When the Germans came to Cracow they put him into the ghetto there, and in 1942 they shot him. A few days before he was shot, he wrote "In the Ghetto":

Like the steps of footsore armies
Through sandy desert ways,
In the ghetto drag our sleepless nights,
And our weary days.

The hours are heavier than lead.
The minutes filled with fear.
We pray the day should end,
And the night disappear.

We do not sleep. We listen.
Dreadful thoughts pass through our head.
Whose lot will it be tonight,
Who tomorrow will be dead?

We lie awake and shudder
At the sound of a creaking door.
And the heart goes cold when a hungry
mouse
Scurries across the floor.

So we lie awake all night and think,
Full of dread and fright.
Thus we pass our weary days
And our sleepless nights.

(Gleich vie die trit oif a zamdiken veg
Fun machnos farmaterte knecht
Tsien in ghetto zich undzere teg
Undzere shlofloze necht.

Tsien die sho'en zich shverer vie blei,
Minuten ful mit aimo un shrek.
Bet men, der tog zol chotch zein farbei
Die nacht zol b'sholom avek.

Shloft men nisht gor, nor men horcht un
men vacht,
Falt epes shrekleches ein.
Oif vemen vet falen der goirel die nacht
Zaiers a korben tsu zein . . .?

Ligt men azoi un die aimo iz grois
Herendik skripen a tir.
Tsitert dos harts, ven fun hunger a moiz
Grizhet a shtikel papir.

Un azoi ligt men, in aimo un shrek,
Geyogt un derniderikt vie knecht
Un azoi tsien zich undzere teg
Undzere shlofloze necht.)

Not all waited passively till the Germans picked them out to be shot. There was Avraham Sutskever, now living in Israel, who helped to organize the work of the underground in the Vilna ghetto and later broke out of the ghetto to become a partisan leader. Among other achievements, he rescued large numbers of old manuscripts, books, paintings, and historical records from the Vilna libraries and museums. After the Germans captured Vilna, Sutskever and his partisans raided the Rom printing works—the most famous Hebrew publishing house in the world, which had been in uninterrupted operation in Vilna since 1789—and melted down the old Hebrew type for bullets. Sutskever wrote a poem about it:

Like groping fingers through gratings,
We reached out through the night
To take the plates of Rom's printing press.
We dreamers must now become soldiers,
Melting words into bullets of lead.

Those who saw in the ghetto

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Jews with bullets and cannon balls,
Saw Jerusalem struggling,
Saw the fall of the granite walls.
And they grasped the sense of words molten in lead.

(Mir hoben vie finger gestirkte durch graten
Tzu fangen die lichtige luft fun der frei,
Durch nacht sich getzoigen tzu nemen die platten
Die bleiene platten fun Rom's drukerei.
Mir, troimer, badarfen itst veren soldaten
Un shmeltsen oif koilen dem geist fun 'em blei.

Un ver s'hot in ghetto gezen dos klai-zeien
Farklemt in heldishe yidishe hent—
Gezen hot er ranglen zich Yerusholayim
Dos falen fun yene granitene vent.
Farnumen die verter, farshmoltsen in bleien;
Un zaiere shtimen in hartsen derkent.)

THE songs sung in the ghettos and the camps were not only those that had been composed there. The prisoners found consolation also in singing the songs they carried in their memories, older songs by Bialik and Reisin, by Leivik and Itzik Manger. When Manger was in Poland in April 1948 at the unveiling of the Warsaw ghetto memorial, he was told on all sides how his songs had been sung in the camps and ghettos.

Of course the Jews were not altogether alone. They had fellow sufferers. They had friends and helpers. Glanz-Leyeless has a poem dedicated to the non-Jews in Poland who at the risk of their lives saved Jewish children from the Nazi murderers. A non-Jewish Polish poet, Vladislav Broniewski, wrote a poem about the rising in the Warsaw ghetto. The title is "To the Polish Jews," and it is dedicated to Shmuel Ziegelbaum, the Jewish member of the Polish government-in-exile who committed suicide in London during the war because he felt that he, too, must die with those who were dying in Warsaw.

In Polish towns and villages the voice of tumult is dumb.
There are no more fighters in the Warsaw ghetto. They fell in fight.
Dumb is my word, drowned in blood, and my heart is drowned in grief.
Polish Jews, there is a Polish poet with you, in flight.

You have hurled a stone at the gunners,
Who use their cannon to raze your homes to the ground.
Sons of the Maccabees, you too can die splendidly,
In a fight where no shadow of hope is found.
We must chisel this as on stone in our minds:
We are equal partners in sorrow and in the blood we shed.
The execution ground unites us, and the camps, Dachau and Oswiecim,
The nameless graves of our common dead.

These things are not new in Jewish history. Jewish literature is full of songs of lament over persecutions and mass slaughter. There is Jeremiah: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people." "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The historian Leopold Zunz gives long selections from poems of lament written in the Middle Ages:

Swift as birds of prey they darted
On our helpless men and women.
Making martyrs of our people.
But they slew the body only,
And the soul escaped uninjured.

Some of the poets in the ghettos consciously connected their own experiences with those of earlier persecutions and pogroms. S. Shayevich, who was killed in the Lodz ghetto in 1942, refers in his own verse to Bialik's "City of Slaughter," a poem written in 1904, at the time of the Kishinev pogrom.

And in a lucky hour
Spring has come again.
Even the graves will deck themselves in green.
Then rise, great poet,

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Master of the City of Slaughter,
Come with me out of your green-crowned grave.
Our ghetto will satisfy you.
Though we are mocked and degraded,
No man, not even the most pious,
Will run to the rabbi, as they did in your time,
To ask if he may still live with his raped wife.
Our ghetto will satisfy you,
Not like that other town
Which proclaimed fast days,
And gathered in the synagogues
"With weeping and loud cries,
With a flaming sea of tears." . . .

We go silently on our journey.
And more silently we die.
The bridegroom leaves his bride,
And the lover knows not where his bride lies dead.
The child is brutally torn
From its mother's arms.
And she is driven on at the point of a rifle,
With shouts of "Shoot her! Shoot!"
But forgive us, great wrathful poet,
That though we still have no fist,
And there is still no thunderbolt
To settle accounts for all generations,
And though you laughed bitterly
At our wasted victims and martyrs,
Yet you will bow three times to our ghetto Jews,
And you will cry "Holy, holy, holy."
God with gentle hand upon us too bestowed a twin,
Death-decree and Spring.
The garden blooms, the sun shines,
And the slaughterer slaughters.
But we ask no reward from anyone.
For when a man is killed,
His God is killed also.
But listen, poet of wrath and vengeance,
Hear what I ask you.
Wake from their sleep
Mother Rachel,
And Rabbi Levi Yitzhak of Berditchev,
And go, all three, to God.
You will thunder and demand.
Rachel will weep and plead.
And Levi Yitzhak will contend with God
And will say:
If you do not, Lord God,
Redeem living Jews,
You will, alas, redeem dead bones.

(Un in a mazeldike sho'
Az kein ein hore iz der frieling veiter do—
Kvorim afile velen zich in grins farhilen
To shtai oif dichter groiser,
Meister fun der "Schechite-shtot"—
Fun dein grin-bakointen kever farbet ich dich
Fun undzer ghetto vestu shoin zein tsufriden,
Chotch mir zeinen do tsu shpot un shand
Vet kein man—der frumster afile—
Nisht loifen tsum rov a sheile fregen
"Tsie meg er mit zein isho veiter leben". . . .
Fun undzer ghetto vestu shoin zein tsufriden,
Nisht vie dort in yene "shtot"
Vos hot goizer tanis geven
Un zich farzamelt in die shulen
"Mit vilde shreklech yeloles
Mit a brenendiken yam fun treren". . . .

Shtil shlept men zich oifen visten vander
Un noch shtiler gait men ois.
Un der chosen lozt iber zein kale farvaint
Un der gelibter vaist nisht fun zein kales gebain.
Un dos kind vert fun mames hent
Mit retsiche aroisgerisen
Un s'yogt ir veiter die biks
Un vilde geshraien: "Shisen . . . shisen . . ."
Nor moichel zei undz groiser tsorendiker dichter
Vos chotch kein foist hoben mir noch alts nisht
Un s'hilcht noch alts nisht der groiser duner
Vos zol zich oprechenen far ale "doires"—
Un chotch du host azoi galik oisgelacht
Azelche umziste korbones un keidoishim—
Far die ghetto-yiden vestu zich drei mol buken
Un mit hispalus brumen: "kodosh, kodosh, kodosh"—
Got hot undz oich mit milder hant
Geshenkt a tsviling
A toiten-gairush mit a friling—

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Der gorten blit, die zun leicht
Un der shoichet—shacht . . .
Nor mir foderen nisht bei kainem kein loin,
Veil vert a mentsh geshochten—
Schacht men oich op zein Got . . .
Nor vaistu vos, dichter fun tsorn un nekome,
Ich farlang fun dir?—
Ich farlang—vek oif fun zaier shlof
Die mame Rochel
Dem Berditchever tsaddik
Un ir zalbedrit gaits far Got—
Du vest duneren un foderen;
Rochel vet vainen un beten
Un Levi Yitzhak vet a din-toire halten
Un zogen zein mailits-yoisherdiken psak:
—Vestu nisht Reboinoi shel oilom
Oislaizen lebedike yiden—
Vestu oislaizen cholile toite sharbens . . .)

AARON ZEITLIN, a Yiddish poet who happened to be on a visit to America when the war broke out and was therefore saved (his entire family was murdered, including his father, the great Yiddish and Hebrew writer Hillel Zeitlin, and his brother Elchanan Zeitlin), has written a poem, "A Dream after Maidanek." Its theme is:

This too will be forgotten. This too.
My people has been burned to ashes,
And this too will be forgotten.

Hersh Glick, another of the Vilna ghetto poets, wrote "The Song of the Vilna Ghetto."

This song is written not with ink but with blood.
It is not the song of a free bird in the wood.
This song a people sang between collapsing walls,
This song to future generations calls.

So never say, this is the last road we have gone,
This is the last time that the sun has shone.
The day will dawn, the sun will reappear.
Our tread will fall like thunder: "We are here!"

(Dos lied geshriben iz mit blut un nit mit blei,
S'iz nit kein liedl fun a foigel oif der frei,
Dos hot a folk tsvishen falendike vent
Dos lied gezungen mit naganes in di hent.

To zog nit keinmol az du gaist dem letsten veg,
Chotch himlen bleiene farshteln bloie teg.
Kumen vet noch undzer oisgebenkte sho'—
S'vet a poik ton undzer trot—mir zeinen do!)

There were children in the ghettos and the death camps, and they, too, wrote, these boys and girls of eight and ten and twelve.

From tomorrow I shall be sad,
From tomorrow on.
Not today. Today I will be glad.
And every day, no matter how bitter it may be,
I shall say:
From tomorrow I shall be sad,
Not today.

Another child's poem:

I sit with my dolls by the stove and dream.
I dream that my father came back,
I dream that my father is still alive.
How good it is to have a father.
I do not know where my father is.

And another:

I must be saving these days.
I have no money to save.
I must save health and strength.
I must save my nerves,
And the fire of my spirit.
I must be saving of the tears that flow.
I must save endurance these days.
There is so much I need in my life,
Warmth of feeling, and a kind heart.

I HAVE mentioned Glanz-Leyeless's poem to the non-Jews in Poland who at the risk of their lives saved Jewish children by taking them into their homes and passing them off as their own sons and daughters. There is

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among the camp poems a cradle song based on this motif:

Sleep, my child, my little daughter.
Close your eyes and sleep.
You cannot know how I, your mother,
Think of you and weep.

Somewhere far away, good people
Rear you as their own,
While I, your mother, sick and broken,
At my work-bench groan.

A stranger sits beside your cradle,
Beneath her cottage thatch,
While I, your mother, slave of the Nazis,
Wear a yellow patch.

God perhaps will hear my pleading,
And cut short my pain.
Then my ghost will seek my baby,
And find you again.

Nobody will see me with you.
Only you, my dear,
Will feel the spirit of your mother
Standing very near.

Sleep, my child, my little daughter.
Close your eyes and sleep.
You cannot know how I, your mother,
Think of you and weep.

We ask ourselves how these people in the ghettos and the death camps could write poetry, how they could think of writing at all. One wonders also how their writings came to be preserved. But it must be remembered that the ghettos and camps were not small places, they were not prison buildings. They were towns. The Warsaw ghetto was a huge place, a large slice of the great capital city, with its own tramway system, its own police force, theaters, factories, schools. The Oswiecim death camp extended over more than twenty square miles, with munition factories, coal mines, farms, a railway station, stores, and barracks. The threat of death was continuous, but people had to live somehow and to try to satisfy all their needs, including those of the spirit. And so, in the shadow of death, there was still a kind of culture—cramped, distorted, but just as real as the culture of the outside world.

In the Warsaw ghetto the cultural leaders were Professor Meir Balaban, Dr. Isaac Schipper, and Dr. Emanuel Ringelblum. All three were killed by the Germans, but while they lived they were tireless in their work. One survivor of the Warsaw ghetto reports: "Dr. Ringelblum commissioned me to produce a critical examination of Jewish literary work in Warsaw under the German occupation. I dealt with Katzenelson's poems, a mystical play by Gilbert, poems by Yehiel Lerer, Israel Stern, and Joseph Kirman, a novel by Misha Skolov about the life of the people in the Warsaw ghetto, work by Kalman Lis and others. We did a lot of work like that, till the big transfer movement from July to September 1942, when thousands of Jews were deported from the Warsaw ghetto to the Treblinka death camp, where they were killed. As soon as the deportations stopped, we resumed our cultural work."

C. E. Montague has drawn an analogy from the fact that to supply a town with water from a well, the water must first be pumped to the top of a tower higher than any of the domestic cisterns which it is to fill: the mind of a tragic writer, he suggests, must be like that tower. There must be elevation, the writer must in a certain respect and for a certain time have lived with a rare and glowing intensity. This may be the reason why so much of the expression in Yiddish literature by those who went through the concentration camps and the ghettos is poetic in form. It gives the thrill of contact with vital and intense experience. If it is not yet literature, it is at least the raw material of literature. And it has today a power to move us that goes beyond its purely literary quality. Whatever our Jewish literature is to be in the future, it must take its start from these songs of the dead Jews of Europe, these songs of suffering from the years of the great ordeal when not only Europe's Jews but Judaism and the Jewish spirit itself seemed to be facing utter extermination.

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ON THE HORIZON

THE PROFESSORS CLING TO THEIR FAITH

Science Bloody but Unbowed

M. L. ROSENTHAL

IT SEEMS a long time now since the first "Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life," in which Mortimer Adler lashed out at the "positivistic" professors as being more dangerous than Hitler, and Sidney Hook hit Mr. Adler over the head with the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution, and the rules of scientific evidence.

As a matter of fact, 1940 *was* a long time ago. Ten of these conferences have now passed over the bridge of professorial "positivism" without—in the eyes of its builders at least—either damaging its structure or finding it shaken by the political and philosophical storms which have assailed it during the most ambiguous decade of this century. But oh—the landscape and seascape around this bridge! The "positivist" bridge is still intact, no doubt, but where, exactly, is it? On the allegorical map, should we place it somewhere between everything of value in our past cultural heritage and the secular city of love of the future? Or is it simply a bridge from the atom bomb "know-how" world of the moment to fascism, or to an Orwellian totalitarianism, or to some dreadful bog of unresolved tensions that will endure for centuries? Can "positivism," or "pragmatism," or "scientism," or whatever we wish to call it, lead us to a solution of our present international crisis and still keep us free of the "garrison-prison state"?

The pragmatic thinkers themselves—witness most of the participants in the tenth conference, whose papers and comments are now available in the volume *Perspectives on a Troubled Decade** (they had been asked to reconsider their positions in the light of ten years' experience)—have not surrendered their view that liberal democracy, and perhaps democratic socialism, are science-centered and *therefore* non-totalitarian. They still believe in a manner of thinking that is "open" to all possibilities. They still conceive of their way as a bridge that transports will safely beyond fatality. The sense of bleakness, they seem to feel, and the sense of lost perspectives that dominate so much of our literature had better be attributed to historical processes than to our strategies for understanding history; to human nature than to the science of psychology; to the character of the atom than to physics. If we must be pessimists, they allow, we might as well be radical ones, in terms of things as they are instead of intellectual fashions; but we must not be pessimists, they insist further, we must never deny possibility its right to the last word.

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**Perspectives on a Troubled Decade: Science, Philosophy and Religion, 1939-1949*, edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein and R. M. MacIver (Harper, 901 pp., $5.50).

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Is it not a shock, "after everything"—after the enormous possibilities (to use the same word in its negative aspect) of human depravity opened up by recent history, after the mass souring of "certain certainties," after the consequent acceleration of the intellectual swing back toward religiosity and the vast ennui concerning social morality that has begun to color our thought—to find the great majority of these more than one hundred and fifty thinkers still holding fast to their beliefs? In spite of the evidence that humanity prefers the ritual blood-bath to the more intellectual ceremony of the exchange of ideas as a method of working out its problems, the spirit of "positivism" remains eudaemonic and melioristic.

It is noteworthy that this spirit is shared by the religious thinkers of the symposium too. There are, naturally, exceptions and divergent emphases, each important enough. But the main effort seems to be a redefinition of religious concepts toward an inclusion of the secular values stressed by "positivism." This is the direction of the comments by Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser, Swami Nikilananda, and Amos N. Wilder, although their positions are not identical and it would be unwise to oversimplify them. Perhaps the attempt by the "materialist" Professor Roy W. Sellars to show the common ground of his philosophy and of Thomism is the most significant and striking indication. The meliorist spirit and the idea of good will among faiths and philosophies are in the American liberal-religious tradition, of course, as are, for instance, the stress on *agape* and personalism of Nels S. Ferré or the formulation of an aesthetic-romantic concept of "religious imagination" by Richard Kroner to get around the secondary role of religious metaphysics in modern thought.

Quincy Wright describes for us the conditions in which the spirit of "scientism" can best operate:

". . . A culture capable of becoming universal under present conditions should be ambiguous in ultimate standards, precise in immediate procedures, scientific in methods, and tolerant of . . . diverse opinions and standards. . . . Such a culture implies concern for humanity rather than for particular groups, concern for freedom rather than for conformity, reliance upon observation rather than upon intuition, and acceptance of relativity rather than dogma."

But how can we win to such conditions? The answers proposed rely, mainly, on what sometimes seems an incredibly naive faith in time itself and the "long-run view," in techniques of communication, and in an almost mystic analogy with the processes whereby subhuman nature reaches states of equilibrium. There is also a heavy reliance on the basic assumptions of modern child psychology, such as that a child needs affection and security and that he should be exposed, during his growth, to new methods of perceiving his situation. Thus, Gardner Murphy overleaps enormous chasms of fact in first listing these assumptions and then proposing long-range studies in political behavior; perhaps, he writes, if we study the Russians we can predict their responses and induce them "to desire understanding with us." Others cultivate their own gardens in other ways, usually counting, like Murphy, on the benevolent paternalism of Daddy Time. Karl W. Deutsch presents a theory of "communications engineering," contrasting it with the power engineering which has enormous possibilities for the propagandist and social-conditioner but will bring us no nearer (to understate a shudder) to the essential need for contact between man and man. Henry Margenau, the scientist, suggests a postulational methodology in ethics in the spirit of scientific relativism, and Paul Weiss contributes a metaphysical defense of freedom as a universal principle that would seem to allow for the development—in due time—of such an ethics.

Now the trouble seems to lie precisely in this area of time. If cracked records have once more set the nations dancing their old compulsive dance of war, who will turn the mechanism off so that human voices can again be heard—a posse of communications engineers? Evil pounds at all doors everywhere, hard to wish away or talk away even at the best-willed conference. Harold Lasswell's "Perpetual Crisis and the Garrison-Prison State" puts the issue clearly enough to his colleagues, and no one—despite the occasional tendency to ignore the tangible existence of evil—denies his premises. An-

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other talks of "the collapse of Occidental civilization"; it is almost taken for granted—is that not a strange assumption at a congress of meliorists? George E. Rohrlich's "Transformation of Culture: A Postscript from Japan" makes it all too clear that the kind of self-reorientation a society must undergo for its moral and emotional "set" to show significant change cannot take place in any very short period of time. And, as Margaret Mead so poignantly tells us, there is no time after all:

". . . The state of the world today is . . . that social change has been augmented to a revolutionary rate, at the same time that the need for solutions has been enormously enhanced by the shortened time perspective which has followed the discovery of the atom bomb. However much we as scientists deplore changes which are so rapid that there is no possibility of their slow deep absorption during the quiet growth of generations who may live within them, the need for rapid changes is now inevitably upon us. . . . There is no time at all; the beginning of a solution, the sure sense that a solution can be found, is necessary now, at once."

THE "complexity" of our current problems, as Margaret Mead describes it, might perhaps better be termed "dilemma": how to maintain a cultural relativism and at the same time find "ultimate" values; or how, as we come to master more and more fully the principles of behavior, to encourage it nevertheless to remain free and unregimented; or how to reinforce society's will to move forward toward ideals, standards, values, even while we learn more about the relativity of ideals, standards, values. Will time "solve" such problems, or will it simply sweep them away with a bloody broom?

The present reviewer shares with these pragmatic thinkers the conviction that we must live as if we shall survive and flourish, for otherwise survival would in any event be meaningless. ("It is upon us to begin the work; it is not upon us to complete it.") He agrees with the premise, so often emphasized by Dewey and others, that the methods of naturalistic thought provide our only usable clues to meaning; and he feels, further, that science, like—perhaps better than—religion, can help us prepare our imaginations for the survival of any particular catastrophe. And yet, if one does not feel keenly the limitations of pragmatic perspectives today—their time-lag, their inability to devise ways by which cultural systems can "communicate," their ignoring of the violent force of interests and ideological commitment whether economic, religious, or cultural—one must indeed be blind to the life all around oneself.

It is not so easy a matter as many of these conference participants seem to think to decide whether the present dilemma is but of the moment, to be forgotten tomorrow as new formulations and discoveries become available (if only we have a *little* more time!): or whether it derives from a deeper inner failure—either an unremarked weakness in the whole naturalistic method or its present practice, or an unacknowledged fear of breaking away from the harbor of scientific achievements to new or forgotten values that might perhaps (but there is no guarantee) give more point if less security to the "freedom of philosophy."

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THE STUDY OF MAN

WHAT GERMANS THINK—AND WHY

The Authoritarian Pattern from the Cradle On

ROBERTA S. SIGEL

MOST studies of German public opinion made since the end of the war seem to point to this conclusion: after living under the Nazi dictatorship and scrabbling among the ruins of total war, all classes of the population still cherish the familiar German ideas of nationalism, militarism, and authoritarianism.

As late as September 1949, for instance, interviewers could find no more than one-third of the population in the American Zone favoring reintroduction of compulsory military training. Yet even those opposed to it saw great educational and ethical value in such training inasmuch as it was "a good schooling in self-discipline . . . the best way to train real obedience . . . good for training discipline and maintaining tradition"; few were critical of the values that are emphasized in the military way of life, or connected it with war. Other studies have revealed that a majority of the population will usually agree that "some races of men are less worthy than others," and foremost in their catalogue of dislikes are the French, Italians, Poles, Russians, and the DP's—not to mention the Jews.

Thus, in an opinion poll taken in December 1946, 18 per cent of the respondents said they would not live in the same street with a Jew, and another 21 per cent that they would not live in the same house with a Jew; while even in the 20 per cent of the population that was most liberal, one-fifth refused to say that Jews should be permitted to eat in the same restaurants as non-Jews.

Again, while more than two-thirds of the population usually express themselves as generally in favor of a democratic form of government, the percentage of those who specifically favor it for Germany is often smaller. E. G. Fried and M. F. Lissance (*Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, January 1949), who interviewed 225 young German men and women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight, found less than half in favor of democracy for Germany, and almost half in favor of some form of dictatorship or monarchy. Even the most convinced democrats had a rather hazy understanding of democratic processes: many, when pressed, felt that only the most intelligent should have a say in political affairs, or that democracy should be based on a combination of representative government and the *Fuehrer* principle.

On one questionnaire Germans in the American Zone were given the following alternatives: "In a democracy people can vote and

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THE "German mind" has been one of the major problems of postwar reconstruction; obviously, our hope for a change towards democratic government in that country depends mainly on a change of mind from traditional German authoritarian attitudes to democratic ones. Consequently, since the end of the war in 1945, Germany has been an important seat of operations for American sociologists, psychologists, and anthropologists, all trying to throw light on the crucial puzzle. ROBERTA S. SIGEL here reviews some of the material, published and unpublished, dealing with postwar German attitudes, and in particular with the bearing that German family life and child-raising methods have had on these attitudes. Mrs. Sigel holds a Ph.D. degree from Clark University, and is a member of the faculty of Smith College. She is indebted to the State Department's Office of German Public Affairs for permission to make use of unpublished Military Government polls.

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speak as they wish and have the kind of religion they want. What do you think is more important: Should a government secure these rights for all the people or should it guarantee jobs and economic security?" Fifty-three per cent said a government should guarantee economic security, only 11 per cent that it should secure democratic rights, 31 per cent that it should do both. In Berlin, regarded by some observers as a bastion of democracy, 68 per cent favored economic security above civil rights. (This may mean that the question was not a good one: many people of political sophistication might feel that freedom can survive only if it rests on a basis of economic security; yet it is noteworthy that less than one-third availed themselves of the opportunity to choose both.)

Even today majorities—although slim ones—of the German people hold that National Socialism represents "a good idea badly carried out." Nor can this frame of mind be considered only the result of twelve years of Nazi indoctrination among the youth; it is as strong among older people as among younger, and strongest among those over sixty years of age. The acceptance of National Socialism as a good idea badly carried out is so widespread and shows such negligible class differences that one Military Government report concluded: "Indeed it is not too much to say that only among German Catholics is there a consistent tendency on the part of a large population group to be skeptical of Nazi values."

Efforts to explain the persistence of such political attitudes in Germany have most often concentrated on historical, economic, and even geographical causes. In recent years, however, under the influence of psychoanalytic theory, some American social scientists and psychiatrists have turned their attention to German child-rearing and educational practices in search for clues to explain adult political behavior. Two books dealing directly with this problem have been published: David Rodnick's *Postwar Germans* (1948) and Bertram Schaffner's *Fatherland—A Study of Authoritarianism in the German Family* (1948); Rodnick studied a relatively small group of factory workers in Western Germany who engaged also in part-time agriculture to supplement their incomes; Schaffner's book is based on intensive interviews made by the Information Control Division of Military Government, which screened applicants for important posts. But probably the richest source of information is in the polls of the Opinion Surveys Branch of our Military Government, taken in German homes by trained German interviewers.

In the German home, all these studies agree, the most important person is the father. David Rodnick, it is true, takes exception to the general picture of the German father as aloof from his children (this disagreement may be the result of the rather special nature of the working-class group Rodnick studied); but he is in agreement with Schaffner and with the opinion and attitude surveys in finding that the German father tends to be a strict disciplinarian and a figure of absolute and unquestioned authority in the family.

In the fall of 1945, German prisoners of war in the United States were tested on a set of attitude scales developed by Morris Krugman ("A Study of German POW's," *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, July 1949), one of which elicited typical attitudes on the family, women, and children; in addition there was a "truth scale" designed to reveal inner inconsistencies and untruthfulness of replies. A few years later the same questionnaire was given to 2,340 Germans in Germany, including groups of youths and university students, groups of political prisoners, and cross sections of the population in the American Zone and the Western sector of Berlin. In both studies, there seemed to be no doubt in the minds of the respondents that "the word of the father has to be an inflexible law in the family"; only among university students and political prisoners did this statement not meet with majority approval—and there was room to wonder whether the prisoners were not responding only out of a deeper acceptance of Nazi ideology, which in its extreme manifestations had attacked the traditional authority of the parents and the home. The majority also approved the statement that "children should blindly obey the law and orders established for adults," again with only the university students and the political prisoners dissenting in any large number. And more than a third of those interviewed agreed that "it is a sign of weakness if a father shows affection for his children."

The intensive interviews of the Information Control Division, reported in Schaffner's book, give further support to this picture. Again and again, when interviewees were asked about any demonstration of affection or fondling by either parent during childhood, they responded: "We

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don't do that after four or five years." (David M. Levy has also observed that fondling apparently ceases after infancy. See *Psychiatry*, May 1948.)

Whatever overt affection the German child receives seems to come from the mother, and the opinion of the respondents was that women are inclined to be excessively emotional, and that a father who does not exact complete and unquestioning obedience is a poor father who will not win the child's respect and will undermine the necessary respect for authority in general.

Under this regimen, most children learn relatively quickly that obedience and conformity are important. Even Rodnick, who found much more affection in German family life than other observers, stresses the fact that German children of all social classes are excessively polite and well-mannered, highly disciplined, and completely subservient to the wishes of adults. When visiting German homes, Rodnick never saw anything like what we would call "showing off" by the children, and always saw speedy and unprotesting compliance with adult commands.

IT WOULD seem, further, that Germans place so high a value on discipline that they are willing to give the school as well as the home great latitude in choosing appropriate methods to enforce it. When the Opinion Surveys Branch interviewed 3,400 adults about the desirability of corporal punishment by the school teacher, most of those interviewed did not even know that at the time it had been made illegal (it has since been reinstituted in parts of Germany), and a majority expressed themselves in favor of allowing teachers to beat or whip disobedient or unruly children. Most of the respondents felt very strongly about this, and parents of school children did not diverge from the general view. Feelings in favor of corporal punishment were somewhat stronger among people in small towns who were members or sympathizers of the Christian Democratic Union or the Christian Social Union. Only three groups opposed corporal punishment: the best educated, members of the Communist party, and those who had no church affiliation—the last two constituting very small groups. Nazi affiliation made no difference—corporal punishment was approved by 66 per cent of those who had never been affiliated with the Nazi party, and by 62 per cent of those who had. In general, severe discipline and corporal punishment were favored by all groups, and even the deviation among the best educated was insignificant. Even the young university students, who showed themselves on some questions less authoritarian than the rest of the population, went along with the others when it came to child-rearing.

Confirmation of this last point is found in the previously mentioned study by Fried and Lissance of a group of university students who were sufficiently free of Nazi affiliations to be permitted to return to the universities at a very early stage. While these young people held non-authoritarian views on some political questions, their views on child-rearing seemed unaffected: "These prospective parents conceive primarily of one reaction to negative behavior: punishment." Less than 10 per cent indicated that they would try to find the cause for consistent disobedience before resorting to punishment. And punishment is also thought of primarily as corporal punishment—"the whip is still considered the most effective tool of child-rearing"—while verbal pressure does not mean reasoning with the child but "severe contempt and other serious forms of shaming." A majority of the students felt that self-expression was to be kept at a minimum and that even children under six were not to be permitted any signs of aggression. (A few felt that *boys* might be permitted a little bit of aggression or even a limited amount of freedom, such as choosing their clothing for the day.) For almost all of these young people, aggression and freedom in children represent an "insult to the parent's authority which, for the maintenance of his self-esteem, he very much needs to protect."

HOW do German children feel about all this? A few studies can be cited, but only with some caution, because they are based on small samples.

A British psychologist, A. Kaldegg, reports in the *British Journal of Psychiatry* (September 1948) on the results of a "projective" test given to German and English schoolboys of similar socio-economic background between the ages of eleven and fourteen. Seventy-nine German and 129 English boys were shown a picture of a boy seated with his back to them, and the teacher then asked questions designed to permit wide latitude in response. One question was: "One day when the boy was out with his parents, the parents got cross at him. Why?"

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Most of the German boys could think of only one reason for parental crossness—disobedience. And without exception they could think of only one way of handling the situation—punishment, usually corporal punishment. The English boys, on the other hand, thought of a variety of answers to the first question, and only 10 per cent of the older boys and 20 per cent of the younger ones mentioned corporal punishment, while many avoided punishment altogether, searching for other solutions. The German children always had the father mete out the punishment; the British children, when they suggested punishment, assigned this duty to both parents. Older English boys of the upper social groups particularly tried to avoid suggesting punishment, while social class made no difference in the German responses.

Another question was: "Why did the parents get cross with each other one day?" Many of the German boys resented this question to the extent of refusing to answer it or saying it could not happen because father was always right; those who did offer an answer tended to put the blame on the child, saying he had misbehaved. The English boys found it easy to think of many possible reasons for the parents' irritability, showed no resentment at the question, and only a few thought of blaming the boy.

Worth mentioning also are the behavioral differences noted during the test. German boys took the test much more seriously and were concerned about doing well on it. The author, in fact, states that they treated it like a life situation, and thought he could detect their identification with it from the fact that they resented some of the questions. None of that was found in the English boys. Aside from the general anxiety the Germans portrayed toward the test situation as such, Kaldegg reports much anxiety in them over school, wrongdoings, and home situations. Here too they differed from the English boys. Connected with this anxiety might be the hostility shown on some of the answers. Asked with whom the boy did not like to play, the German children were never at a loss to think of someone. Twenty-nine per cent of the English boys wrote "nobody." The German boys were particularly scornful of cowards and mothers' darlings while the English boys disliked bullies or ruffians, but generally speaking their dislikes did not seem to be very deep-seated.

Another comparative study undertaken by Donald V. McGranahan and reported in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* (July 1946) showed that German school children of varying educational and social backgrounds exhibit a remarkably homogeneous system of values and one quite different from that of a similar cross section of American children. McGranahan interviewed some German children who had gone through the public schools under the Nazis and some who had gone to a private school which he describes as having been anti-Nazi. When asked to state the worst crime a boy could commit, the German children from both schools listed crimes against the state (treason was first), while American children listed crimes against other individuals (murder took first place). Similarly, the Americans valued fair play and cooperation as the greatest social virtues while the Germans put patriotism first. German children also disliked many non-German groups such as Poles, Italians, etc., and held them to be inferior. More than that, the German children on the whole had little faith in the morals or intelligence of the common man, even the German one. Yet, "in spite of defeat, the German youth appears to have maintained a stronger attitude of national superiority over other peoples than is held by American youth."

All writers have commented on the great variety of dislikes shown by Germans, from a dislike of other nationalities to a dislike of other economic or social groups. Rodnick thought he could observe such hostility directed against almost any group other than one's own—whether German or not—and he connects this hostility and self-centeredness with the submissiveness taught in early childhood, assuming, not unreasonably, that such submissiveness must leave a deep reservoir of repressed resentment.

Perhaps also connected with German training for submissiveness and conformity are two reactions which came out when Military Government pollsters asked Bavarian high school children about their ambitions. Almost all indicated humble and prosaic job aspirations, and most of them chose the same vocations as those of their parents. Of course this may indicate no more than a sense of reality, since social mobility in Germany always has been limited and might well have become more so since the war; but in the context of other evidence, we are probably justified in thinking this attitude expresses more than lack of opportunity.

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THE heroes of these same German children are, of course, cut from less ordinary cloth. A quarter of them named monarchs, notably such warrior monarchs as Frederick the Great and Charlemagne. Almost one-fifth named Bismarck, 10 per cent named Hitler, 15 per cent named Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, or Rommel, and somewhat less than a third named poets. On this point, the findings differ somewhat from the results of a youth survey in the American Zone, when hardly anyone named a National Socialist figure as his hero. But if we note that 40 to 50 per cent of the youth even in that survey made no choice at all, and that only a little more than one-fifth named Goethe or Schiller, we may wonder whether the result really is so different, or whether this last group was not perhaps more discreet. It is certainly noteworthy that except for the great symbols of German cultural pride—Goethe and Schiller—no person was selected who was not in one way or another a man of political or military action; religious leaders and even the great German musicians and painters are entirely absent. McGranahan, in his comparative study of American and German youth, also found that German children much more frequently than American chose political, military, and national leaders.

The tendency learned at home to accept authority without demur and to admire strong leadership is reinforced by the child's later social, play, and school associations, for German society is highly stratified and the child is likely to associate only with children of his own socio-economic group. The school to which a child will go is seldom determined by his abilities, but reflects the socio-economic status of his parents; by the age of ten, children are separated into the secondary schools (*Gymnasium, Lyzeum,* and *Oberrealschule*) and the public schools, the latter being roughly comparable to our vocational schools except that most German students complete their education in them by the age of fourteen. (In the American Zone, 81 per cent of the population had attended school for less than eight years while only 7 per cent had an education of twelve years or more.) If we consider also that the position of the German teacher is analogous to the authoritarian position of the father, that much learning is by rote or drill, and that stress is on memory rather than the development of critical faculties, it is easy to see how the school merely enforces a pattern learned at home.

German parents are apparently well satisfied with this. Adults questioned by the Surveys Branch in Berlin and Stuttgart, though bitterly dissatisfied over the present shortage of teachers and facilities, fully accepted the old values of German education. When asked what they considered to be the chief aim of education, the two most popular answers were: to give children a comprehensive general education, and to train them in order and discipline; development of independent thinking was the least frequent choice. Here again we find little difference between classes, except that people over fifty tended to give the most conservative replies, and the well educated and the well-to-do showed a slightly higher preference for the development of independent thinking.

The extent to which German children themselves have come to accept this authoritarian pattern is strikingly illustrated by an incident reported by Schaffner in *Fatherland.* In the summer of 1946, American Military Government began to permit meetings for the purpose of political discussion and education. Special emphasis was placed on attracting young men and women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two who had refused to join Nazi organizations. However, the parents and teachers of the young participants insisted on attending with them. The first meeting got off to a propitious start when an eighteen-year-old student gave a report on what he believed to be American attitudes towards individuals and individual freedom. The young people in the audience voiced their approval. But the older generation reacted quickly and vigorously. A school teacher asked the group how one could be expected to conduct a class if students felt free to question the instruction—"it would be embarrassing." Others chimed in to say that young people could learn only from adults and could not be depended on to make decisions. Parents said with great feeling that there had been too much freedom for children and adolescents under the Nazis, and that they wanted a restoration of "decent" family life and a return to respect for parents and authority. Not one young person had a rejoinder: the older generation won the debate.

In view of the failure of this meeting, the American observer asked the group to divide into two for future meetings, one for the younger persons and one for the older. However, the parents were so visibly indignant at this suggestion that the meetings had to con-

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tinue as before, except that each week a second meeting was held for the young people alone. None of the meetings accomplished much.

Nor do German children chafe under adult supervision. All the interviews at the screening center indicate that most German adults have a nostalgic longing for their childhood as a period of stability and safety. In the words of Schaffner: "Children are not only denied freedom but induced not to want it." Rodnick, too, observed that the real conflict begins when the young person suddenly has to fend for himself: "The average German feels lonely even among Germans. He has a strong desire to identify himself with any group that will offer him warmth, affection, and importance." Hence the tendency to search for a substitute father figure in adult life.

IN SPITE of women's suffrage and the increased participation of women in politics and the professions since World War I, their role still remains for the most part subordinate. Men and women alike seem satisfied with this arrangement. The sphere of the woman, for most classes, is still confined to the home, and there also she is subordinate. In a sentence-completion test administered by the screening center, majorities in excess of 70 per cent expressed disapproval of "a mother who interferes when a father is punishing his son," criticizing such a woman for her "primitive instincts," her inadequacy as a wife and mother, her lack of intelligence. Even among the less than 30 per cent who could see some justification for the mother's actions in cases of particularly severe punishment, approval was mixed with criticism. Not one respondent criticized the woman's action in terms of the inadvisability of father and mother quarreling before the child; all seemed concerned above all with the threat to the father's authority.

The same Germans—non-Nazis, or even anti-Nazis, it should be remembered—criticized women severely for attempts at independent intellectual activity. When respondents were asked to complete the sentence, "When a man expresses his political opinion, his wife should . . . ." the most frequent answer was "keep still." In evaluating German reactions to women's political opinions, Schaffner writes: ". . . it is not necessary to divide the answers into predominant or minority responses, since all the answers reflect subordination of the German woman to her husband in the home."

In two other surveys, a majority approved the statement that women should be allowed to have the same jobs as men, but when asked whether they thought that women of equal abilities had the same chances as men of securing a government position, large majorities realistically asserted that men's chances were superior. Did they then disapprove of this discrimination? No, two-thirds thought it was a good thing. Even 65 per cent of the women were in favor of discriminatory treatment. This approval of job discrimination on the basis of sex goes through all classes, but it is most pronounced among the people with the least education, where only 23 per cent opposed it, and least pronounced among those with nine or more years of education, where 45 per cent opposed it.

IF THE studies reviewed here reflect a predilection among Germans for authoritarian modes of behavior, the question still remains: how typical are these attitudes of *all* Germans?

The evidence is that on the whole such attitudes seem significantly homogeneous, cutting across differences of sex, age, and socio-economic status. From Krugman's data, one important variant factor seems to be place of residence. Inhabitants of Hesse consistently respond in a less authoritarian fashion than inhabitants of Bavaria and Württemberg-Baden, two overwhelmingly Catholic *Länder*. Towns with less than 5,000 persons (especially those under 2,000) show the most authoritarian tendencies with regard to the family. Occupationally, professional people score above average in non-authoritarian attitudes, farmers and unemployed below—this, of course, goes hand in hand with education, as the lower occupational groups also have less schooling. It is perhaps an interesting commentary on the efficacy of Nazi education that the young people in general show a comparatively strong predilection for non-authoritarian responses.

From all this, it is understandable that some observers should conclude that German tendencies toward authoritarianism in politics and economics can be traced directly to the family and its methods of child training. The authoritarian father suppresses initiative in the child and conditions him to accept any form of authority unquestioningly. The frustrations of such a stern childhood, in turn, create feelings of hostility toward outgroups which then from time to time find expression in violent political

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outbursts. But the evidence for such a simple explanation is far from conclusive.

TRUE, studies undertaken in this country would tend to confirm the hypothesis that authoritarian personalities on the whole come from families where discipline exceeds affection and where the father looms as a huge and forbidding figure. We also have evidence that where submissiveness is seemingly complete, there is often a great deal of latent hostility which not uncommonly expresses itself in prejudice towards other groups and even in a desire for their destruction. But these studies were made in the United States with American subjects, and it is probable that their results could not be transplanted to other countries without further consideration and elaboration. However, the one comparable study which was made in Germany in part tends to corroborate those findings. David M. Levy, reporting an intensive study of twenty-one German anti-Nazis (*Psychiatry*, May 1948), observes that those whose attitudes were not just anti-Nazi but generally more liberal usually had "escaped the conventional rigid family structure. They have been brought up with more affection and less restraint. . . . Often . . . by their mother or by indulgent grandparents. The men whose early lives were featured by a strong and affectionate maternal influence . . . revealed [more individual and independent] personalities. . . ."

No doubt the existence of authoritarian personalities both in this country and in Germany can in part be traced to childhood experiences. But while such personalities can be found in any societies, we know perfectly well from historical evidence that not all societies afford them an opportunity for political ascendency. A strictly patriarchical family has been the rule rather than the exception in most countries during the last century, and yet not all these countries embraced authoritarian forms of government. In the United States, for instance, discipline was much stricter in the families and schools of the 19th century than it is today, and the country was by no means less democratic than it is now. Even at a time when women and children had few legal and social rights, and when the father was the dominant figure in the family, our culture reflected great devotion to the ideals of freedom, tolerance, and individual initiative. There existed a faith that society offered unlimited opportunity to all who were capable of grasping it and that this was a good and just way in which to arrange a society. Even those people whose practices were the most autocratic joined in the general protestations about the value of democracy and the worth of each individual human being. Freedom and personal initiative were undisputed values of our culture, child-rearing methods notwithstanding. That there were, under American political and social conditions, opportunities for their exercise, and that they brought rewards are reality factors that of course cannot be ignored. Hence the ease with which some social scientists in our country have concluded that the authoritarian personality is maladjusted. But what about this personality in a country where authoritarian action is the rewarded mode of behavior? Can we glibly say that there too the authoritarian personality is exclusively the result of stern child-rearing practices? Hardly so.

In the German cultural tradition, for instance, there is little general manifestation of love for a classless state, for freedom above obedience, and for the glorification of personal initiative. In the past as in the present, most German institutions from the family to the school, the professions, the state, have been organized along hierarchical lines. Conformity and submission to authority is expected in most social institutions in Germany. Thus the German adult learns that the same modes of behavior are rewarded in adulthood that were rewarded in childhood. German society as a whole would seem to put a premium on the disciplined, submissive subject; the general life reinforces rather than counterbalances the authoritarianism of child-rearing; and this all-pervasive authoritarianism allows the authoritarian personality an opportunity to find full political expression. Social scientists who emphasize the role of the family and the educational system in molding the German character have performed a valuable service in isolating one crucial factor in German authoritarianism and one that certainly can play a role in continuing undesirable undemocratic attitudes in the postwar period. But we must not succumb too easily to the lure of single, clear explanations; if our aim still is to "re-educate" Germany, we must consider all the other institutions of German culture before we can, to quote Schaffner, know "at what point we can make the most significant interruption of the psychological vicious circle, family-society, society-family."

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"The Facts About 'Capitalist Inequality'"

To the Editor of Commentary:

William D. Grampp's article in the June Commentary ("The Facts About 'Capitalist Inequality'"), which attempts to prove false the view that under capitalism the rich get richer and the poor poorer, raises more questions than it answers.

Take his table on distribution of income. The poorest fifth of the population received 4 per cent of the national income in 1935 and 4 per cent in 1949. The middle fifth rose from 13.7 per cent to 17.1 per cent in the same period. The richest fifth declined from 53.4 per cent to 45 per cent. So, says Mr. Grampp, the rich are getting poorer, the poor are staying the same, and the middle groups are getting richer. But let's look at the figures again. From 1935 to 1949 national income almost doubled. Now take as a model ten men with a total income in 1935 of $1,000,000. The two chaps at the bottom got 4 per cent of the total or $20,000 apiece; the two top men received 53.4 per cent or $267,000 each. Then, in 1949, total income becomes $2,000,000. The bottom two still get their 4 per cent or $40,000 each. The top two decline to 45 per cent. They now only get $450,000 each. Assuming $20,000 as an income unit, the bottom man has increased his economic power by one unit, the top man by some nine units. Since poverty is a relative social fact and not an absolute quantity, the man at the bottom has become poorer, the man at the top richer. My view may be tipping the scales too much in the other direction, but no more, I submit, than Mr. Grampp's percentage technique, which completely ignores the expanding national income and its effect on relative inequity. The progressive income tax, incidentally, is based on an analysis similar to mine.

Mr. Grampp says that income or "spending power" is the best yardstick of economic power. In one year during the 30's, J. P. Morgan paid no income tax, his losses balancing his gains. During the same year, neither did I. Using Mr. Grampp's yardstick, Morgan's economic power and mine were equal for that period. The point, obviously, is that ownership and control of capital is a far better index of economic power than is income.

In fact, income and "spending power" are not even equivalent, as Mr. Grampp seems to assume they are. Consider a government official. On a limited personal income, his "spending power" may be enormous. Or extend Mr. Grampp's analysis to Soviet Russia. Inequality of Soviet income, as he points out, is probably greater than in the United States. But theoretically at least, the possibility of an almost absolute equality of income exists there, yet its realization would not in the least affect the distribution of social, economic, and political power. The Communist bureaucracy would still run the works, their economic power would still be absolute, while their aggregate personal income might be negligible.

Mr. Grampp scoffs at the socialist notion that the middle class is declining in economic importance. Yet he cites figures showing that the 100 largest manufacturing corporations before World War II produced 33 per cent of all manufactured output and employed 20 per cent of all workers engaged in manufacturing. I would bet that the 100 largest corporations of 1900 turned out a much smaller proportion of the national output and employed a far smaller percentage of the national working force. I would also offer odds that the same trend toward consolidation and domination of the market by large companies is observable, too, in the retail and distributing sections of American industry. And if these hypotheses are correct, don't they show that the middle class—i.e. small manufacturers, shopkeepers, and tradesmen—is declining in relative economic importance?

Mr. Grampp is doubtful as to the benefits of a more equitable distribution of economic power. We will still have trouble, he thinks. He says, "There is no anthropological or sociological evidence to show that among communities where economic power is distributed evenly there necessarily is no antagonism, rivalry, or conflict." The only anthropological evidence I know of along these lines comes from a study of primitive communities where economic equality is an equality of scarcity. Socialist equality assumes an equality of abundance, where the basic material needs of the whole population

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are satisfied. Under those conditions, the socialist hope is that man, freed from the miserable task of struggling for bread, may be able to concentrate his energies on developing his spiritual and moral nature and improving his social relations, the two prerequisites for a real improvement in the human condition.

I say "hope" advisedly, because history has precious little to say about it, either pro or con. But my hunch is as good as Mr. Grampp's and neither of us has a right to beat the other over the head with irrelevant "anthropological or sociological evidence." In any case, the doctor who refused to treat me for pneumonia, on the grounds that I might well die of cancer later on, is certainly suspect.

MORTON CLURMAN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

William D. Grampp's article on capitalist inequality (June 1951) is one of the most inadequate discussions of this urgent problem that I have yet come across. Mr. Grampp appears to be saying that American capitalism possesses an inherent drive toward perfection which to this observer has not yet become apparent.

Those who assert that capitalism very often behaves like the elephant among the chickens concede that our economic system has some years to go. Yet they are very much aware that we now enjoy a basically unsound prosperity founded on preparation for war and, despite Mr. Grampp's disingenuous denial, they know that this has been the case for some ten years now. Witness the huge government expenditures since 1946: $23 billions in that year; $17 billions in 1947; $22 in 1948; $26 in 1949; $27 in 1950. Most of this was for war and related purposes. At the same time national income literally reached astronomic heights. Mr. Grampp must concede that there is some relation between national income and war spending. Expenditures, whether for war or other things, are a significant key to the understanding of what Marx used to call capitalist motion. Interestingly enough, when in 1949 businessmen became frightened and restricted their investments in inventories and in new construction, the national income began to slide downward from the 1948 high of $226 billion. The anxiety on the faces of many persons was a frightening reminder of the terror of the 30's.

Mr. Grampp asserts that income distribution is becoming less unequal and attempts to substantiate his view with material from the studies of the Federal Reserve Board. No one denies that conditions have improved in the last decade, but the inference that the poor are on their way out of the economic picture is a thoroughgoing misreading of the facts. It is clear, even from the statistics Mr. Grampp offers, that the poor are still poor. If the reply is that 4 per cent of an astronomic national income yields many more dollars, it is only necessary to recall that prices have also risen astronomically and that the average dollar income of the poorest one-fifth of American families is still low. The poorest group, for example, had an average annual income in 1935-36 of $331; in 1941 this was $445; by 1944 this had gone up to $850. In that year the three poorest groups, or 60 per cent of the families, had an average income of $3,123 or less. The point should be clear: a percentage analysis, while useful, fails to tell the whole story. The average income per family in dollar amounts reveals a more impressive tale.

A different view of the problem—which is indeed a many-faceted one—is offered in the data below, from Census Bureau studies:

Income of Families and Individuals

	Per Cent Distribution	
	1948	*1949*
Under $1000	16.2	22.9
1000-2000	15.8	16.2
2000-3000	19.8	17.7
3000-4000	18.8	17.0
4000-6000	18.5	16.6
6000-10,000	8.5	7.3
Over 10,000	2.5	2.4

These statistics demonstrate quite clearly that income in the United States is distributed in pretty lopsided fashion. More than half the families and individuals reported in these surveys received income of less than $3,000 per annum. What is even more striking is the decided shift toward the three lowest income groups in 1949, their proportion rising from 52 per cent to 57 per cent. There had been a small dip in national income in that year, and almost at once the disproportion in income distribution was accentuated. Here, indeed, is a crucial and basic problem in economic dynamics, one that suggests that the burden of declining national income falls on those least able to bear it. Mr. Grampp ignores this fundamental question.

He disdains, also, to talk about the share of the national income that goes to the richest 2 or 3 per cent of the spending units. Statements about them, he says, are hypothetical. First, as a matter of elementary common sense, it is quite clear that the spending power of this group is phenomenally great; second, the original statistical analysis revealed by inference a very marked concentration toward the upper end of the class. This showed that a very small

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number of persons received a very large share of the very large income found within the richest 20 per cent of Americans.

THE comments on capital gains are, if not irrelevant to the immediate problem, obscure, to say the least. Mr. Grampp says that some poorer groups have capital assets, but he does not say that a substantial part is frozen in homes, furniture, second-hand autos, etc. What is more significant is the proportion of liquid assets that these groups possess. The FRB studies show that only 3 per cent of the families receiving less than $1,000 per year in 1948 owned liquid assets, while of those families in the $7,500-and-over class 37 per cent owned such assets. It is interesting to note that 19 per cent of the families with an income of $1,000 or less in that year required financial help (economists call this "dissaving") to keep themselves going. While Mr. Grampp insists that relatively large amounts of capital are owned by some low-income persons, he nevertheless concedes later on that the "facts about the distribution of capital are meager and inconclusive." Under these circumstances, considerable qualification must be made of the somewhat glib generalizations he offers. . . .

If Mr. Grampp wanted to discuss the economic importance of the middle class, his analysis of the income it receives, while part of the story, does not give a complete picture. Economic importance is tied up with instrumentalities of control, rather than with income received. One need but examine the experience of Stalin's Russia, where musicians and writers earn munificent sums, yet it can hardly be suggested that they exercise economic power. The problem of whether or not the American middle class exercises economic control requires the kind of functional analysis for which Lewis Corey is known or the sort of treatment that C. Wright Mills employs in his book on the white-collar worker. In the absence of an approach utilizing sociological and political ideas as well as economic data, Mr. Grampp's contention that the middle class is powerful is hyperbolic.

Mr. Grampp does not see that it is the question of control that is decisive in our economy. His contention that income is the basis of economic power (a view derived from Hayek and von Mises) is like saying that streams run uphill. Economic power in our society, as Adolph Berle and Gardiner Means long ago demonstrated, is derived from the management—not necessarily the ownership—of gargantuan aggregates of corporate assets, and the power this gives is the power to appropriate the usufruct of society. As Veblen used to say, no invidious connotation is intended here; this is a statement of fact, verifiable in mountains of economic studies and government documents. When 60 to 65 per cent of the total volume of business passes through corporate channels, when there are more than 35 companies whose assets are well over the billion-dollar mark, when the top 100 manufacturing companies employ more than one-fifth of the workers in manufacturing, then it is obvious that the control of these enterprises is what is crucial. The weakness in Grampp's position is that he offers conclusions about *total* wealth based on observations of *individual* wealth, while deprecating the determinative role of corporate wealth.

NOR is it entirely a matter of conjecture that some part of our industrial capital is "owned, dominated, controlled, or manipulated" by certain leading families. While there are some companies, such as AT&T, General Electric, US Steel, Paramount, and RCA, that because of the widespread holdings of their stock exhibit no discernible ownership control (they are consequently more easily controlled by self-perpetuating boards of directors), there are not a few important firms that are owned and dominated by family interests. The Ford Motor Company and the A&P grocery chain are classic examples. The Mellon family holds a major interest in Koppers Coal and Coke and in Gulf Oil; the Pew family in Sun Oil; the Kresses in a large five-and-ten-cent store chain. There are other families with strong minority holdings: the Du Ponts in General Motors, the Mellons in Alcoa, the Cudahys, the Rockefellers, the McCormicks, the Colgates, the Gimbels, and the Rosenwalds. This does not imply that family control is always exercised. For example, the Du Ponts made their influence felt in General Motors much more in the 20's than today, but it is there nevertheless. It is this feature of our economic life that exerts a subtle and in many ways potent influence on the distribution of our national income.

Perhaps the most shocking example of uncritical thinking in Mr. Grampp's article is his treatment of wages and salaries. It is true, as he says, that these represent the major part of national income. Yet it has not occurred to him to connect a distribution analysis of wages and salaries with a consideration of what proportion of them derives from the control of our economic apparatus. To suggest that the salaries of IBM's Thomas Watson and US Steel's Benjamin Fairless, and of the many others who exercise major managerial controls in our society, are of like character and express the same economic relationship as the wages of the salesman and the steel-puddler is legalistic obfuscation. And since Mr. Grampp drags in by the

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heels the question of nationalization, it is well to point out that while nationalization may have little effect on income distribution (and that too is a dubious proposition) it does have no little impact on economic control.

The question of economic control naturally bears heavily on the problem of monopoly. Much evidence has been gathered over the past seventy-five years to expose the pervading influence of restrictive practices. Yet Mr. Grampp blithely dismisses the facts thus revealed. The degree of monopoly in various industries was reported on with much detail by the TNEC investigation, most of which Mr. Grampp chooses to ignore. Of the 1,800 products, he says quoting the TNEC, which represented about half the number of items and about half the value in manufacturing in 1937, there were about 300 in which one producer had a 50 to 75 per cent monopoly. This, he says, means that these 300 products represented 17 per cent of the total amount of goods produced in manufacturing, and therefore 17 cents out of every dollar's value of manufactured goods was produced under monopoly. This I submit is an arithmetical howler, for there is no warrant in the passage cited—nor in subsequent passages in the original—for the latter result. Nothing was said by the TNEC of the *proportion of the total value of all* 1,800 *products* to be attributed to the 300 items; it is conceivable as a matter of argument that their share might have been 50 per cent of the value of the 1,800 products. If this were so, then monopoly would be the basis of from 25 to 50 per cent of the value of the goods.

Collusion need not be the basis for monopolistic practices, as Mr. Grampp intimates, for firms in industries where competition is "imperfect" must, because of heavy fixed investment, large costs, and a less than completely responsive consumer demand, guide themselves by what they expect their competitors to do about prices. Price competition can hurt both the big and the little fellow—witness the recent department store war. Thus monopoly and its variants become the rule. Whatever competition exists is found mainly in the realm of advertising, packaging, location, and other forms of consumer coercion. As Kaiser-Frazer can ruefully testify, the law of trade becomes: "Don't spoil the market and keep out the newcomers."

Mr. Grampp's strictures on the kind of monopolies he considers to be especially iniquitous seem to have a dual purpose. On the one hand, they are exploited to attack labor union monopolies (without regard to the historical fact that labor unions were a response, and a necessary one at that, to the monopolistic strength of the employer); and on the other, they serve as a kind of binder to equate valid criticism of capitalism with praise of the totalitarian economy of Stalin's Russia. In both instances, Mr. Grampp pleads in a rather labyrinthine way for a return to the free market of Adam Smith. I submit that if anything is unreal, it is this inference that the complex economic structures of the modern world can sensibly be reduced to a conglomeration of atomistic units so that the simpler ways of the 18th century might be restored. The "liberal" critic is hardly being unreal when he advocates some democratic rearrangement of economic relationships, for he knows that while capitalism today is prosperous it will sooner or later, for reasons inherent to it, have to face up to the problem of contraction.

Mr. Grampp evidently does not think it possible or desirable for the economist to search for the underlying drives and motivations that make our economy what it is. He suggests that our world, not only the best of all possible worlds, must be like Monte Carlo with the economist in the role of *croupier* announcing the turn of the wheel. Most of us have to reject that attitude, not necessarily on ethical, but on urgent philosophic and sociological grounds.

Ben B. Seligman

New York City

Mr. Grampp Replies

To the Editor of Commentary:

If I understand them, Messrs. Clurman and Seligman have three objections to the enterprise economy and they score my failure to give them proper consideration:

1. Business is extensively monopolized, and monopoly means concentration of economic power.

2. It is absolute rather than relative income that is relevant to the matter of equality, and the absolute income of the poor is inadequate.

3. The structure of the economy is faulty: it thrives on scarcity (Mr. Clurman); it is subject to contraction (Mr. Seligman).

Now, the real test of monopoly is not mere bigness but the extent of collusion among firms, and the amount of monopoly is measured by the proportion of national income produced by collusive industries. In order to determine the significance of monopoly it is therefore necessary: (1) to discover the presence of collusion, and (2) to measure the output of collusive industries in relation to total output.

Mr. Seligman's information on family holdings is suggestive of collusion, but not probative. Such facts were collected about fifteen years ago by the National Resources Committee and left

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their impression on many. What failed to leave the proper impression was the Committee's great reluctance to diagnose collusion from these facts alone. Yet even if collusion had been shown, in itself it would not have measured the extent of monopoly. No effort was made to measure the proportionate output of monopolistic industries, and this, one must insist, is a critical issue. To say that a billion or x-billions worth of products are produced under monopoly is meaningless until one knows the comparable total production of the economy.

It is also of little importance that there are a certain number of companies whose capital exceeds a billion dollars. What is important is whether these firms act competitively or monopolistically and what their share of the total output is. The proportion of the labor force employed by large firms is more to the point, and the data show no conclusive evidence of monopoly (See G. J. Stigler, *Five Lectures on Economic Problems*, p. 50). The proportion of total business income received by corporations is of course irrelevant, because corporations are not necessarily monopolies.

The facts about monopoly have become more adequate since my article was written, in a study by G. Warren Nutter, *The Extent of Enterprise Monopoly in the United States*, 1899-1939 (University of Chicago Press). Mr. Nutter states that the proportion of national income produced in 1937 under conditions of monopoly was about 15 per cent; that produced under conditions of workable competition, 60 per cent; while the remainder is attributable to government. The corresponding percentages for 1899 are 17, 76, and 7.

These figures, as Mr. Nutter explains, are subject to qualification, and they err, it seems to me, in the direction of overstating the amount of monopoly. Mr. Nutter defines a monopoly as an industry in which the four largest firms produce 50 per cent or more of that industry's output. This measure of concentration is not evidence of monopoly (i.e. collusion) but rather of the absence of competition. The distinction is important for the kinds of questions raised by Messrs. Clurman and Seligman, who seem to believe that the economy is directed by a relatively few corporations. It is not in fact; one unqualified conclusion emerges from Mr. Nutter's study, namely that there is no evidence to show that monopoly is the prevalent form of private enterprise. Nor is there evidence to show that it was more common in 1937 than fifty years ago.

There are other than enterprise monopolies, and they offer the more important problem. While competitive output declined from 76 to 60 per cent of the national product between 1899 and 1937, the government's output increased from 7 to 25 per cent. Governmentally sponsored cartels have increased, and monopoly in the labor market is extensive. These facts may not go well with an enthusiasm for a political direction of the economy, but they may as well be recognized.

There are reasons for the common exaggerated notion of the extent of monopoly among private enterprises. One is that revelations of collusive practice are much more sensational (and much more in harmony with predispositions) than information about the extent of competition. Accusations of monopoly are facile rhetoric for crusaders and vote-gatherers. The government frequently interests itself in the matter, because monopoly has always been considered a problem in America, while competition has always been something to be praised in public—and, if possible, to be stifled in private. The presumed "mountains of evidence" of "the pervading influence" of monopoly actually prove very little. Most of it is of no value whatever in answering the critical questions of the extent of collusion and its relative importance. Upon inspection, the evidence reduces to two or three studies, only one of which Mr. Nutter found to be helpful (*Competition and Monopoly in the American Economy* by Clair Wilcox). Those who are certain that private monopoly is extensive must either have private evidence not available to economists or have reached their conclusion by avoiding the critical questions.

(The Temporary National Economic Committee's statement on monopoly is ambiguous, and my interpretation of it may very well be mistaken, as Mr. Seligman contends. The phrase, "291 [products], or more than one-sixth of the sample," may refer to the total *value* of all manufactured products monopolized, or it may be an error of some sort. It cannot refer to the number of products, which was 1,807, as "more than one-sixth" of 1,807 is surely not comprised by 291. I should be reluctant to dismiss my reading of the phrase were it not, however, that Mr. Nutter's calculations are more complete; according to them, 39 per cent of the value of all manufactured goods were produced in 1937 by industries in which four firms produced 50 per cent or more of the output. The TNEC statement refers to industries dominated by one —not four firms.)

As TROUBLESOME as the arithmetic of monopoly seems to be, it is less trying than the arithmetic of income distribution. Both correspondents say that it is misleading to measure inequality by the percentage of total income received by each fifth of all consuming units. I am afraid this is the only simple way in which

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it can be measured. Inequality is a relative magnitude that, by definition, is measurable only as a percentage. In Mr. Clurman's example, the rich men increased their income by 69 per cent while the poor increased theirs by 100. Now the absolute difference in incomes is great (whether or not allowance is made for price changes), and the lowest income is only a small fraction of the highest. These are the facts, I suspect, that the correspondents wish to emphasize. It cannot be denied that there are rich and poor in the economy, as there always will be as long as income is not distributed equally. My point is that the disparity is less than it once was, and that it has been diminishing for as many years as we have income figures for.

Additional data on the point have become available since my article was written, in a study by Simon Kuznets, *Shares of Upper Income Groups in Income and Savings* (Occasional Paper 35, National Bureau of Economic Research). A noteworthy feature of this study is its information on the share of total income received by the richest one per cent (approximately one and a half million people) of the population. In 1919, it was 14 per cent; in 1929, 17 per cent; in 1939, 13 per cent; in 1945, 10 per cent. The share received by the lower 95 per cent in these same years was 74, 68, 72, and 80 per cent. The minimum family income of the richest one per cent was, in 1919, $12,000; in 1929, $16,000; in 1939, $12,000; in 1945, $20,000. No figures are given for the minimum income of the poorest. Average family income (for the entire population) in the same years was $2,500, $2,700, $2,100, and $4,600. Among the richest one per cent, 52 per cent of income came from wages, salaries, and entrepreneurial earnings, and 48 per cent from dividends, interest, and rent.

Another contribution of Mr. Kuznets' study is an estimate of the distribution of income-yielding property, or that part of the national capital yielding a money income. The 5 per cent of the population (comprising approximately 7,500,000 people) receiving the highest income owns about half of all individually owned capital yielding a money income; it owns more than 75 per cent of all stock, 40 per cent of all bonds, and about 40 per cent of all rental property. "Hence [Mr. Kuznets writes] the inequality in the ownership of income-yielding capital is much greater than the inequality in the distribution of current income." He estimates the arithmetical effects on the distribution of income which would come either from confiscating all money income from capital or from redistributing it equally: the relative share of total income going to the lower 95 per cent would be increased from 75 to 81 per cent as a result of confiscation, and to 83 per cent by an equal distribution, while the share of the richest one per cent would be reduced from 13 to 8 per cent by confiscation, and to 7 per cent by an equal distribution. (The figures are for 1919 to 1938.)

From the facts of monopoly and of the distribution of income and capital, I read the plain implication that economic power is not concentrated in the hands of a few private enterprises or families. There being no evidence of extensive collusion among private enterprise, there is no evidence of concentrated control over assets. Since the distribution of income-yielding capital is quite different from the distribution of total income, there is no evidence that a few families by their wealth can determine what goods shall be produced and who shall receive them. Actually, the meaning of "economic power" is quite complex, and I am unable, by the most sympathetic inferences, to find any recognition of this in either Mr. Seligman's or Mr. Clurman's letter.

Mr. Kuznets' study also considers the effect of the business cycle on income distribution, a point raised by Mr. Seligman. Although the share going to the lower 95 per cent usually shrinks in a depression, that going to the richest one per cent does not always increase. Federal Reserve Board studies show that in the recession of 1949, the relative position of the poor remained constant, that of the richest declined, while the relative position of the middle-income groups improved. Hence, we should go astray were we to take seriously Mr. Seligman's figures on the increase in 1949 of the percentage of consuming units receiving $3,000 or less.

WHATEVER the significance of absolute money income as a measure of *welfare*, it has no significance as a measure of *inequality*. Those who wish to offer the money—or real—income of the poor as proof that the enterprise economy is wanting, have two things to do. One is to establish a criterion of adequate money income. The criterion would be wholly arbitrary, because individual needs cannot be measured objectively, and because they are continually changing. Serious efforts to erect such a standard have resulted in the past in a "subsistence" or "decency" budget which reflects no more than convention, and that in an uncertain way. The second thing to do must be to show that an alternative to the enterprise economy can provide a higher real income and more equitable distribution. This, admittedly, is a large requirement. A beginning might be made by inquiring whether state-administered economies have ever obtained the same rate of in-

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crease in productivity as enterprise economies have.

The increase in America over the past ten years—2½ per cent annually—seems not to have impressed Mr. Clurman, who describes ours as an "economy of scarcity." This is wholly true, not only of American capitalism, but, unfortunately, of every other economic system yet known. Every nation is faced with scarcity because the labor and capital available for production are much less than that needed to produce all the things we want. An "economy of abundance," if the term is considered meaningfully, is one in which at a zero price the supply of goods exceeds their demand—that is, everything is free. Until this ideal situation comes into being, we shall have to make the best of scarcity by an economical use of our resources. We shall do well to recognize that some labor, and capital, is less productive than other and in consequence will earn less than the average.

The lowest income class in the economy, which in 1948 received $2,000 or less, consists of six major groups according to information gathered by the Reserve Board and the Census Bureau. They are: Negroes, the aged, the disabled, persons physically and mentally of low productivity, certain farming groups, and individuals from broken families. No single cause accounts for their distress. Discrimination, neglect, indifference, inefficiency, immobility, exploitation, personal troubles, lack of opportunity or training or education, and sheer bad luck—all are operative factors. Some of the poor are so only temporarily; the composition of each income class is constantly changing. Others among the poor remain poor, and it is they who present the real problem of poverty and injustice that the enterprise economy (or any other kind) must face. I do not see that we are nearer to a solution by presuming that poverty is the result of the iniquity of the rich.

Mr. Seligman appears to believe that the American economy cannot maintain its present growth and eventually must go into decline. If he means that a depression is inevitable, he must have great faith in the mechanical perfection of his economic theory. Few others are as confident of their doctrine. If he means that the economy is permanently *threatened* by underemployment, he is in a less dubious area. Whether this danger comes from the very structure of the economy or only from perversions of it depends on how one estimates its reality and magnitude. It may be observed that discussion of this point among economists has given place in recent years to a greater attention to its opposite—chronic inflation instead of deflation. It is also recognized that it is possible to have both inflation *and* unemployment. The probability of unemployment of this kind depends on the extent of monopoly, particularly among labor unions. The effect of inflation depends, in part, on the distribution of income. Both aspects of the problem will be more clearly understood by a responsible treatment of the facts.

WILLIAM D. GRAMPP

Chicago, Illinois

The Jerusalem Bagel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I offer a brief footnote to Irving Pfefferblit's article on the bagel in the May COMMENTARY.

Having just finished a third Jerusalem bagel, I believe it is possible to state: *If you haven't eaten this bagel, you haven't eaten bagels.* What you have eaten are wooden doughnuts, brown rubber teething rings, quoits, but you haven't eaten bagels. . . .

There are now two types of *petit pain* in my world: the Paris *croissant* and the Jerusalem bagel. However, there is no comparison to be drawn, for the New York croissant is perhaps half as good as its Gallic counterpart, but to compare the two types of bagel is ridiculous.

The New York bagel is heavy, like a heavy heart; it is tough, like a policeman. It is shiny like a plastic toy or something wrapped in cellophane. Like all bad bread, it is preferred split, toasted, and buttered. It is improved, so the experts tell me, if heavily spread with cream cheese and then covered with lox.

The Jerusalem bagel—but wait, I must get one. . . . H'm, *tov*. First, then, it hasn't a streamlined look, it is more primitively shaped. Circular, of course, but only roughly circular as if made by a craftsman, not by a man turned into a machine. Second, it probably has about the same amount of raw material as the New Yorker but its outer diameter is larger (average 3 3/4 inches), and the hole ordinarily measures about 1 7/8 inches. Compare this to the closer-knit New York type and you will understand that the larger size gives an airiness, an openness, a different *allure* entirely. Third, the skin has the polished gleam of a cobblestone on an old street in its native city; only the high lights gleam, the hollows are dull, for this crust has texture. Its color is not far different from its brother but lighter, more mottled, suggestive of the eroded hills.

But the test of a bagel is not in the looking. This bagel can be broken without a struggle, it gives itself to the eater—it is crusty but not crumbly, it is chewy but not gummy—it is dry but not thirst-provoking. It satisfies the soul.

PERCIVAL GOODMAN

Jerusalem, Israel

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Soviet Liquidation of Jewish Life

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION. By SOLOMON M. SCHWARZ. Syracuse University Press. 380 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. WOLFE

THE most persistent of all the legends which have served to obscure the true outlines of the Soviet system is the notion that Lenin and Stalin have given a new, attractive, and completely satisfactory solution to the nationalities question. Virtually all writers on the Soviet Union—historians who remember that the Bolsheviks overthrew not the czar but a democratic republic; economists who know how to count the fearful human costs of the Soviet industrial and agricultural revolutions; sociologists who are aware of the fact that what is emerging is a new ruling class, a new inequality, and an omnipotent, cruel, and despotic total state—all of them seem to have a good word to say concerning the Bolshevik "solution" of the problems of the multi-nation state inherited from the czars. Especially among the Jews of all lands, with their memories of state-encouraged pogroms in old Russia and their grief at the destruction of the Jewish people under Hitler, there has been a longing to believe that the Soviet Union has solved the national problem in general and the Jewish problem in particular. What long has been needed is a study of the official theory and actual practice of the Soviet Union in the field of minority policy, and a historical and sociological study of the Jewish population. It is a pleasure, insofar as one can take pleasure in a book that gives much cause for sorrowful thought, to record that Solomon Schwarz's *The Jews in the Soviet Union,* sponsored by the American Jewish Committee, completely fulfills both needs at once.

Because there was no adequate study in English—or for that matter in any other language—of the real nationalities policy of the Kremlin, Dr. Schwarz found it necessary to precede his study of the fate of the Jews by a general examination of Communist theory and practice in its attitude towards nationalism, cultural autonomy, and the rights of minorities. He has examined all the utterances of Lenin and Stalin and their disciples, all the decrees of their government, all the available official records of the translation of these decrees into actual life. Bolshevik proclamations were often made *ad hoc* or for propaganda consumption. Lenin's stubborn anti-nationalism seemed to contradict his no less insistent assertion of the "right of self-determination to the point of separation," and that in turn to contradict his categorical rejection of all federalism in favor of centralism. All the theories these men advanced while they were trying to overthrow the czar, or the democratic government that succeeded the czar, suffered startling changes after they themselves occupied the seats of power. The practice itself has varied from year to year and from nationality to nationality. Yet, with the unexpected simplicity that can come only from complete mastery, Dr. Schwarz has succeeded in making clear the underlying rationale and in reducing to a mere eighty-six pages a study of the Soviet nationalities policy in theory and practice that will put every student of Soviet affairs deeply in his debt.

ARE the Jews a race? a tribe? a caste? a nationality? a cultural group? a religious group that includes the non-religious and the anti-religious? With the same power of coherent simplification, Dr. Schwarz answers these much debated questions, so far as he needs to for the purposes of his study. His first page reduces the legendary and thought-stopping "180 different national and ethnic groups" that are generally counted to make up the Soviet patchwork quilt to a mere thirteen—or if we count the Jews, fourteen—which are large enough to aspire to any effective national self-determination. Next he distinguishes the Jews from the thirteen other "effective nationalities" by the fact that they alone do not constitute the majority of the population in any territory large enough to make up a "Union

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Republic" or an "Autonomous Republic." Yet, as he points out, they had constituted an undoubted nationality in pre-partition Poland and had been treated as such. Under the czars they had formed dense cultural and economic communities in the Jewish Pale. Even as late as 1926, the Soviet census revealed that over 90 per cent of the Jews of White Russia and over 75 per cent of the Jews of the Ukraine still indicated their mother tongue as Yiddish, while approximately 50 per cent of the total Jewish population read Yiddish as well.

WHEN the Bolsheviks took control over the lives of approximately 3,000,000 Jews, they found a Jewish people which had just been liberated from all restrictions of settlement and cult and culture by the democratic republic. They found a rich network of democratically administered autonomous communities with hospitals, orphanages, old folks' homes, Hebrew and Yiddish schools, scientific and cultural and religious institutions, and multiple organs of Jewish opinion ranging from the Zionists to the Bundists, the Social Democratic labor organization that exercised predominant sway in the Jewish *gass* —the Jewish "street" or quarter. Only the Bolshevik party, despite the sedulously propagated legend of "Jewish Bolshevism," did not figure at all upon the Jewish scene nor have among its members any number who knew Yiddish or were familiar with or active in Jewish life.

The Communist party, having emerged from the general complex of democratic and socialist parties under czarism, at first took over unchanged the liberating laws of the democratic republic in Russia proper and of the abortive republic which had been set up in the Ukraine. The Jews continued full of hope, despite the bitter experiences of war and civil war, and expected to be given full freedom to develop their own culture and institutions, like any other minority group.

But two decades of struggle against the Bund and its theories of cultural autonomy had left their mark upon Bolshevik thinking on the Jewish question. Their first concern was to fill the vacuum in the field of organization, to which end they set up Jewish Commissariats and Jewish Sections, with no specific program in social, economic, or cultural matters beyond that of denationalizing the Jewish "street," penetrating and coordinating its institutions into transmission belts of the Communist party, and translating Communist doctrine into Yiddish. Thus the Jewish "street" was one of the earliest objects of Bolshevik experiments in the absorption and liquidation of rival parties by means of a "popular front" and the first community to know the full meaning of Stalin's future slogan: "National in form [language], socialist [totalitarian] in content." By 1921 the Communist party had become the sole force, after which the Jewish Commissariat was demoted to a Department, then the Department shrank to a single official, and, to quote the Great Soviet Encyclopedia, "In January 1930, the Jewish Sections were liquidated at the center as well as locally."

Even before the special Jewish "apparatus" died, the Jewish community institutions, the hospitals, orphanages, old folks' homes, *cheders*, *yeshivas*, and all the network of benevolent, fraternal, cultural, and religious organizations in the *shtetl* and the *gass* died a cruel death.

DR. SCHWARZ records some curious ebbs and flows in this on the whole steady and catastrophic decline. Thus, while popular anti-Semitism grew under the impact of war and civil war to an extent unknown under the government-fostered anti-Semitism of the czars, the Bolshevik government found that agitation against the Jews was a weapon in the hands of its opponents, and was forced to concern itself with counter-propaganda. The energetic pro-assimilation bias of the Bolsheviks was implemented in part by a loosening of the bonds which bound the Jews to the Pale of Settlement. The government engaged in several sporadic attempts at colonizing uprooted Jews in agriculture and industry. The forced tempo of industrialization in the early 30's put an end to unemployment among deracinated Jews and substituted steady employment under conditions of speed-up and nagging semi-poverty for the incredible miseries of the Soviet *luftmensh*. The Jewish theater, subsidized by the state for propaganda purposes and stimulated by the great Russian dramatic tradition, reached its peak amidst a generally declining and virtually liquidated Jewish culture in the mid-1930's. While the Kremlin mercilessly persecuted Zionists and blotted out their lives in concentration camps, it played for a number of years with the idea of setting up as an anti-Zion a "Jewish national home" in the more arid part of the Crimea, and later in the wastelands of Birobidzhan, in order—to use its own frank words—"to deal a deadly blow to Zionism" and to set up a buffer against "the dense mass of Chinese colonizers" and the "fac-

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tors that inevitably lure Japanese imperialism to the Soviet Far East."

But all these "experiments" served only to keep cruel and mocking hopes alive where in the long run there was to be no hope and no way out.

One by one the various exits were walled up. Hebrew was forbidden, and Yiddish reduced to a mere vehicle of Communist administrative decrees and Communist propaganda. The great purges destroyed even the Bolshevik Jewish leadership as it did the leadership of so many national minorities. In 1938, *Emes*, the last surviving Jewish newspaper of that once great network of a Jewish press, was liquidated. The Second World War "completely annihilated Soviet Jewish schools. . . . None were reopened subsequently." The cultural output of "a people of three million who only a decade or two before had been in the forefront of Jewish intellectual and scholarly endeavor throughout the world" dwindled to a trickle and then dried up. The "Jewish Autonomous Province" of Birobidzhan lost its intended Jewish character and became a mere frontier outpost in which the Jews have remained in a permanent minority, and have neither got "control," such as it is, of local Soviet institutions, nor developed a national culture to "preserve the Jewish nation." *Eynikayt*, a Yiddish language paper set up during the war to influence foreign Jews in the struggle against Hitler, admitted that "immigration to our province was suspended during the war years." And in 1948, *Eynikayt* itself was unceremoniously suppressed. The voice of the "Jewish nation" grew still.

For those war years, Dr. Schwarz has an especially painful story to tell. During the Stalin-Hitler Pact, no word of criticism of Nazism and no word of the extermination of the Jews. When Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, there was no policy of evacuating the Jews from the danger zone or even publicizing the special crimes against the Jews. By the war's end, Dr. Schwarz estimates with his usual statistical restraint that "the Jewish population of the Soviet Union including non-repatriated survivors from the annexed areas, could not have much exceeded a total of 1,850,000." And the Jewish soldiers and repatriates who had suffered so much more than any other people found a new wave of popular anti-Semitism among their fellow citizens.

Now for the first time all hope ebbed and they felt themselves strangers in their own land. When a cry of anguish escaped them, or they dreamed of migration overseas, then the bureaucracy itself, which had already eliminated them from certain critical careers like diplomacy and was unobtrusively reintroducing the *numerus clausus* into other careers and various types of schools, suddenly chose them as scapegoats in a campaign against internationalism (cosmopolitanism) and friendliness towards the West. Thus, though it affected only Jewish intellectuals, the Jews experienced the misery of watching the wheel of history turn full circle to the point where a muted anti-Semitism had once more become a weapon of government policy in the land of the commissars and czars.

It is impossible in the scope of a review to give any notion of the rich documentation with which Dr. Schwarz buttresses every sentence of his book, or to convey the fullness of life, the clarity of structure, the depth of insight, the restrained anguish of his telling of the story of the fate of the Soviet Jews. I can only close by recording my conviction that just as the first eighty-six pages are the best account of Soviet nationality policy available, so the book as a whole is destined to enter immediately into that slender shelf of classics which record the troubled history of the Jewish people in all lands and times.

Communism in Asia

COLLISION OF EAST AND WEST. By HERRYMON MAURER. Introduction by Hu Shih. Regnery. 352 pp. $4.50.

THE STATE OF ASIA: A CONTEMPORARY SURVEY. By LAWRENCE K. ROSINGER AND ASSOCIATES. Issued under the auspices of the American Institute of Pacific Relations. Knopf. 522 pp. $6.00.

THE CHINA STORY. By FREDA UTLEY. Regnery. 274 pp. $3.50.

FAILURE IN JAPAN: WITH KEYSTONES FOR A POSITIVE POLICY. By ROBERT B. TEXTOR. Introduction by Owen Lattimore. John Day. 362 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by G. F. HUDSON

Books and articles about the Far East may be divided into those written before 1943 and those written since that date. To read anything

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of earlier date is to find oneself in a world which seems utterly remote from that of the present day. The reason is that since 1943, directly in China and indirectly in the rest of the Far East, all other issues have been overshadowed by the problem of Communism, whereas previously it was natural to discuss Far Eastern questions in quite different terms. There had, it is true, already been a preliminary flare-up of Chinese Communism in 1925-27, and the Soviet Union had been present as a factor in Far Eastern affairs since the beginning of the 20's. But very little came of the first efforts of Marxist-Leninist revolution in eastern Asia, and most foreign observers became accustomed to believe that its bark was worse than its bite; when night fell on the strongholds of Western power and commerce from Shanghai to Batavia, it was not a revolutionary proletariat but the soldiers of imperial Japan who took possession, and when China took up arms to resist Japan, it was under the leadership of the Kuomintang, with even the Communists formally submitting themselves to it. It was only after Stalingrad that the rulers of Russia and Communists all over the world suddenly felt a new strength and became aware of the opportunities which two continents in ruins were going to provide for them.

THE new era began in 1943 with two propaganda campaigns launched almost simultaneously against the governments of two countries in the camp of the United Nations—Poland and China. Since then the Communist bid for power, first within China, and later, through China, in the Far East as a whole, has so dominated the Far Eastern situation that all other regional questions have become subordinate to it, whether political, cultural, or economic.

One important consequence of this development has been the obsolescence of nearly all previous Western expertise about the Far East. In recent times there has been no shortage of expert knowledge of Far Eastern countries and peoples, whether from the experience of numerous Western residents and travelers or from extensive studies and researches in the fields of Far Eastern history, sociology, and demography. Both governments and public opinion were provided with abundant information about every aspect of the Far Eastern scene. The trouble has been, however, that none of this information was of much help when it came to dealing with Communism in the Far East. No people

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have been so wrong about the Chinese Communists as the "old China hands."

The reason has been that in order to understand Chinese Communism it is necessary first of all to know about Marxism-Leninism, and no amount of expertise about the Far East can provide that knowledge, because both the doctrine and the new form of political organization based on it have come from Europe. It might be supposed that Western observers would be more familiar with an ideology of Western origin than with the traditions and beliefs of Eastern peoples; paradoxically, the fact has been just the opposite. The Communist doctrine has not, until very recently, been the object of the kind of study which has been given to Eastern religions and cultures; knowledge of it has been left almost entirely to its adherents and "fellow-travelers" who have had the best of reasons for misrepresenting its content to the general public. Without such ignorance it would never have been possible for intelligent persons with specialized knowledge of China to have supposed that the men of Yenan were not "real" Communists, or for this delusion to have been so successfully propagated that Secretary Byrnes, addressing the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate in December 1945, referred to "the so-called Communists."

ALL the four books listed above deal in one way or another with the situation which has been created by the Communist conquest of China. All of them embody a substantial knowledge of the Far East or some part of it, but they vary greatly in their understanding of the Communist factor. The largest in scope is that of Mr. Herrymon Maurer, whose basic theme is that of the impact of the West on Eastern countries in a historical perspective of centuries. A great part of his book is devoted to interpretations of the traditional cultural values of China and Japan, and the emphasis is on the differences between Western and Far Eastern ways of thinking rather than on the resemblances stressed by those observers who see the civilizations of the Orient mainly in terms of retarded development. Mr. Maurer finds the explanation of the failures of the West in Asia above all in a lack of understanding; attempts to guide, direct, or control Asian peoples have broken down because even where there has been both good will and knowledge, there has been too much arrogance and impatience in the Western approach. This applies fundamentally to Russian as well as to European and American endeavors to exert influence in Asia, but it has to be recognized that the secrecy which surrounds all the operations of a totalitarian regime, in contrast to the blaze of publicity which attends the actions of free democracies, gives Russia a great advantage when it comes to questions affecting the pride and self-esteem of an Asian people.

With regard to recent events in China, Mr. Maurer has no good to say of the American policy which "insisted that a government friendly to the United States be forced to terms with armed rebels friendly to Russia." He points out, however, that in 1944 sympathy for the Communists and hostility to the National government were almost universal among Americans in China, and he finds the reason for this in a failure to make due allowance either for the difficulties in the way of China's tardy modernization or for the strain imposed by the years of war, invasion, and almost total blockade. "For some years," he writes, "the United States had been fond of China to the point of sentimentality . . . yet almost as soon as the United States and the Chinese Government became allies, the United States began to dislike the Chinese Government as emotionally as it once used to applaud it." From 1937 to 1941, indeed, Americans were conscious of a moral obligation to help China, and an uncritical enthusiasm for everything Chinese was largely the outcome of a sense of guilt at the lack of real aid for the Chinese resistance to Japan; but from 1941 to 1945 Americans were primarily conscious of China's obligation to be an efficient ally of America, and as these were the years when China's war effort was running down from war-weariness and exhaustion, enthusiasm rapidly gave place to disillusionment and irritation. But the picture of an ideal China persisted in the American imagination, and the romanticism which was disappointed in Chungking took flight to Yenan, whence travelers reported that a wonderful new China had come into being. So the faithful but toil-worn and often tiresome wife was discarded in favor of the glamorous blonde whose true character had not yet been revealed by the tests of everyday experience.

THERE is not much perception of these emotional tides to be found in *The State of Asia,* though there is a great amount of up-to-date information and a high general standard of ac-

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curacy in matters of fact. The book is the work of several contributors, and the classification of "associates" of Mr. Lawrence K. Rosinger includes such well-known names as those of Owen Lattimore, Miriam Farley, and Virginia Thompson. Mr. Rosinger has reserved the delicate subject of China for himself and his writing shows traces of a nostalgia for the happy days when it was possible to sing the praises of Communism without attracting the attention of a Congressional committee. He does not appear to have any adequate conception of Communism in Asia as a dynamic, frontier-crossing force and comes to the conclusion that if Mao Tse-tung had been allowed to take Formosa and if the United Nations forces in Korea had not gone north of the 38th Parallel, Communist China would now be devoting itself to peaceful economic reconstruction. Such an opinion is not easily reconciled with the proceedings of the WFTU conference in Peking seven months before the outbreak of the Korean war.

A useful corrective to Mr. Rosinger's version of recent Chinese (and American) history is provided by Miss Freda Utley's *The China Story*, which is written on the theme of "four hundred million lost allies." As an ex-Communist, who has had experience of the Soviet system from the inside as the wife of a Soviet citizen, and who has also served as a newspaper correspondent in China, Miss Utley knows her way about in the totalitarian jungle and can pick up trails where innocent liberals merely lose themselves. Her nose for treason may be sometimes a little too keen, but the broad outline of the story she unfolds is historically true, and would long ago have been recognized as such had it not become an issue of embittered party politics. Mr. Rosinger, for example, declares that "events in the fall of 1945 suggested that Chiang Kai-shek was not in a position to defeat the Communists in civil war." But the available evidence shows that those who most strongly asserted this opinion in 1945 had much the same grounds for prescience as a doctor who correctly predicts the death of his patient before giving him an overdose of veronal.

The might-have-beens of history can never be certain, but sabotage of American support for China through the influence of Lauchlin Currie and other highly placed sympathizers with Yenan in Washington undoubtedly played a major part in wrecking the National government's initial chance to win. Miss Utley relates how the joint chiefs of staff approved General Wedemeyer's proposal to send captured German arms and ammunition to China (which would have cost the American taxpayer nothing but the shipping freight), but delivery was stopped by an order from Lauchlin Currie "on White House stationery." Chiang Kai-shek's task was hard enough in any case, but, with both Moscow and Washington against him, there was not much he could do.

Miss Utley's book might well have been entitled *Failure in China*. In contrast to the disaster which has befallen the free world (and the Chinese people) from events in that country, the failure in Japan which is the theme of Mr. Textor's book looks something very like a success. Mr. Textor was one of the civilian experts working with the occupation authority in Japan who clashed with the policies of General MacArthur. The book was written before the General's dismissal and before the peace treaty for Japan had been definitely drafted, so that much of its argument is now out of date, but on some points it makes a valid criticism of the actions of SCAP, and it is well worth consideration by anyone concerned with the problems of Japan's post-treaty relations with the Western world. It is the work of an earnest liberal (with no signs of being a fellow-traveler) who feels that more should have been done to strengthen democracy in Japan and that opportunities for reform have been missed. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Japan today has a greater measure of political democracy than in 1940 or 1930, whereas China has less.

Anti-Semitism in Civil War Days

AMERICAN JEWRY AND THE CIVIL WAR. By BERTRAM WALLACE KORN. With an introduction by Allan Nevins. Jewish Publication Society of America. 331 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by OSCAR HANDLIN

RABBI KORN has gathered in this volume the fruits of years of earnest research. Wisely abandoning the familiar ground others have covered again and again, particularly the chronicle of individual participation, he has industriously unearthed a good deal of fresh material on the experience of the Jewish community during the Civil War. The sections in this

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volume on Lincoln and the Jews, on the chaplaincy controversy, and on the home front, are competently put together, and will long prove useful.

If this review devotes itself to another section of the work, the discussion of "prejudice against Jews as Jews," it is not to minimize the importance of the balance, but to correct a serious misunderstanding of a problem that is worth extended discussion. Rabbi Korn gives over two chapters to the subject of anti-Semitic prejudice. The first examines in great detail the circumstances surrounding General Grant's notorious general order number 11 that expelled Jews as a class from the General's department. This order, Rabbi Korn believes, was not isolated or accidental, for "Anti-Jewish prejudice was actually a characteristic expression of the age." Indeed, he hints ". . . there was always a subtle undercurrent of prejudice which flowed through the American civilization." The proof is presented in a chapter entitled "American Judaeophobia, 1861-1865."

The chapter title is a misnomer. It contains no evidence of either fear or horror of the Jews. Instead it marshals a long list of slurs against individuals as Jews, mostly imputations of disloyalty, charges of dishonesty, or reflections upon mercenary motives. Even if this catalogue was to be accepted as accurate and representative, it would still not add up to Judaeophobia.

But there are grounds for doubting the accuracy of this account. Exaggerations and loose generalizations cast doubt on the sense of balance of the whole. Thus, implying that the use of these slurs was conscious policy, Rabbi Korn charges that American newspapers deliberately identified Jewish wrongdoers "while Jews who enlisted in the Army, or whose names were reported in the casualty columns were never identified." His own evidence (p. 119, for instance) shows this charge erroneous.

Some of the sources used do not say exactly what Rabbi Korn says they say. So, he ascribes to R. E. Park the statement "that his Colonel was so prejudiced against the Jews that he attempted to block the promotion of Captain Adolph Proskauer." The account cited refers merely to the preference of the Colonel for another candidate; there is not a word about prejudice (p. 176).

Most important, the list itself is suspect, because Rabbi Korn did not himself examine the sources from which the slurs were drawn. Instead he relied upon quotations from three Jewish periodicals of the period, the *Messenger*, the *Israelite*, and the *Record*. Unfortunately all three were hostile to the Abolitionists and sympathetic to the Democratic party; and they were inclined to use the charge of unfriendliness toward the Jews as a stick with which to beat the Republicans. They can hardly be relied upon for fair judgments of what the supporters of the war thought.

For example, on the basis of references in the *Messenger* and *Israelite*, Rabbi Korn writes, "Articles by the 'Lounger' in *Harper's Weekly* said that all Jews were secessionists, copperheads, and rebels." Had Rabbi Korn read the essays in question (February 28, March 7, and August 1, 1863), he would have found Lounger's attitude rather more difficult to describe. It is true the charge that Jews had Southern sympathies out of mercenary motives is certainly there; but it is embedded in a long argument *against* anti-Semitism and against race prejudice of every kind. Using Rabbi Raphall's pro-slavery sermon as its point of departure, *Harper's* was attempting to persuade Jews that they had an indentity of interests with Negroes against prejudice of any sort.

This instance is instructive. Taken in its context, the slur still exists, but it is not the product of Judaeophobia. It is rather the expression of a society which recognizes diversities among its members and identifies many groups of them by stereotypes. A reading of the newspapers of this period would show the Jews were not singled out in this respect; Germans and Irishmen were accorded a like treatment. Because the slur did not involve sentiments of hatred or fear, men like General Grant could use the term Jew as if it were synonymous with sharp trader, and yet display, in their words and actions, the friendliest attitudes toward the Jews.

Failure to recognize this distinction prevents Rabbi Korn from arriving at an accurate estimate of the influence of the war upon the conception of the Jew in America. That is a pity, because the four years of conflict had a deep significance in the history of the group as in the history of the nation. They witnessed the beginning of a transformation in the social and economic status of the Jews in the United States and also in their ideological orientation. Rabbi Korn's volume makes a start in gathering

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the information necessary to an understanding of that change. But we will not fully come to know the meaning of the period without seeing it in terms of the larger forces at work in American life.

Protestants, Catholics, and Democracy

DEMOCRACY AND THE CHURCHES. By JAMES HASTINGS NICHOLS. Westminster. 298 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by WILL HERBERG

JAMES HASTINGS NICHOLS' *Democracy and the Churches* is really two books in one—a serious, often profound theologico-social analysis of the implications of the Protestant and Catholic traditions for democracy, and an intemperate anti-Catholic diatribe that at more than one point recalls Paul Blanshard's recent writings. Fortunately, the integration is sufficiently loose to prevent the diatribe from ruining the analysis, and so the work emerges as a valuable, though one-sided and in part unreliable, study of a subject of growing importance.

MR. NICHOLS' basic thesis is that modern liberal democracy is the political reflection of the Protestant outlook and temper, while authoritarianism finds its natural roots in the Roman Catholic ethos. This thesis is quite impressively developed by Mr. Nichols. He demonstrates that it is not Protestantism as such, but rather the Puritan-Protestant tradition, that makes for liberal democracy. The Lutheranism of Germany—though not of the Scandinavian countries; Nichols never quite explains why—as well as High Church Anglicanism, and of course Eastern Orthodoxy, must be classed with Roman Catholicism in their political implications. For its part, the authoritarian emphasis of Roman Catholicism represents the triumph, during the Counter Reformation, of papal monarchism over the quasi-republican conciliar movement of the Middle Ages. This polar development of Protestantism and Catholicism is presented in a kind of politico-geographical framework. Puritan Protestantism became localized in the Anglo-American communities, in Switzerland, and in Holland; Roman Catholicism, in the "Latin" countries of Europe and the new world. Nichols' analysis is thus neither purely theological nor purely historical; it is a combination of the

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two in which each aspect enriches and reinforces the other.

In the Puritan-Protestant tradition, which Mr. Nichols rightly traces back to the earlier aristocratic Calvinism, there were three fundamental convictions that made for liberal democracy. These convictions, quite explicit in the thinking of the "left-wing" dissenting sects, were: (1) the Church as a "gathered" community, "an association constituted by the voluntary adherence of each of its individual members"; (2) the sovereignty of God and the continuing operation of the Holy Spirit illumining the hearts and minds of individual Christians; and (3) the separation of the realms of "nature" and "grace." The first found its political equivalent in the conception of a community constituted by the consent of its members ("social compact"); the second made for the recognition of the "higher law" as binding upon the individual conscience and, at the same time, for the submission of diverse views to mutual discussion in order to establish the corporate purpose; the third laid the basis for the separation of church and state, though without removing the latter from the influence of religion. Government by discussion and consent, the limited-power state, the removal of religion (and "opinion" generally) from the jurisdiction of the political authorities: these are the foundations of liberal democracy, and these Mr. Nichols quite convincingly shows to be rooted in the religious outlook characteristic of Puritan Protestantism.

The outlook of Roman Catholicism, especially of post-Reformation Catholicism, has of course been very different, and this difference has been reflected in the political life of the countries in which the Catholic Church is the predominant spiritual force, in France, Italy, and the Hispanic lands. So thoroughly has the authoritarian spirit of Catholicism permeated the social consciousness of these nations that even the democratic movements arising in open hostility to the Church bear the marks of its authoritarianism. Mr. Nichols is at his best in showing how radical is the distinction between Anglo-American liberal democracy, nurtured on Puritan Protestantism and given its classic formulation by Locke and Jefferson, and French or Continental totalitarian democracy, unconsciously taking its color from the very church it was out to destroy. "From Roman Catholic political theory to Rousseau and the Continental democracy which derives from him is only a degree more of a leap than from Reformed politics to [Locke and] Anglo-American democracy. . . . 'Liberals' and 'democrats' in Catholic countries know little more of liberal democracy than does the Church. In the French Revolution, the Rousseauist democrats were as intolerant, as doctrinaire, as authoritarian, as were their Catholic monarchist opponents. . . . In all these things, the anticlericals were but inverted Romanists, and far from liberal democracy."

Mr. Nichols carries his analysis to the present day. He carefully examines the various phases of development of Protestant spirituality in Britain and America and shows how, with the emergence of modern industrial society, the pietistic, individualistic emphasis of 19th-century Protestantism became less and less relevant to the realities of social life and therefore increasingly remote from the frontiers of democratic action. He traces the rise of the "social gospel" and assesses very fairly its strong and weak sides. He has something, though by no means enough, to say about the contemporary neo-Reformation current in Protestant theology and its relevance to the problems of democracy. On the other side, the reaction of Roman Catholicism to democratic ideas and forces within the Church and in society at large is studied in some detail. Mr. Nichols describes with considerable feeling the repeated efforts of Catholic democracy to establish itself as a legitimate tendency and the systematic repression of these efforts by the Vatican. With some qualification here and there, he finds the influence of the Catholic Church to be pernicious to democracy. Indeed, he pictures it as a fomenter and ally of fascism, wherever fascism has manifested itself in recent history. The last chapter is devoted to an examination of the impact of the Roman Church on present-day American life. It is here particularly that serious analysis tends to give way to mere diatribe. Mr. Nichols' account of Catholic activities in social policy, in education and the "idea" industries, and in foreign affairs is little more than a partisan tract, achieving its effect by a very unscholarly process of selection, distortion, omission, and exaggeration. And this is really too bad, since it will prevent many from finding in the book the truth it does contain.

Mr. Nichols' bias runs right through the book and would require a long listing of examples to document. He makes much, for instance, of the Vatican "alliance" with Maurras' unsavory *Ac-*

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tion Française, but unaccountably fails to mention the fact that this very organization was condemned and banned by the Vatican in 1927 in terms very much like those he himself employs. The encyclical *Non abbiamo bisogno,* which denounces Italian fascist ideology as "an ideology resolving itself into a true, a real pagan worship of the State," Mr. Nichols dismisses as merely a peripheral criticism of fascism. The teaching of the encyclical *Quadrogesimo anno* he identifies with the fascist "corporative state," although he himself recognizes that in America at least, the papal program has "served as a vehicle for the democratic principles of labor organization and collective bargaining." His notion of Catholic influence in American labor unions as something to be equated with Communism as a threat to democracy is hardly likely to impress anyone at all acquainted with the labor movement in this country. He paints a horrendous picture of a monolithic Catholic "line" dominating American foreign policy, when the most cursory examination of the facts would have shown him that on almost every important issue of domestic and foreign politics, American Catholic opinion, lay and clerical, has been shifting and divided. He is ready to accept anyone's word—even the word of such characters as George Seldes (whom he calls a "liberal-socialist"!) and Avro Manhattan —if only he can use it against Rome. Father Coughlin he mentions to the discredit of the Catholics, but not Gerald L. K. Smith, the Protestant hate-monger.

THE most serious consequence of his bias, however, is his tendency to play down the peril of Communism in order to play up the menace of Catholicism. Communism, indeed, hardly figures in Mr. Nichols' account, except as a sort of totalitarian twin of Catholicism, stimulated and encouraged by Catholic reaction. Mr. Nichols actually writes his book on *Democracy and the Churches* without devoting so much as a paragraph to the attitude of the Christian Churches today to the greatest threat democracy has encountered in its entire history, the threat of Soviet Communism. Had Mr. Nichols been willing to face the facts, he would have had to record that it is the Catholic Church which is fighting Communism as best it can, while the Protestant Churches behind the Iron Curtain, Calvinist and Lutheran alike, have very largely capitulated and turned collaborationist. (The Lutheran Church of Eastern Germany is the only conspicuous example to the contrary.) This is a notorious fact and it is one that has evoked much embarrassment and concern in American Protestant circles; but it does not fit into Mr. Nichols' simple scheme and so he ignores it. It is certainly a sobering reflection of the frailty of the human mind in the face of strong prejudice to find a man of Mr. Nichols' scholarship and intellectual stature being forced to resort to such devices.

Mr. Nichols' anti-Catholic bias—obvious even in the loose and intemperate language he sometimes permits himself—seriously affects his work as historian and social analyst. It leads to a grave underestimation of the influence of varying social environment on church teaching and practice. The whole emphasis in this book is upon the shaping power of religious tradition on social and political attitudes, and there is little sense of the pervasive *inter*action of religion and society. As a consequence, Mr. Nichols makes no attempt really to account for the widely different political implications of Lutheranism in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries; nor does he even mention the startling paradox of Catholic Eire, enjoying responsible democratic government, confronted by a Protestant—yes, Calvinist—Ulster, under the domination of a notoriously authoritarian regime. A stronger sense of the many-sided complexity of the relation between church and society would, moreover, have led him to see that American Catholicism is not simply French or Italian or Spanish Catholicism domiciled in America, and that even the "unchanging" Vatican of the mid-20th century is something quite different, in outlook, teaching, and direction of activity, from the Vatican of the mid-19th. The "same" institutions in different historical contexts are often very different things. Mr. Nichols makes no mention whatever of recent shifts in Catholic thinking on church and state in the democratic world (Jacques Maritain, J. Courtney Murray, *et al.*). And yet these new departures in Catholic teaching may ultimately prove more significant for the future of the relation of the Roman Church to democracy than the most imposing papal pronouncements made under circumstances that have long ceased to prevail.

The reader who is aware of Mr. Nichols' bias and can make proper allowance for it will find this book of considerable value. But when will American Protestantism produce the kind of book on this question for which no apologies

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will have to be made? It has the theological vigor for it; Mr. Nichols' study shows that. It needs but to rid itself of the obsessive prejudice that has led Mr. Nichols, as it has led so many other Protestant writers, to resort to too simple a conversion of theology into history, at the expense of both fairness and fact.

An Exile Among the Books

THE LOST LIBRARY: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CULTURE. By WALTER MEHRING. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Bobbs-Merrill. 290 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HEINZ POLITZER

FORCEFULNESS was never the forte of the progressive literati of the Weimar Republic. Except in the case of Berthold Brecht, with his South German temperament, which drew its strongest effects from its violent rejection of the Catholic Church, an aggressive melancholy prevailed in the avant-garde. These writers were humanistic, skeptical, and overbearing; such an attitude placed them quite naturally in opposition to the National Socialists—whose dynamism they failed to understand just because of their attitude; but it also preserved them from being to any serious degree infected with Communism. They still reflected the Byronic conflict between spiritual and political ideals, but in them the rift engendered only ink and gall. They laughed at the German philistine and watched him being transformed into an SS man, and they laughed at themselves; it was the grim humor that went before the concentration camps, a *danse macabre* performed by living bodies. They knew this, and the knowledge made them all the more melancholy and aggressive.

Walter Mehring, in his satire *The Merchant of Berlin,* which Erwin Piscator produced in his Berlin experimental theater in 1929, portrayed this nihilistic liberalism in a notable manner—in as notable and shadowy a manner as the cartoonist George Grosz, "who sat on the terrace of the Café Groessenwahn [Megalomania] dressed in a loud-checked jacket, posing as the 'saddest man in Europe.'" Then everyone was everyone's enemy, and no one was anyone's comrade; conversations took place merely for the purpose of reducing the word and the world to a glittering witticism. Mehring had always written *chansons,* popular ballads of more or less political and topical character, very simple in their language, laudable for their progressive spirit—jingling stanzas of a respectable radicalism, which I could never really enjoy. Their message glanced past the reader; they lacked the life force that came to expression in poorer poetry produced by men whose attitudes were more vacillating and often even repellent.

The idea of Mehring's new book is something to marvel at. His father, who died in 1914, bequeathed to him an extensive library, a collection of 19th-century works. These he retrieved in 1937, as an exile in Vienna, only to lose them forever, since, on March 13, 1938, he was compelled to leave the Austrian capital in the dead of night and in the face of the oncoming Hitler forces. Now, living on a New England farm on the Housatonic, he sits and unpacks in spirit the lost treasures left to him by his father. The books speak to him about themselves, and he begins to speak to them about himself. Three strata of time are touched upon in this "autobiography of a culture"—the current American era; the period comprising Vienna in 1937 and the years of Mehring's emigration; and finally the 19th century, the century falling between the French Revolution and the age of upheaval in the Western world, the literary century that was still Goethe's and almost Freud's, the time cycle that embraced the lives of such giants as Ibsen and Dostoevsky, Balzac and Dickens.

It is an idea to marvel at, although it seems to stem from the 18th century rather than from the 19th—the idea of a genuine bibliomane and encyclopedist. But is not the idea of pitting books, as the true reality, against life and mankind, actually only a splinter of an idea, an aphoristic fantasy that does not yield enough substance for a full-length book? It might have been stimulating to apply this idea by playing the three-time strata of present, past, and antecedent past against one another, showing the one mirrored in the other, thus achieving a triple irony. But America and the present, as a time stratum and hence as a subject of study, remain wholly unmastered. Mehring's "Epilogue on a New England Farm" is, intellectually and artistically, a flat failure; here, his exposition, which is elsewhere level-headed and sober, is lost in a confused gibberish. Moreover, the period of emigration, which in a sense represents Mehring's lifetime, re-

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mains as obscure and elusive as his own character. Here and there a confession seems to emerge: "And here I am, poorer than Sindbad the Sailor, pillaged down to my last book, wearing the borrowed clothes of translation, begging for a hearing on my own account. . . . For I have come to realize that my present and my future carry the hereditary taint of my books, the taint of two thousand years of intellectual inbreeding—the European tradition. My father's library, like my last home in Vienna, like the capuchin tomb of the Hapsburgs, like the Christian medieval state of the last Eternal Austria, like the Turkish mocha in the last coffeehouses, like the *'Heurige Wein'* in the Grinzing taverns, like each of the things I loved with my whole being, like France's *Liberté* to which I swore eternal fealty, like the Third Reich which smashed them all—all these things still exist only in the pluperfect tense, or in a *passé défini,* and the vain search for a lost age could be successful only in an optative mood, in the 'might have been.' The 'remembrance of things past' is a vain enterprise."

It is the old pathos of Heinrich Heine, who in 1830 in Paris knelt sobbing before the Venus de Milo, and who, on contemplating a manuscript of Walther von der Vogelweide, wept for Germany and for the past. But this pathos has become stale in the past one hundred and twenty years, for the reason that, in this age of crisis, of great wars, and of mass civilization, the fate of the spirit and the fate of the exile have become identical. It is sheer idleness to complain about one's political exile, because all of us, in a much deeper sense, have learned to look upon ourselves as refugees and as sharers of the destiny of Ulysses. The fact of political exile today must be taken for granted, as something that cannot be otherwise, just as the fact that the spirit lives and creates in banishment, and that there has arisen a worldwide community of men who regard their homelessness as a natural condition, and a prerequisite for deeper insight and greater approximation to truth. The pathos of Heine's retrogressive attachment to his origins has become sentimental and flabby, and the Wandering Jew has become a mythical figure and a symbol of the spirit. He walks without rest among the nations, testifying to his experiences. For him, the "remembrance of things past" is the daring adventure of Kafka's K., of Mann's Biblical heroes, of Proust's Swann, and of Joyce's *Ulysses.*

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM

by Talcott Parsons

This present work by the Chairman of the Department of Social Relations at Harvard University represents a remarkable step forward in our ability to analyze society. Here emerges a conceptual scheme for the analysis of a total society, in terms of its own structure.

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Walter Mehring's *Lost Library* consists of quotations, anecdotes, and imaginary dialogues, in which the author displays great erudition, keen observation—although not always of essentials—and much wit, and which are juxtaposed without any internal order. It is a *causerie* about a thousand things and nothing, chiefly about the author himself, who takes the greatest pains to remain invisible. Just as in Heine, there is in Mehring much of the narrow rationalism of the 18th century, of the Enlightenment. The culture that here presents its autobiography, as it were, is a gallant lady who has grown old, and whose pen is guided by a brilliant *abbé.* In reality she has perpetrated much greater sins than this book of hers would suggest, but on the other hand she has given birth to far more interesting children.

Earth People vs. the Galaxy

Pebble in the Sky. By Isaac Asimov. Doubleday. 223 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by Joseph Gallant

Science fiction is one aspect of the romanticism of a technological society. Within the idiom and

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ideology of an industrial culture, and without importing foreign or archaic mythologies, it answers the desire for fantasy and escape. It also necessarily projects the author's unstated preconceptions about human destiny, human nature, and his sense of his own place in the world. In fact, the science fiction writer, in freeing his characters and situations from the specific implications of a historical present or of a known past culture and social background, enjoys greater freedom to portray what he regards as the basic or eternal in human behavior and in human relations—and to expose how he stands in the face of them.

So it is that one section of science fiction reveals an easy optimism about the continuity of human progress and the perpetuity of some kind of capitalist democracy; another pessimistically predicts the enslavement of the solar system or the galaxy under varieties of totalitarian empire; and still another section shares with much of contemporary literature a general cynicism, a contempt for man as hopelessly irremediable, and a total despair in the face of astronomical time.

IN *Pebble in the Sky,* Isaac Asimov draws upon Jewish history to provide the "social" framework of his plot. In a remote future time, the earth is ruled tyrannically by a Galactic Empire, through representatives who resemble the procurator of Judea and the Roman legions. Local affairs are under the partial control of a kind of Sanhedrin and a theocracy. A party of rebellion is even called the Zealots. That Asimov knowingly used Jewish history is proved conclusively by an episode in which the Zealots incite young Earth patriots to tear down the standards of the Empire mounted in the Earth capital, as Judean patriots did in the time of Pontius Pilate. Finally, an elderly sage, a research biochemist, plays the role of Jochanan ben Zakkai in resisting the powerful Zealot conspiracy in order to save Earth culture, at the cost of betraying his people to the master-race.

In this context Isaac Asimov portrays the clash of "national" pride, and of "national" hatreds, between the Earth people and the Empire people—the disparity of values and the gulf of misunderstanding between the rulers and the oppressed. What is disturbing is that in this portrayal, for all the arrogance and inhumanity of some of the rulers, the author presents the Empire people as scientific, wise, urbane, even benevolent and contemptuously tolerant. It is the Earth people (read Judeans) who are superstitious, inflexible, bitterly chauvinistic. It is the Zealots who are sinister, devious, bloodthirsty. It is the subjected and the conquered whom we are invited to scorn and to fear. It is the Earth Elders who are determined to achieve, not independence, but the extermination, literally, of the other inhabitants of the Galactic Empire, so that this leadership group of the oppressed takes on the nightmare dimensions of the Elders of Zion.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that Isaac Asimov is echoing anti-Semitism. On the contrary: his science fiction stories are among the small number in the field which have genuine emotional and intellectual depth and which are imbued with a humanistic and liberal philosophy. In this novel, he seeks honestly to expose the corrosion of the spirit which subjection produces in the conquered and equally fairly to acknowledge that magnanimity may grow in an established master-race. But he finds himself betrayed into excesses in both of these efforts, as though an unconscious impulse dictated a perverse reversal of emphasis; he makes the oppressed bear the guilt for their oppression, those discriminated against the guilt for the injustice they suffer. In so doing, he unintentionally tells us much about the moral and intellectual atmosphere (not stratosphere) of our planet, here and now.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

BERTRAM D. WOLFE is writing a history of the Russian Revolution, of which *Three Who Made a Revolution* was the first volume.

G. F. HUDSON is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, England.

WILL HERBERG is the author of a book on Jewish theology to be published this fall.

OSCAR HANDLIN is assistant professor in the departments of history and social relations at Harvard University. His study of American immigration will be published this fall.

HEINZ POLITZER teaches German at Bryn Mawr.

JOSEPH GALLANT teaches English at the Theodore Roosevelt High School in New York.

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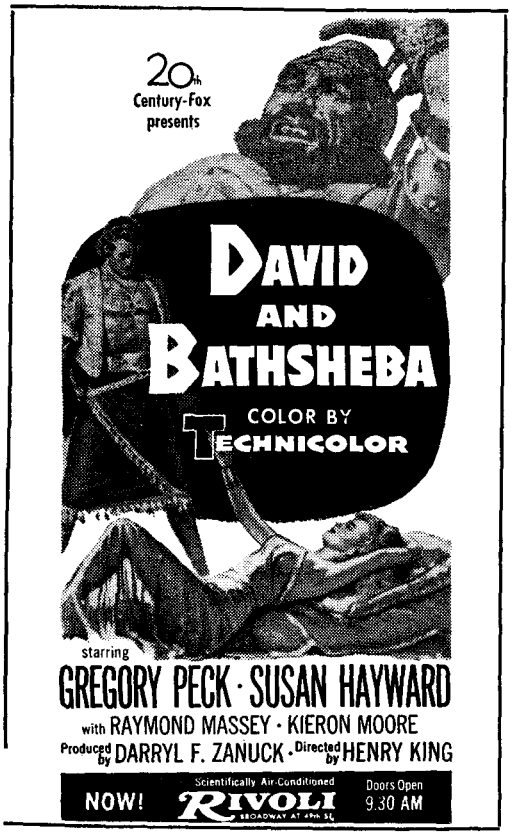

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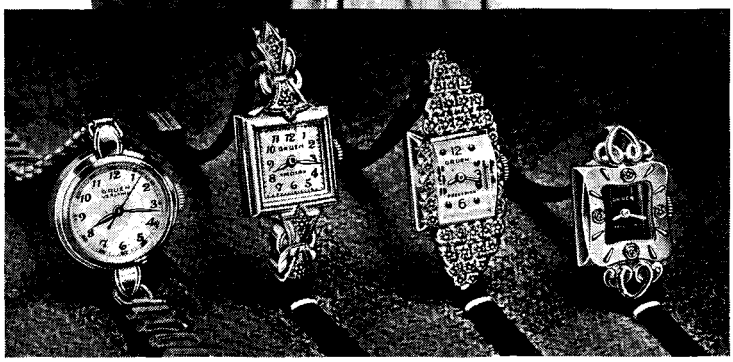

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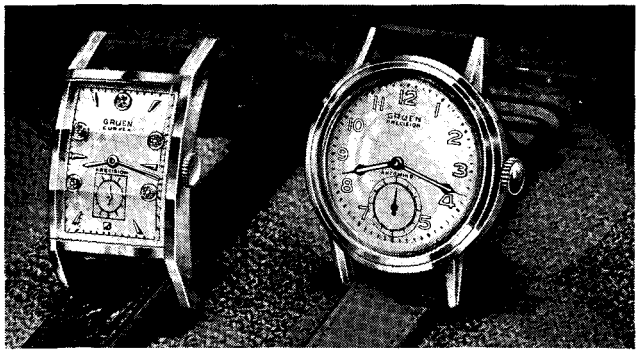

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